

# The Sunday School Hymnal

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# *The* *Sunday School Hymnal*



*New York*  
**THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION**  
**OF THE REFORMED CHURCH**  
**IN AMERICA**  
*25 East Twenty-second Street*

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The General Synod of the Reformed Church in America, at its session in 1898, appointed a committee on Sunday-school Hymnals. At the recent session the report of this committee was accepted, and the following action taken:

*RESOLVED, That the Special Committee appointed by the General Synod of 1898 "to consider the matter of Sunday-school hymn books" be continued, and that to the committee be given power to adopt such a book for the schools of our Church as may seem best, with the approval and co-operation of the Board of Publication.*

After careful and prolonged consideration, the committee decided, unanimously, to recommend to the Sunday schools of our Church the "Sunday-school Hymnal" compiled by a committee of the Reformed Church in the United States. The MS. was submitted to our examination and criticism, and many changes and suggestions were courteously adopted. The work was also submitted to us for further correction in proof; and the mechanical details were determined largely by the wishes of the Board of Publication.

For the present, we suppose, a widely acceptable hymnal must needs be, as this is, a compromise between extremes. It seeks the elevation of the standard of Sunday-school song, as regards both words and music. It is thoroughly Scriptural, and wholesome in sentiment. It gives emphasis to the spirit of worship, which should be the prominent characteristic of every hymnal. It leads up to, and not away from, the Church hymnals and the service of song in the house of the Lord. It has many old favorites, and much that is new and desirable. Its ample supply of standard hymns will make it useful in the prayer meeting and the Christian Endeavor Society. It rings with praise, more than any hymnal known to us. It is in harmony with the views presented in the report to Synod. We therefore heartily recommend it.

EDWARD A. COLLIER,  
DENIS WORTMAN,  
BENJ. E. DICKHAUT.

*September, 1899.*



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# OPENING.

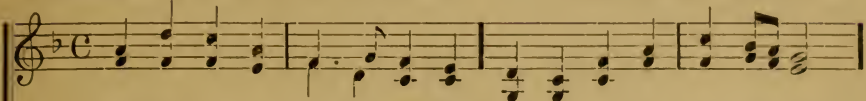
1

## HEAVENLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING.

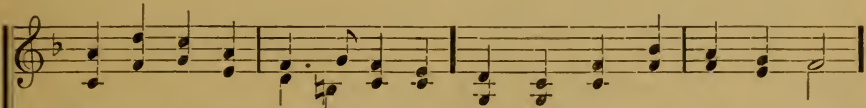
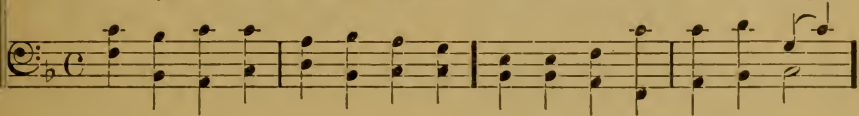
"Admaston (Bethany)."<sup>\*</sup> 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1865.

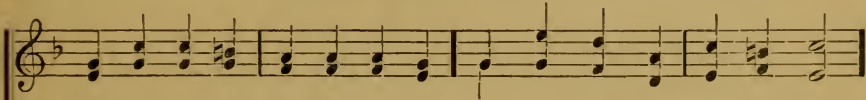
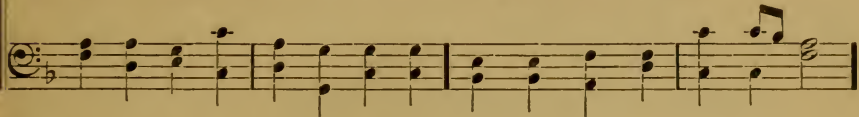
Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1867.



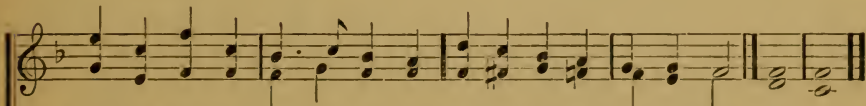
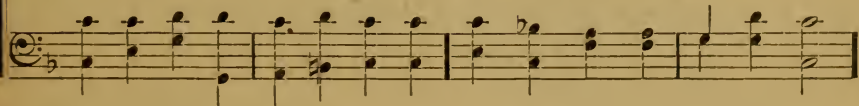
1. Heavenly Fa-ther, send Thy blessing On Thy children gathered here,
2. Ho - ly Sav-iour, Who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a child to be,



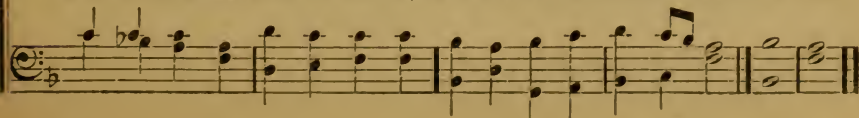
May they all, Thy name confess-ing, Be to Thee for ev - er dear.  
Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee.



May they be like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;  
Tem-ples of the Ho - ly Spir - it, May they with Thy glo - ry shine,



And their faith, like Da-vid, proving, Steadfast unto death endure.  
And im-mor-tal bliss in-her-it, And for ev - er-more be Thine. A-men.





## 2

## BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

"Bread of Life," 6s. &amp; 4s.

MISS MARY A. LATHBURY, (1841— ) 1880.

William Fisk Sherwin, (1826—1888) 1877.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst  
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page  
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bon-dage cease,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!  
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All! A - men.

Per. of Bishop J. H. Vincent, owner of Copyright.

## 3

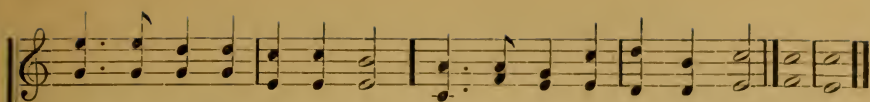
## OPEN NOW THY GATES OF BEAUTY.

"Neander." 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

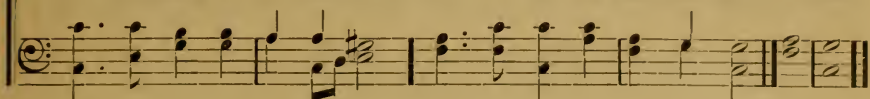
REV. BENJAMIN SCHMOLK, (1672—1737) 1734.

TR. BY MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH, (1829—1878) 1862. Rev. Joachim Neander, (1640—1680) 1679.

1. { O - pen now thy gates of beau-ty, Zi - on let me en - ter there, }  
 { Where my soul, in joy - ful du - ty, Waits for Him who answers prayer. }  
 2. { Yes, my God, I come before Thee, Come Thou al - so down to me; }  
 { Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee, There a heaven on earth must be. }



O how bless-ed is this place, Filled with solace, light, and grace.  
To my heart, O en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy tem - ple now. A-men.



3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,  
Here Thy seed is duly sown.  
Let my soul, where it is planted,  
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,  
So that all I hear may be  
Fruitful unto life in me.

May Thy Word still o'er me shine,  
As my pole-star through my life,  
As my comfort in my strife.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,  
Let me keep Thy gift divine;  
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,

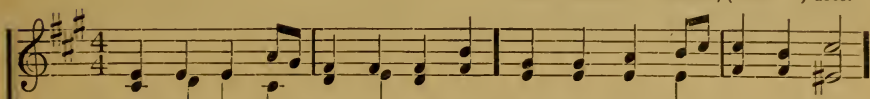
5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,  
Let Thy will be done indeed.  
May I undisturbed draw near Thee  
While Thou dost Thy people feed.  
Here of life the fountain flows,  
Here is balm for all our woes.

4

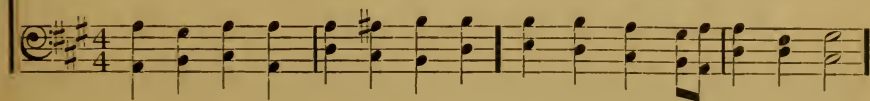
# DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

"Day by Day." 8s. & 7s.

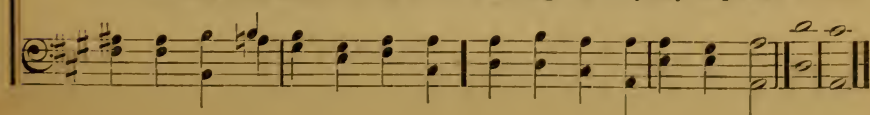
Rev. Edmund S. Carter, (1845 ) 1865.



1. Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, Not in words of praise a - lone ;
2. Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, When, for Je - sus' sake we try
3. Day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, Till our days on earth shall cease,



Truth-ful lips and meek o - bedience Show Thy glo-ry in Thine own.  
Ev - ery wrong to bear with patience, Ev - ery sin to mor - ti - fy.  
Till we rest from these our la-bors, Wait-ing for Thy day in peace. Amen.

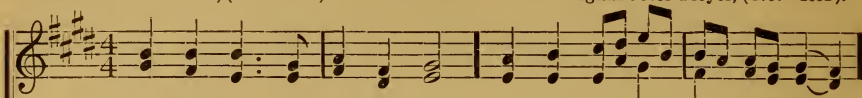


## COME, AND LET US SWEETLY JOIN.

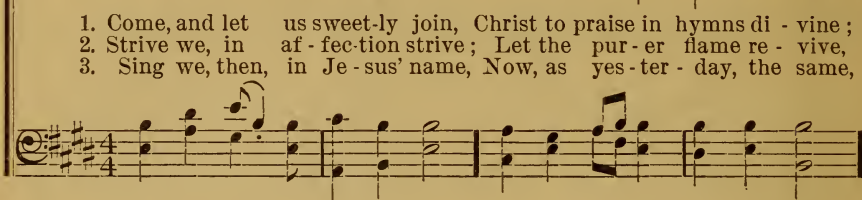

"Onido." 7s. D.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1707—1788).

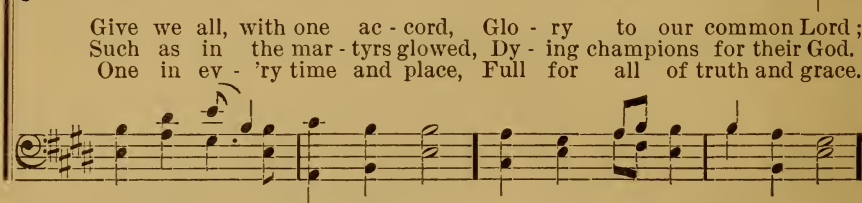
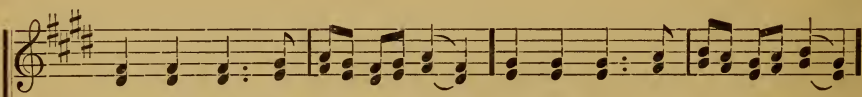
Ignaz Josef Pleyel, (1757—1831).



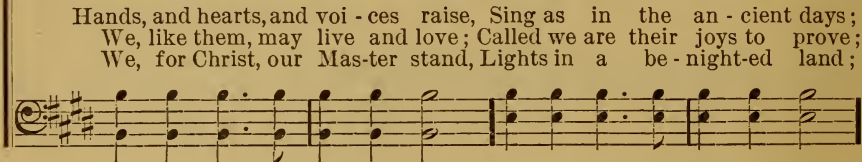

1. Come, and let us sweet-ly join, Christ to praise in hymns di - vine ;  
 2. Strive we, in af - fect-ion strive; Let the pur - er flame re - vive,  
 3. Sing we, then, in Je - sus' name, Now, as yes - ter - day, the same,

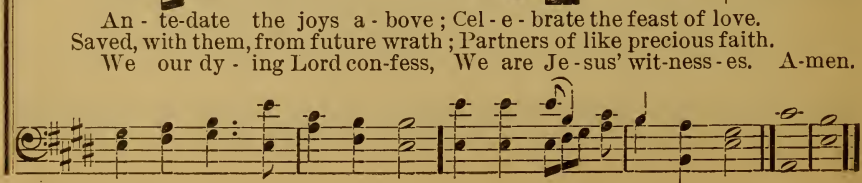
Give we all, with one ac - cord, Glo - ry to our common Lord;  
 Such as in the mar - tyrs glowed, Dy - ing champions for their God.  
 One in ev - 'ry time and place, Full for all of truth and grace.

Hands, and hearts, and voi - ces raise, Sing as in the an - cient days;  
 We, like them, may live and love; Called we are their joys to prove;  
 We, for Christ, our Mas - ter stand, Lights in a be - night-ed land;

An - te-date the joys a - bove; Cel - e - brate the feast of love.  
 Saved, with them, from future wrath; Partners of like precious faith.  
 We our dy - ing Lord con-fess, We are Je - sus' wit-ness-es. A-men.



## PRAISE TO GOD, OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

T. B. WIREBACK.

Thomas B. Wireback.

1. Praise to God our Heavenly Father, Praise to Christ th'e-ter - nal Son,  
 2. Praise Him for His glad redemption, Praise Him for His love and power,  
 3. Let our grate-ful hearts a-dore Him Till we reach the heavenly shore ;

Praise be to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, three in one.  
 Praise Him for His kind pro - tec - tion Thrown a-round us to this hour.  
 Then in one long hal - le - lu - jah Praise His name for ev - er-more.

Prais - es, prais - es, ceaseless prais-es, Waft the an - them to the throne

In a grand, tri-umph-ant cho - rus For the work which He has done.



# THE LORD'S DAY.

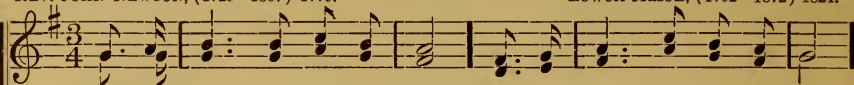
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## SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

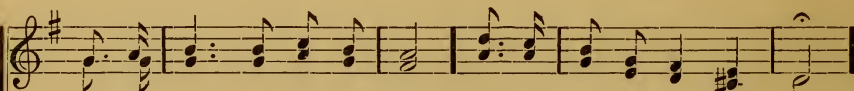
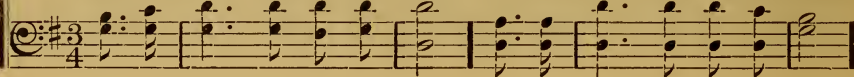
"Sabbath." 7s. 6 lines.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779.

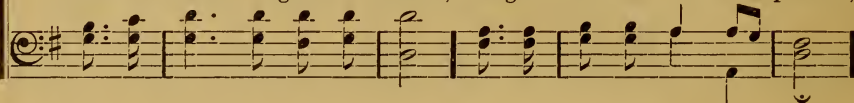
Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1824.



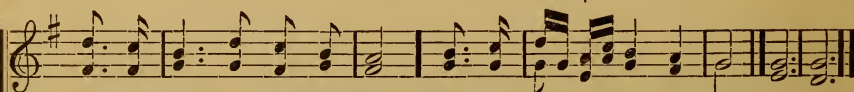
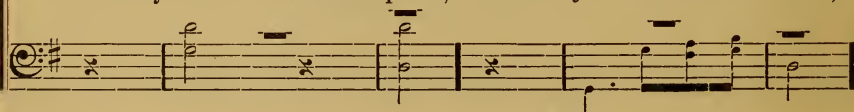
1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Through the dear Re-deemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, May we feel Thy presence near;
4. May Thy Gos-pel's joy-ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, comfort saints;



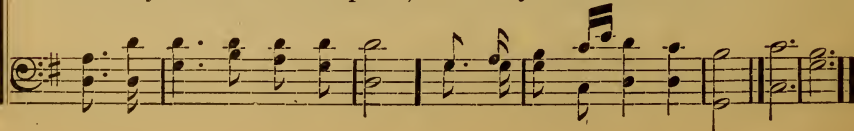
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day,  
Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame;  
May Thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear;  
Make the fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re-lief for all com-plaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest;  
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee;  
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast;  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.  
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in Thee.  
Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a-bove. A-men.



## HALLELUJAH! FAIREST MORNING!

"Cheer." 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

REV. JONATHAN KRAUSE, (1701— ) 1732.  
TR. BY MISS JANE BORTHWICK, (1813— )

William Fisk Sherwin, (1826—1888)

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! fair - est morn - ing! Fair - er  
 2. In the glad - ness of God's wor - ship We will  
 3. Let the day with Thee be end - ed, As with

than our words can say! Down we lay the heav - y  
 seek our joy to - day It is then we learn the  
 Thee it has be - gun; And Thy bless - ing, Lord, be

bur - den Of our toil and care to - day, While this  
 full - ness Of the grace for which we pray, When the  
 grant - ed, Till earth's days and weeks are done; That at

morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove.  
 word of life is given, Like the Sav - iour's voice from heaven.  
 last Thy ser - vants may Keep e - ter - nal Sab - bath day.

## WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN.

"Lischer." 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

HAYWARD, ( ) 1806.

Friedrich J. C. Schneider, (1786—1853)  
Ar. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872)

1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest!  
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne of grace;  
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quickening pow'rs,

I hail thy kind re-turn, Lord, make these mo-ments blest.  
Thy shep-ter, Lord, ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face;  
Dis-close a Sav-iour's love, And bless the sa-cred hours,

From low de-lights and mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-  
Let sin-ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and  
Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sab-baths be en-

mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.  
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.  
joyed in vain, Nor Sab-baths be en-joyed in vain. A-men.  
I soar to reach immor-tal joys.  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.  
Nor Sabbaths be en-joyed in vain.



KING ALFRED, (849—901)  
TR. BY EARL NELSON.

"Innocents." 7s.

Ascribed to Thibaut, (1201—1253)

1. As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morning skies,  
2. Day by day pro-vide us food, For from Thee come all things good;  
3. Be our Guard in sin and strife, Be the Lead-er of our life;

So, to Thee, with one ac-cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord!  
Strength un-to our souls af-ford From Thy living Bread, O Lord!  
Lest like sheep we stray a-broad, Stay our wayward feet, O Lord! A-men.

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace,  
All Thy holy will to trace,  
While we daily search Thy Word,  
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

6 When the hours are dark and drear,  
When the Tempter lurketh near,  
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured,  
Save the tempted ones, O Lord.

5 When the sun withdraws his light,  
When we seek our beds at night,  
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,  
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

7 Praise we with the heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
Thee, would we with one accord,  
Praise and magnify, O Lord.

## SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1819.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with alleluias rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake and it was done.

4 And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the Church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born,  
Songs of Praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day,  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death.  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

## O JESUS, GOD AND MAN.

"Schumann." S. M.

REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, (1821—1877) 1867. Arr. from Robert A. Schumann, (1810—1856)

1. O Je - sus, God and Man, On this Thy ho - ly day,  
 2. We pray for child-like hearts, For gen - tle, ho - ly love,  
 3. We pray for sim - ple faith, For hope that nev - er faints,

To Thee for precious gifts of grace Thy ransomed people pray.  
 For strength to do Thy will be - low As an - gels do a - bove.  
 For true com - mu - nion ev - er - more With all Thy bless - ed saints. A - men.

4 On friends around us here  
 O let Thy blessing fall;  
 We pray for grace to love them well,  
 But Thee beyond them all.

5 O joy to live for Thee!  
 O joy in Thee to die!  
 O very joy of joys to see  
 Thy face eternally!

## O SING, YE CHILDREN, SING.

REV. EDWARD A. COLLIER. (1855— ) 1899. S. M.

1 O sing, ye children, sing,  
 On this the best of days;  
 With happy hearts and voices bring  
 The tribute of your praise.

2 Let eyes no longer weep;  
 Let hearts no more be sad;  
 For heaven high festival doth keep,  
 And biddeth earth be glad.

3 With prayer and praise, O Lord,  
 We worship in Thy fear;  
 For here, Thou dost Thy name record;  
 Thine eyes and heart are here.

4 And we of lowly mind,  
 Who in Thy temple wait,  
 This as the house of God shall find,  
 And this as heaven's own gate.

# EVENING.

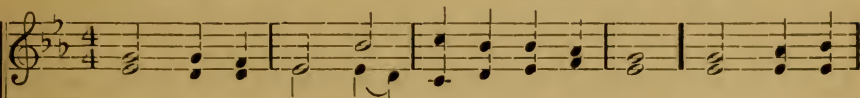
## ABIDE WITH ME

14

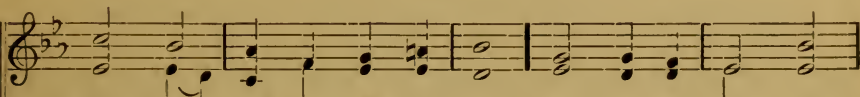
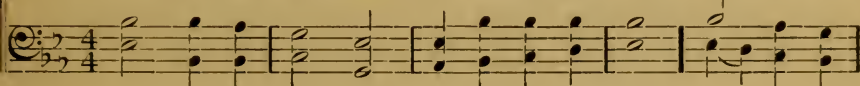
"Eventide." 10s.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847) 1847.

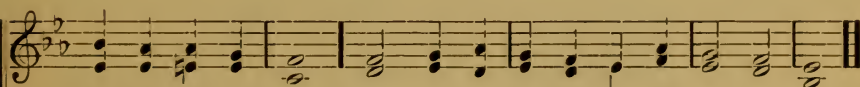
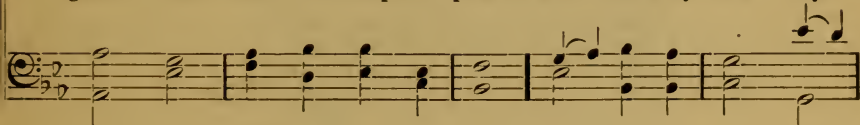
William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



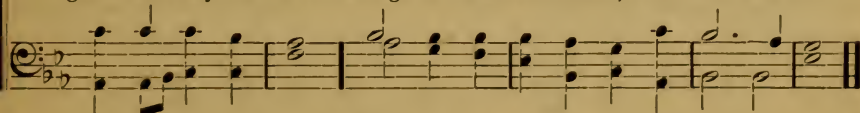
1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy



- deep - ens; Lord! with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers  
dim; its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my



- fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless! O a - bide with me!  
all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not! a - bide with me!  
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!



- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.  
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

## SUN OF MY SOUL.

"Hursley." L. M.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, (1792—1866) 1820.

Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1792.  
Arr. by William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gently steep,  
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can not live;

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
Be my last thought; how sweet to rest, Forever on my Saviour's breast.  
Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die. A-men.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store,  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

"Merrial." 6. 5.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, (1834— ) 1865.

Sir Joseph Barnby, (1838—1896) 1868.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,  
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re- pose,  
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis-ions bright of Thee;  
4. Com-fort ev-'ry suff-'rer, Watch-ing late in pain;



Shad - ows of the even - ing      Steal a-cross the sky.  
 With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing      May our eye - lids close.  
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing      On the deep blue sea.  
 Those who plan some e - vil,      From their sin re-strain. A-men.

\* even-ing Steals a - cross

\* Tenor prominent in last two lines.

5 Through the long night watches  
 May Thine angels spread  
 Their white wings above me,  
 Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,  
 Then may I arise  
 Pure and fresh and sinless  
 In Thy holy eyes.

# 17 SAVIOUR, ERE IN SWEET REPOSE.

"Seymour (Weber)." 7s.

Carl M. von Weber, (1786—1826) 1826.

1. Sav - iour, ere in sweet re - pose I my wea - ry eye - lids close,  
 2. Guard me when in sleep I lie, Plead for me with God on high;  
 3. If my slum - bers bro - ken be, Wak - ing, let me think of Thee;

Let me love with per - fect love Child and man, and God a - bove.  
 All that stained my soul to - day, Wash it in Thy blood a - way.  
 Dark - ness can - not make me fear If I feel that Thou art near. A-men.

# 18 SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

7s.

BP. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, (1799—1859) pb. 1875.

1 Softly now the light of day  
 Fades upon our sight away;  
 Free from care, from labor free,  
 Lord, we would commune with Thee.

3 Soon from us the light of day  
 Shall forever pass away;  
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
 Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
 Naught escapes, without, within,  
 Pardon each infirmity,  
 Open fault and secret sin.

4 Thou, who sinless, yet hast known  
 All of man's infirmity,  
 Then from Thine eternal throne,  
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

JAMES EDMESTON, (1791—1867) 1820.

George Coles Stebbins, (1846— )

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re -  
 2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the  
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y Dark - ness  
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us And our

pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we  
 ar - rows past us fly, An - gel guards from  
 can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,  
 couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in

*Rit.*  
 come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
 Thee sur - round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
 nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.  
 heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

## 20 MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST.

8s. & 7s.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

## 21 LORD, DISMISS US.

8s. & 7s.

REV. ROBERT HAWKER, (1753—1827) 1774.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;  
 Bid us now depart in peace;  
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
 Let our faith and love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation;  
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise;  
 When we reach our blissful station,  
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

## ADVENT.

## O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

"Veni Emmanuel." 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. (First Tune.)

LATIN, C. 12TH CENTURY.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE. (1818-1866) 1851.

Ancient Plain Song.

*mf*

1. O come, O come, Em-man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive  
 2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's  
 3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine  
 4. O come, Thou Key of Day - id, come And o - pen wide our

*mf*

Is - ra - el That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here  
 tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save  
 ad - vent here, And drive a - way the shades of night,  
 heaven - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high

*p*

Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. *ff* Re-joyce! re-joyce! Em-  
 And give them vic - tory o'er the grave. Re-joyce! re-joyce! Em-  
 And pierce the clouds, and bring us light! Re-joyce! re-joyce! Em-  
 And close the path to mis - e - ry. Re-joyce! re-joyce! Em-

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A-men.



## O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

"Benison." 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. (*Second Tune.*)

LATIN, C. 12TH CENTURY.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1851.

John Pyke Hullah, (1812—1884).

1. O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive  
 2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes-se, free Thine own from Sa-tan's  
 3. O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer Our spir-its by Thine  
 4. O come, Thou Key of Dav-id, come And o-pen wide our

Is-ra-el That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here  
 tyr-an-ny; From depths of hell Thy peo-ple save  
 ad-vent here, And drive a-way the shades of night,  
 heaven-ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high

Un-til the Son of God ap-pear. Re-joice! re-joice! Em-  
 And give them vic-t'ry o'er the grave. Re-joice! re-joice! Em-  
 And pierce the clouds, and bring us light! Re-joice! re-joice! Em-  
 And close the path to mis-er-y. Re-joice! re-joice! Em-

man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el! A-men.

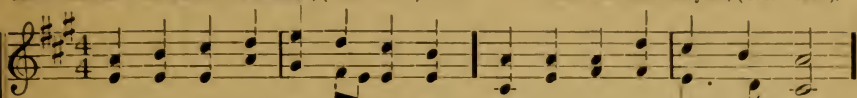
# HOLY SAVIOUR, WE ADORE THEE.

8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

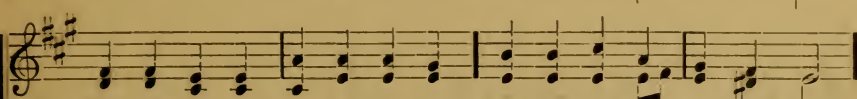
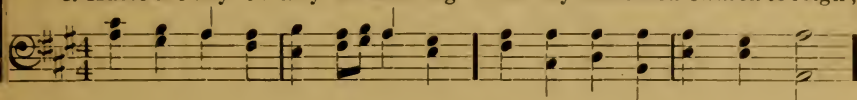
"Dulce Carmen (Salzburg)."

REV. SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, (1813—1875) 1833.

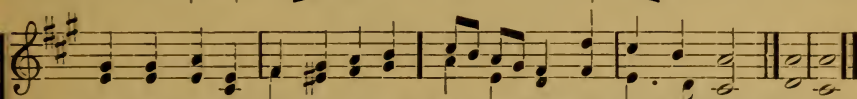
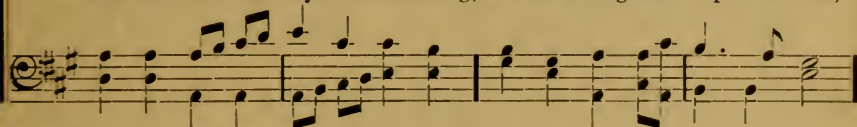
Johann Michael Haydn, (1737—1806).



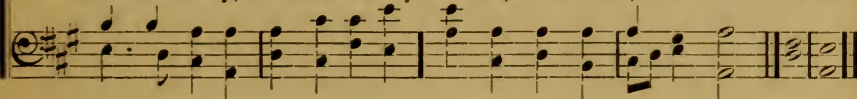
1. Ho - ly Saviour, we a - dore Thee, Seat - ed on the throne of God;  
 2. Saviour, though the world despised Thee, Though Thou here wast crucified,  
 3. Haste the day of Thy re - turn - ing With Thy ransomed Church to reign;



All heaven's hosts bow down before Thee And we sing Thy praise a - loud.  
 Yet the Fa - ther's glory raised Thee, Lord of all cre - a - tion wide.  
 Then shall end our days of mourning, We shall sing with rap - ture then,



Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy! We were ransomed by Thy blood.  
 Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy! We shall live, for Thou hast died.  
 "Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy!" Come, Lord Jesus, come. Amen. Amen.



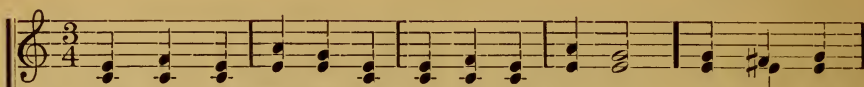
# O'ER THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS BREAKING.

8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

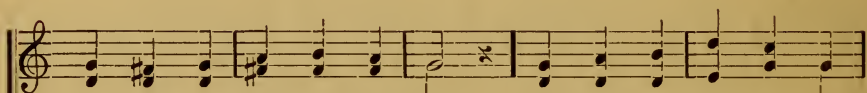
REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, (1811—1875) 1863.

- 1 O'er the distant mountains breaking, 3 Long, too long in sin and sadness,  
 Comes the red'ning dawn of day. Far away from Thee, I pine.  
 Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking, When, oh when, shall I the gladness  
 Rise and sing, and watch and pray. Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?  
 'Tis my Saviour, O my Saviour,  
 On His bright, returning way. When shall I be wholly Thine?
- 2 O Thou long-expected, weary 4 With my lamp well trimmed and burn-  
 Waits my anxious soul for Thee; ing,  
 Life is dark and earth is dreary, Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
 Where Thy light I do not see. Watching for Thy glad returning  
 O my Saviour, To restore me to my home.  
 When wilt Thou return to me? Come, my Saviour,  
 O my Saviour, quickly come!

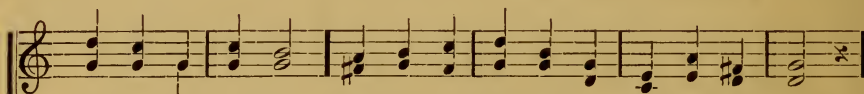
Reginald Geoffrey.



1. Light in the east-ern sky, Je - sus re - turn-ing; Light in the  
 2. Bright be our lamps as we watch for the dawn-ing; Gird - ed our  
 3. Not as at Naz - a - reth, low - ly they found Him; He as the  
 4. Judge of the earth, Who in mer - cy un - fail - ing, Of - fered Thy -

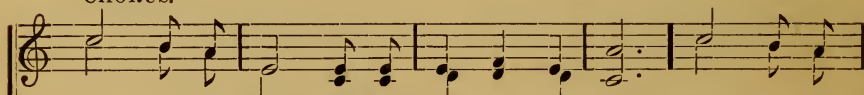


west - ern sky, Je - sus is near; Soon shall the na - tions, His  
 loins, that our strength may not fail; So as He shines through the  
 Judge com - eth back from the sky; Borne on the whirl-wind of  
 self as a - tone - ment for sin In that great day, by Thy

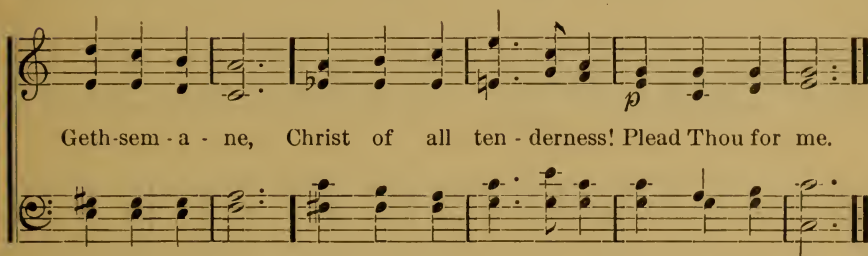
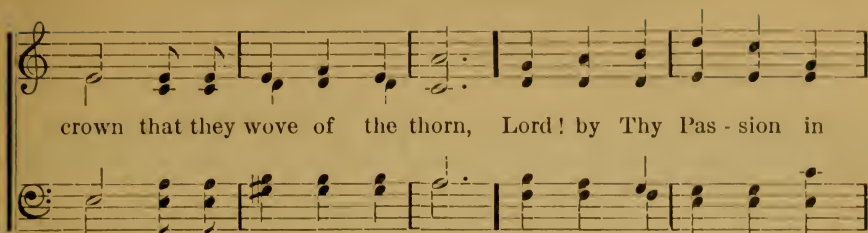


Ad - vent dis - cern - ing, Hail Him with gladness or see Him with fear.  
 mists of the morn - ing We may be read - y to cry Him "All Hail."  
 An - gels a - round Him; Veil - ing their face from His glo - ry so nigh.  
 love all pre - vail - ing, Grant us the rest of Thy heav - en to win.

## CHORUS.



Lord! by Thy hands that were nail-pierced and torn, Lord! by the



## 26

### HARK THE BELLS!

Tune,—“Soldaten.”

REV. AMEROSE M. SCHMIDT.

1 Hark the bells! Hark the bells!  
Hear the merry Christmas bells!  
As they ring through all the earth,  
Telling of the Saviour's birth.  
Happy morn! happy morn!  
Lo the Prince of Peace is born!  
Tell the story, Christ of glory,  
Comes to reign! comes to reign!  
Hark the angels are singing;  
Alleluias are ringing;  
“Peace to men upon earth  
And good will,” they loud proclaim!

REF.—Hark the bells! hark the bells! etc.

2 Wond'rous star! wond'rous star!  
Guiding wise-men from afar;  
O'er the desert plains they come,  
Seeking David's Royal Son;  
Low they bow! low they bow!  
At the manger cradle now;  
Gifts of gold and precious treasure

Offer Him! offer Him!  
Christmas bells are sweetly ringing,  
Children, carols are singing;  
Heaven and earth Alleluias  
Raise to Christ the new-born King!

REF.—Hark the bells! hark the bells! etc.

3 Holy Child! Holy Child!  
Babe of Bethlehem so mild!  
Come to us anew to-day,  
Keep us in the perfect way.  
Lord of all! Lord of all!  
At Thy feet we humbly fall!  
Here we worship and adore Thee,  
Christ our King! Christ our King!  
Open wide now the portals  
Of your hearts, all ye mortals;  
Let Him in! let Him in!  
Let the Christ-child enter in!

REF.—Hark the bells! hark the bells! etc.



## HARK, THE GLAD SOUND!

"Chopin." C. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDGE, (1702-1751) 1735.

Anon.

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav-iour  
 2. On Him the Spir-it, large-ly poured, Ex-erts its  
 3. He comes the pris-'ners to re-lease In Sa-tan's  
 4. He comes from thick-est films of vice To clear the

prom-ised long; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev-'ry  
 sa-cred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, His ho-ly  
 bond-age held; The gates of brass be-fore Him burst, The i-ron  
 men-tal ray, And on the eye-balls of the blind To pour ce-

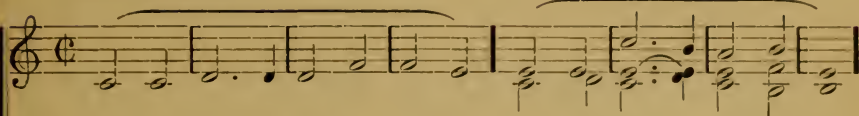
voice a song, And ev-'ry voice a song.  
 breast in-spire, His ho-ly breast in-spire.  
 fet-ters yield, The i-ron fet-ters yield.  
 les-tial day, To pour ce-les-tial day, A-men.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with His righteousness and grace  
 T'enrich the humble poor.

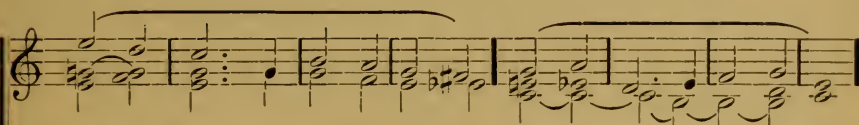
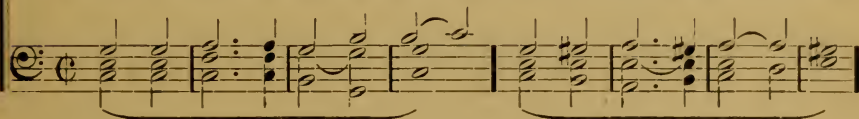
6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy beloved name.

"Praise." 8s. &amp; 7s.

Albert Lowe.

*Voices in Unison.*

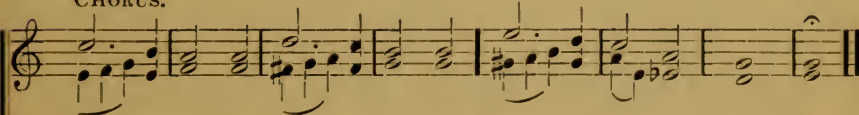
1. Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, "An - cient of e - ter - nal days,"
2. Brightness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
3. From the high - est throne in glo - ry To the cross of deep - est woe,
4. Come, re - turn, im - mor - tal Sav - iour; Come, Lord Jesus, take Thy throne;



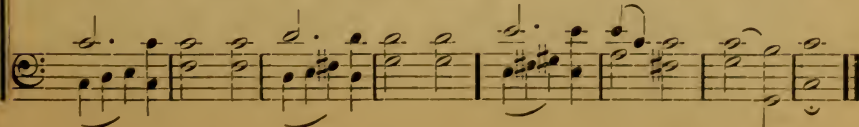
Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and law - ful praise.  
 Shun, my tongue, the guilt - y si - lence, Sing the Lord who came to die.  
 All to ran - som guilt - y cap - tives: Flow, my praise, for ev - er flow.  
 Quick - ly come, and reign for ev - er, Be Thy king - dom all Thine own.



CHORUS.

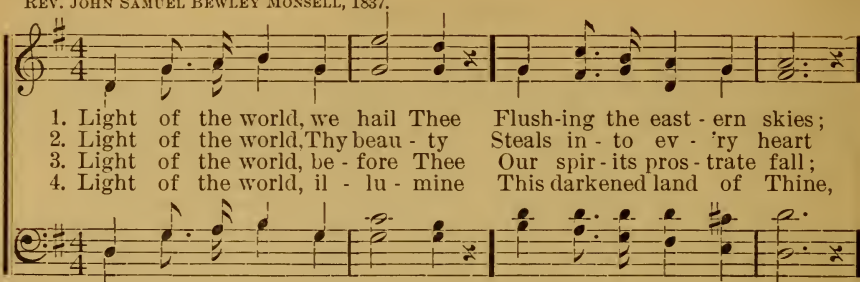


Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

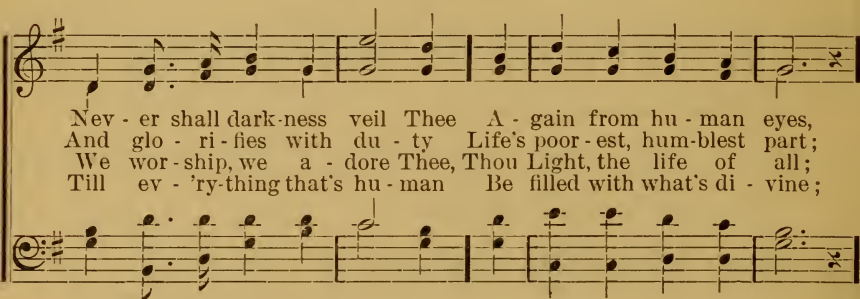


## LIGHT OF THE WORLD, WE HAIL THEE.

REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1837.



1. Light of the world, we hail Thee    Flush-ing the east-ern skies;  
 2. Light of the world, Thy beau-ty    Steals in - to ev-ry heart  
 3. Light of the world, be - fore Thee    Our spir-its pros-trate fall;  
 4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine    This darkened land of Thine,



Nev - er shall dark-ness veil Thee    A - gain from hu - man eyes,  
 And glo - ri - fies with du - ty    Life's poor - est, hum-blest part;  
 We wor - ship, we a - dore Thee,    Thou Light, the life of all;  
 Till ev - 'ry-thing that's hu - man    Be filled with what's di - vine;



Too long, a - las, with-hold - en,    Now spread from shore to shore;  
 Thou ro - best in Thy splen - dor    The sim - ple ways of men,  
 With Thee is no for - get - ting    Of all Thine hand hath made;  
 Till ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion,    From sin's do - min - ion free,



Thy light, so glad and gold - en,    Shall set on earth no more.  
 And help - est them to ren - der Light back to Thee a - gain.  
 Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting,    Thy sun-shine hath no shade.  
 Rise in the new cre - a - tion    Which springs from Love and Thee.



"St. Thomas." 8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1752.

AND JOHN CENNICK, (1718—1755) 1752.

ALT. BY REV. MARTIN MADAN, (1726—1790) 1760.

Vincent Novello, (1781—1861)

1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending, Once for fav-ored sinners slain;  
 2. Ev-ery eye shall now behold Him Robed in dreadful ma-jes-ty;  
 3. Ev-ery island, sea and mountain, Heaven and earth, shall flee a-way;

Thousand thousand saints attending Swell the triumph of His train.  
 Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
 All who hate Him must, confounded, Hear the trump proclaim the day;

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord re- turns to reign.  
 Deep-ly wail-ing, Deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes-si-ah see.  
 Come to judgment, Come to judgment, Come to judgment, come a-way.

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear;  
 All His saints, by men rejected,  
 Now shall meet Him in the air.  
 Alleluia!  
 See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thine eternal throne;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.  
 Oh come quickly,  
 Alleluia! Come, Lord, come.

# CHRISTMAS. COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL.

"Adeste Fideles."

LATIN, 17TH CENTURY.  
TR. BY REV. EDWARD CASWALL, (1814-1878).

Marco Antonio Simao, (1762-1830).  
"Portogallo."

1. Come hith-er, ye faithful, tri-umph-ant-ly sing; Come, see in the  
 2. True Son of the Fa-ther, He comes from the skies, To be born of a  
 3. Hark! hark to the an-gels, all sing-ing in heaven, "To God in the  
 4. To Thee, then, O Je-sus, this day of Thy birth, Be glo-ry and

man-ger the an-gels' dread King. To Beth-le-hem has-ten with  
 vir-gin He does not de-spise. To Beth-le-hem has-ten with  
 high-est all glo-ry be given!" To Beth-le-hem has-ten with  
 hon-or through heaven and earth. True God-head in-car-nate! om-

joy-ful ac-cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come  
 joy-ful ac-cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come  
 joy-ful ac-cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come  
 nip-o-tent Word! Oh come, let us has-ten, Oh come, let us

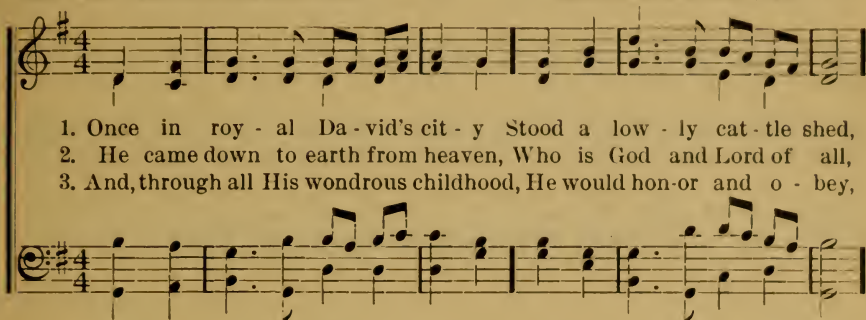
hith-er, Oh come ye, come hith-er, to worship the Lord!  
 hith-er, Oh come ye, come hith-er, to worship the Lord!  
 hith-er, Oh come ye, come hith-er, to worship the Lord!  
 has-ten, Oh come, let us has-ten to worship the Lord! A-men.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.

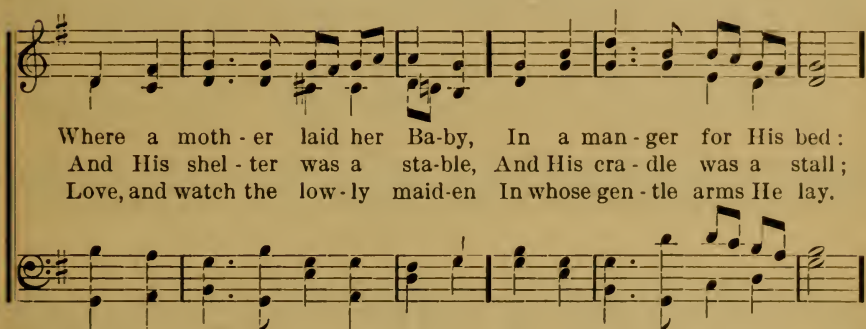
"Irby." 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, (1823— ) 1848.

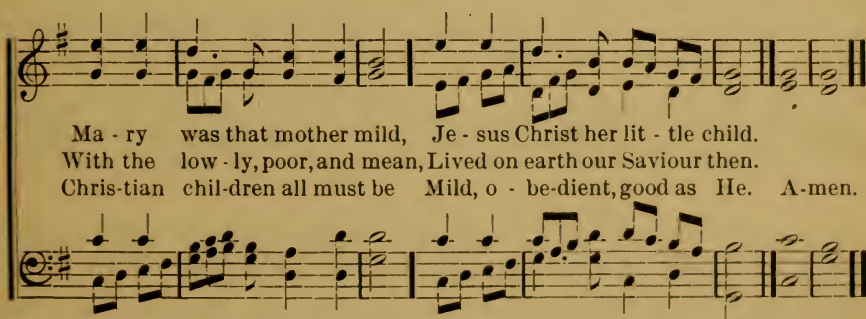
Henry John Gauntlett, (1805—1876)



1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,  
 2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,  
 3. And, through all His wondrous childhood, He would hon - or and o - bey,



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed :  
 And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall ;  
 Love, and watch the low - ly maid - en In whose gen - tle arms He lay.



Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.  
 With the low - ly, poor, and mean, Lived on earth our Saviour then.  
 Chris - tian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He. A - men.

- 4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that child so dear and gentle Is our God in heaven above ;  
 And He leads His children on To the place where He is gone.
- 5 Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see Him ; but in heaven, Set at God's right hand on high ;  
 When like stars His children crowned All in white shall wait around.

"Mendelssohn." 7s. D.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1739.

Felix Mendelssohn, (1809—1847) 1840.


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King,  
2. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Son of Right-eous - ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"  
Risen with heal - ing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings;

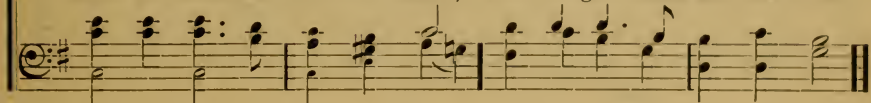
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies;  
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"  
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth;





With th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."  
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.

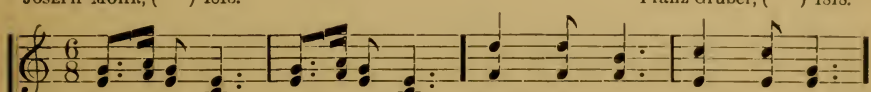


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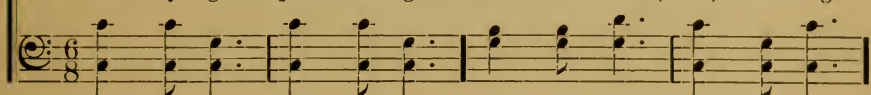
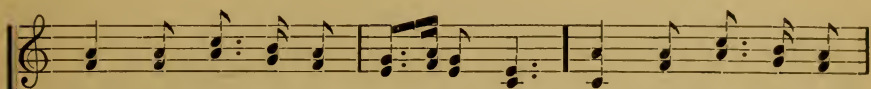
# HOLY NIGHT! PEACEFUL NIGHT!

JOSEPH MOHR, ( ) 1818.

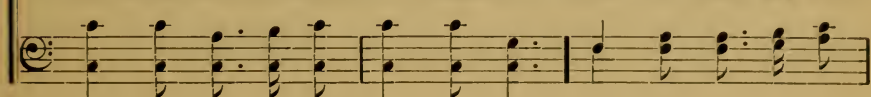
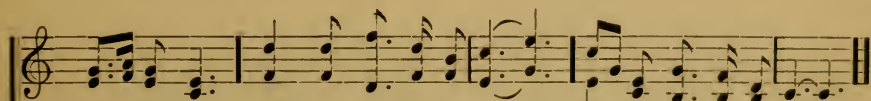
Franz Gruber, ( ) 1818.



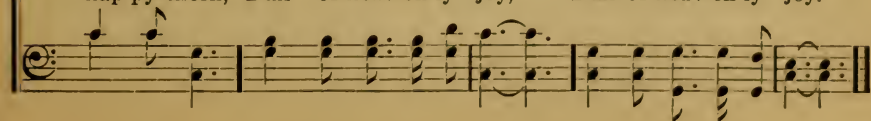
1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark save the light  
2. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! On - ly for shep-herds' sight  
3. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Child of heaven, oh, how bright

Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep O'er the Babe, who in  
Came blest vis - ions of an - gel-throngs With their loud al - le -  
Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born! Blest in - deed was that

si - lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace.  
lu - ia songs, Say - ing, "Je - sus is come," Saying, "Je - sus is come."  
hap - py morn, Full of heav-en-ly joy, Full of heav-en-ly joy.

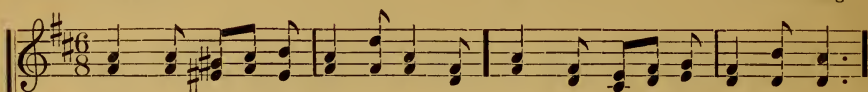




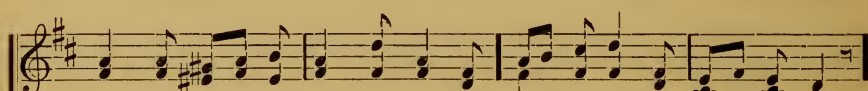
"Schilling." P. M.

Mrs. M. N. MEIGS.

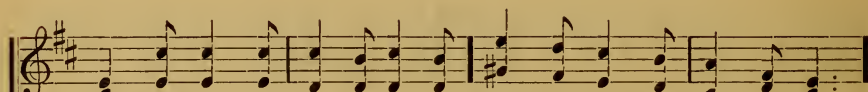
Fred. Schilling.




1. Hark! a burst of heavenly music From a band of seraphs bright,  
 2. Slumbering in a low-ly manger Lies the might-y Lord of all,  
 3. And this joy-ful Christmas morning, Breaking o'er the world be-low,



Sud - den - ly to earth de-scending, In the calm and si - lent night.  
 And be - fore the ho - ly Stranger See the trembling shepherds fall.  
 Tells a - gain the wondrous sto - ry Shepherds heard so long a - go.

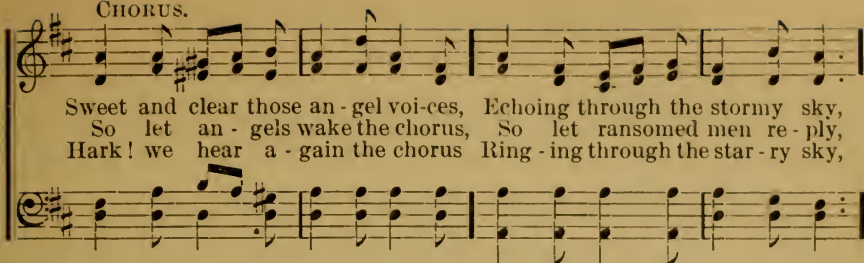


To the shepherds of Ju-de - a, Watch-ing in the ear-liest dawn,  
 He has come, the long-ex-pect-ed, Full of wis-dom, love, and grace,  
 Who shall still our tune-ful voi-ces, Who the tide of praise shall stem,

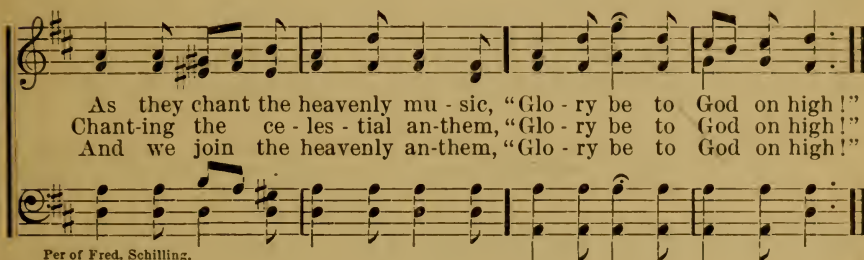


So they bear the joy - ful tid - ings, "Je - sus, Prince of peace, is born."  
 To redeem His ruin - ed creatures, To re-store our fall - en race,  
 Which the blessed an - gels taught us In the fields of Beth-le-hem?

CHORUS.



Sweet and clear those an - gel voi - ces, Echoing through the stormy sky,  
So let an - gels wake the chorus, So let ransomed men re - ply,  
Hark! we hear a - gain the chorus Ring - ing through the star - ry sky,



As they chant the heavenly mu - sic, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"  
Chant - ing the ce - les - tial an - them, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"  
And we join the heavenly an - them, "Glo - ry be to God on high!"

Per of Fred. Schilling.

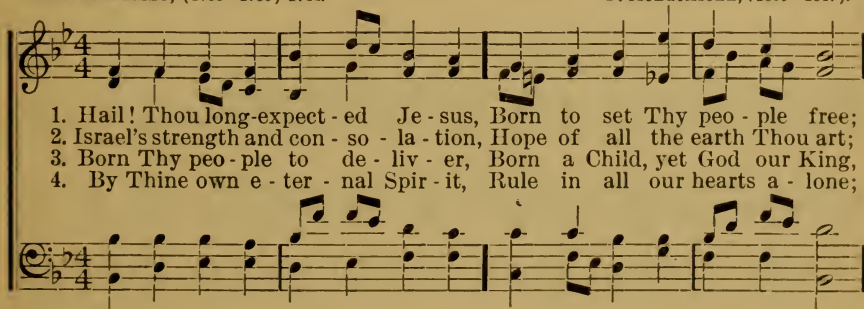
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HAIL! THOU LONG EXPECTED JESUS.

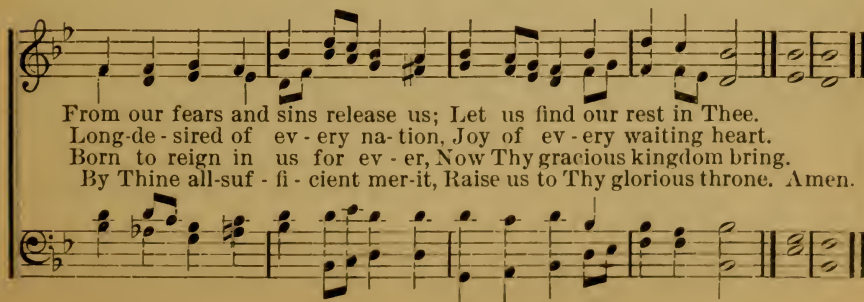
"Trust." 8s. & 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1744.

F. Mendelssohn, (1809—1847).



1. Hail! Thou long-expect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;  
2. Israel's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
3. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a Child, yet God our King,  
4. By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;



From our fears and sins release us; Let us find our rest in Thee.  
Long-de - sired of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery waiting heart.  
Born to reign in us for ev - er, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.  
By Thine all-suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.

## HARK! THE SOUND OF ANGEL-VOICES.

8s. &amp; 7s. D.

MRS. DAVID B. COE, (1818— )

Rev. S. L. Krebs.

1. Hark! the sound of an - gel - voic - es O - ver Bethlehem's star - lit plain ;  
 2. Westward, all a - long the a - ges, Trace its path - way clear and bright ;

Hark! the heavenly host re - joic - es, Je - sus comes to earth to reign.  
 Star of hope to east - ern sa - ges, Ra - dian't now with Gos - pel light.

See ce - les - tial radiance beam - ing, Light - ing up the midnight sky ;  
 An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Peace on earth de - light to sing,

'Tis the prom - ised day - star gleam - ing, 'Tis the day - spring  
 Christ - ian, tell the won - drous sto - ry, Go, pro - claim the

from on high, 'Tis the day - spring from on high.  
 Sav - iour King! Go, pro - claim the Sav - iour King!



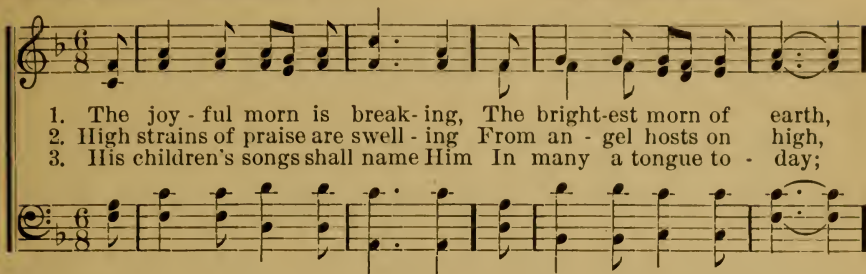
## THE JOYFUL MORN IS BREAKING.

7s. &amp; 6s. D.

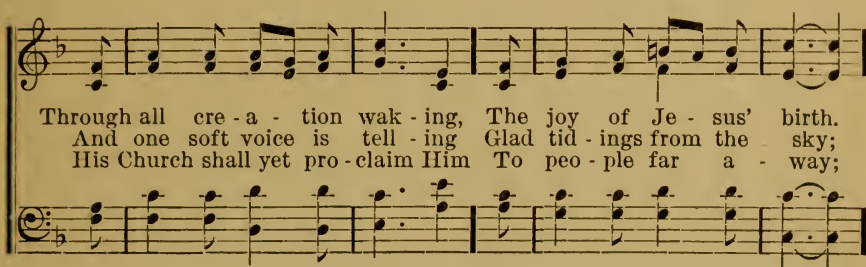
"Christmas Morn."

BENJAMIN GOUGH, (1805—1877) 1873.

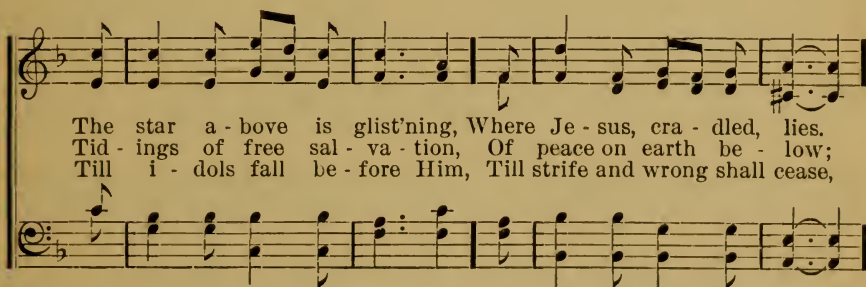
Edward John Hopkins, (1818— )



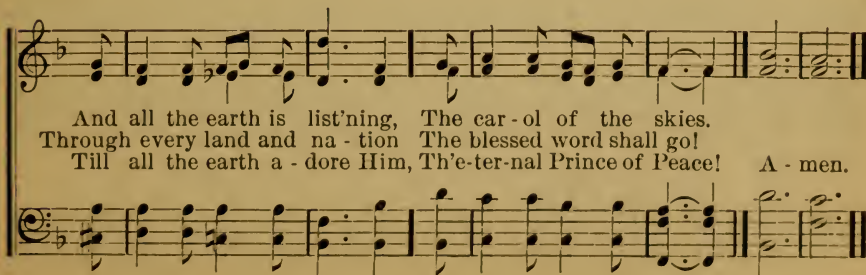
1. The joy - ful morn is break - ing, The bright - est morn of earth,  
 2. High strains of praise are swell - ing From an - gel hosts on high,  
 3. His children's songs shall name Him In many a tongue to - day;



Through all cre - a - tion wak - ing, The joy of Je - sus' birth.  
 And one soft voice is tell - ing Glad tid - ings from the sky;  
 His Church shall yet pro - claim Him To peo - ple far a - way;



The star a - bove is glist'ning, Where Je - sus, cra - dled, lies.  
 Tid - ings of free sal - va - tion, Of peace on earth be - low;  
 Till i - dols fall be - fore Him, Till strife and wrong shall cease,



And all the earth is list'ning, The car - ol of the skies.  
 Through every land and na - tion The blessed word shall go!  
 Till all the earth a - dore Him, Th'e - ter - nal Prince of Peace! A - men.



## SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

REV. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG,  
(1791-1877) 1823.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, (1810-1876) 1864.

1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the  
 2. Tell how He com - eth; from na - tion to na - tion, The heart-cheer-ing  
 3. Mor - tals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the

High - est, how low - ly His birth; The bright - est arch - an - gel in  
 news let the earth ech - o round; How free to the faith - ful He  
 glad - some ho - san - na a - rise; Ye an - gels, the full hal - le -

glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to re - deem thee, He  
 of - fers sal - va - tion, How His peo - ple with joy ev - er -  
 lu - jah be sing - ing, One cho - rus re - sound through the

## CHORUS.\*

reigns up - on earth.  
 last - ing are crowned. } Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing,  
 earth and the skies. }

Je - ru - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes - si - ah is King A - men.

\* Begin and end with the Chorus.

## HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

"Holy Voices." 8s. & 7s. (*First Tune.*)

REV. JOHN CAWOOD, (1775—1852) 1819.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweet-ly sound-ing through the skies?

Lo! th'angel - ic host re - joi - ces, Heav'nly hal - le - lu-jahs rise. A-men.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy:  
"Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found:  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth His praises sing!  
Oh, receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name and taste His joy,  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
"Glory be to God most high!"

## HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

"Holy Voices." 8s. & 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

G. J. GEER, (1821— ).

1. Hark! what mean those holy voic-es Sweetly sounding through the skies?

Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joic-es; Heavenly hal-le - lu-jahs rise. A-men.

REV. J. H. EGAR.

W. W. Rousseau.

1. Sing, sing for Christmas! Welcome happy day! For Christ is born, our Saviour, To  
 2. Tell, tell the story Of the wondrous night When shepherds, who were watching Their  
 3. Soft, soft-ly shin-ing, Stars were in the sky, And sil-ver fell the moonlight On

take our sins a-way. Sing, sing a joy-ful song, Loud and clear to-day, To  
 flocks till morn-ing light, Saw an-gel hosts from Heaven, Heard the angel voice, And  
 hill and mountain high, When suddenly the night Outshone the bright mid-day, With

*cres.* *ritard.* CHORUS. *a tempo.*  
*ff*  
 praise our Lord and Sav-iour Who in the man-ger lay.  
 so were told the tid-ings Which makes the world rejoice. } Sing, sing for Christmas!  
 an-gel hosts who her-ald Thereign of peace for aye.

*ritard.*  
 Welcome hap-py day! For Christ is born our Sav-iour, To take our sins a-way.

4 Hark, hear them singing,  
 Singing in the sky,  
 "Be worship, honor, glory,  
 And praise to God on high!  
 Peace, peace, good will to men,  
 Born the Child from heaven!  
 The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour,  
 The Son to you is given!"—CHO.

5 Sing, sing for Christmas!  
 Echo, earth, the cry  
 Of worship, honor, glory,  
 And praise to God on high!  
 Sing, sing the joyful song,  
 Let it never cease,  
 Of glory in the highest,  
 On earth, good will and peace.—CHO.



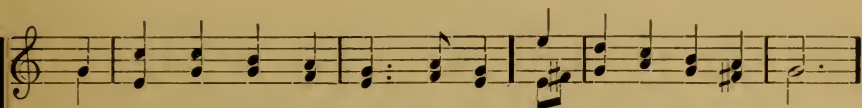
## WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

"Gabriel." C. M. D.

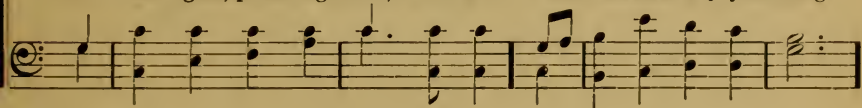
NAHUM TATE, (1652—1715) 1703.



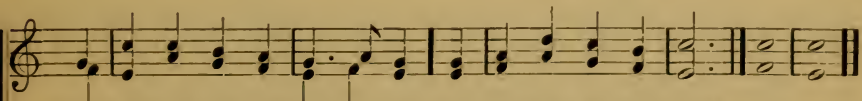
1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,  
 2. "To you in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line,  
 3. Thus spake the ser - aph and forth-with Ap-peared a shin-ing throng



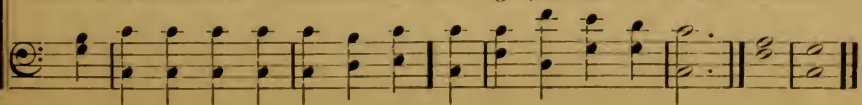
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.  
 The Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign.  
 Of an - gels, prais-ing God, who thus Addressed their joyful song :



"Fear not," said he, for migh - ty dread Had seized their troubled mind,  
 "The heav-en-ly Babe you there shall find, To hu-man view dis-played,  
 "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;



"Glad tid-ings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind,  
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, And in a man-ger laid.  
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men Begin, and nev-er cease." A - men.

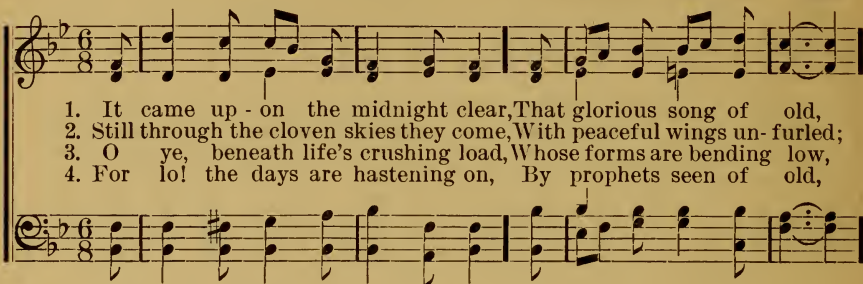




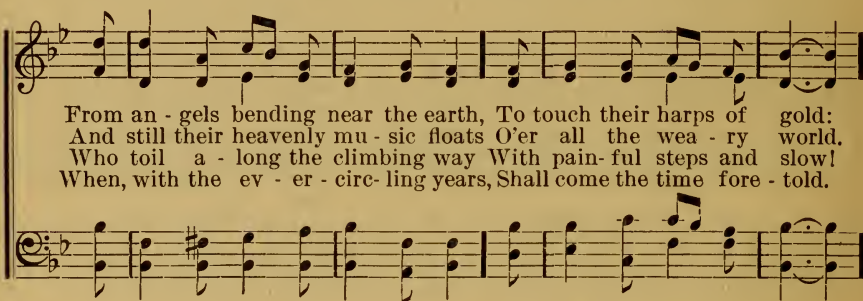
"Carol." C. M. D.

REV. EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, (1810—1876) 1850.

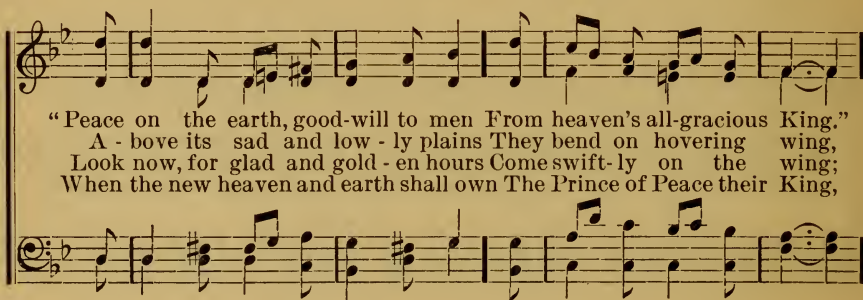
Richard Storrs Willis, (1819— ) 1860.



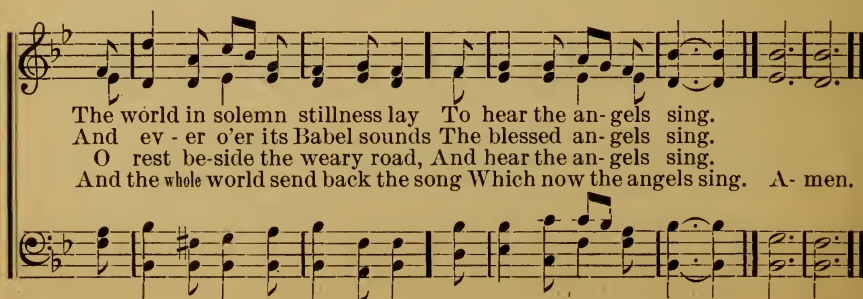
1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,  
 2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled;  
 3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,  
 4. For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old,



From an - gels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:  
 And still their heavenly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world.  
 Who toil a - long the climbing way With pain-ful steps and slow!  
 When, with the ev - er - circ - ling years, Shall come the time fore - told.



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all-gracious King."  
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hovering wing,  
 Look now, for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;  
 When the new heaven and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

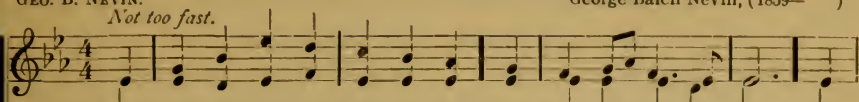


The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an - gels sing.  
 And ev - er o'er its Babel sounds The blessed an - gels sing.  
 O rest be-side the weary road, And hear the an - gels sing.  
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing. A - men.

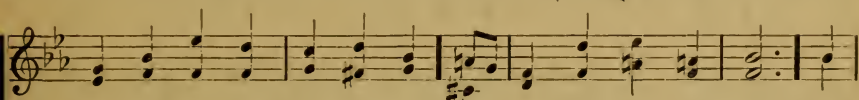
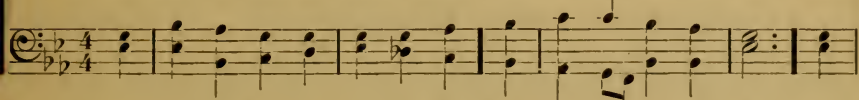
## WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

GEO. B. NEVIN.

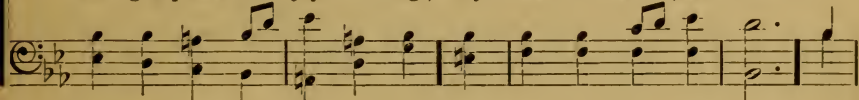
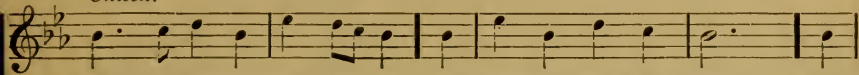
George Balch Nevin, (1859— )

*Not too fast.*

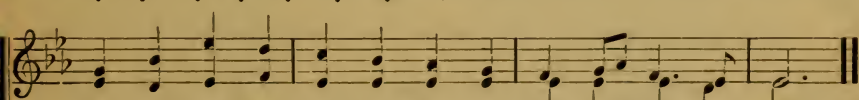
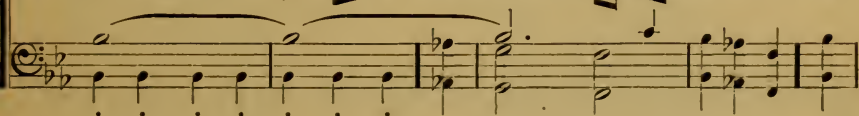
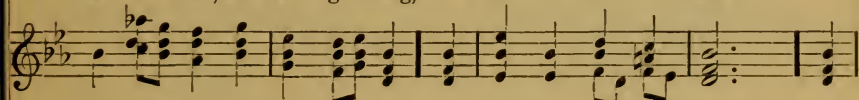
1. When Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, Was born of moth-er mild, The
2. The Christ had brought this blessed peace To hearts with sin op-pressed And
3. All hail the Christ, the mighty King! The re-as-cend-ed Lord! Whom



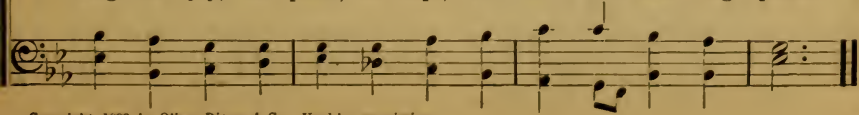
wise men came with in-cense rare Un-to the ho-ly child: The  
 now, as then, the wea-ry soul May find in Him its rest. O  
 an-gels praise with joy-ful songs, By hosts re-deemed, a-dored, And

*Unison.*

bells of heaven rang out with joy, The shepherds joined the strain— And  
 let us all re-joice, and sing, And shout the joy-ful strain That  
 as of old, the an-gels sang, Now let our voi-ces raise— A



all the earth sang loud and clear Of peace on earth to men.  
 Christ, the bless-ed Son of God O'er heaven and earth doth reign.  
 song of joy, of peace, of hope, Of ev-er-last-ing praise.



## EPIPHANY.

45

### FROM THE EASTERN MOUNTAINS.

"St. Theresa." 6. 5. 12 lines.

REV. GODFREY THRING, (1823— ) 1879.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842— ) 1872.

*Voices in Unison.*

1. From the eastern mountains, Pressing on they come, Wise men in their

The first system of the musical score is written for voices in unison. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics '1. From the eastern mountains, Pressing on they come, Wise men in their' are aligned under the first two measures.

wis - dom To this hum - ble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion,

The second system continues the melody. The lyrics 'wis - dom To this hum - ble home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion,' are aligned under the first two measures. The musical notation continues with a similar pattern of eighth and quarter notes, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and two-flat key signature.

Start - ing from a - far, Ev - er jour - n'ing onward, Guided by a star.

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics 'Start - ing from a - far, Ev - er jour - n'ing onward, Guided by a star.' are aligned under the first two measures. The melody ends with a half note G4. The musical notation continues with a similar pattern of eighth and quarter notes, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and two-flat key signature.

CHORUS.

Light of Life, that shin - est Ere the world be - gan,

Draw Thou near and light - en , Ev - ery heart of man.

2 There their Lord and Saviour  
 Meek and lowly laid,  
 Wondrous light that led them  
 Onward on their way,  
 Ever now to lighten  
 Nations from afar  
 As they journey homeward  
 By that guiding star,  
 Light of Life, etc.

3 Thou who in a manger  
 Once hast lowly lain,  
 Who dost now in glory  
 O'er all kingdoms reign,  
 Gather in the heathen,  
 Who in lands afar  
 Ne'er have seen the brightness  
 Of Thy guiding star.  
 Light of Life, etc.

4 Onward through the darkness  
 Of the lonely night,  
 Shining still before them  
 With Thy kindly light,

Guide them Jew and Gentile,  
 Homeward from afar,  
 Young and old together,  
 By Thy guiding star.  
 Light of Life, etc.

5 Gather in the outcasts  
 Who have gone astray,  
 Throw Thy radiance o'er them,  
 Guide them on their way;  
 Those who never knew Thee,  
 Or have wandered far,  
 Guide them by the brightness  
 Of Thy guiding star.  
 Light of Life, etc.

6 Until every nation  
 Whether bond or free,  
 'Neath Thy starlit banner,  
 Jesus, follow Thee  
 O'er the distant mountains  
 To that heavenly home,  
 Where nor sin nor sorrow  
 Evermore shall come.  
 Light of Life, etc.



## ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

8s. &amp; 7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1819, 1825.

George Balch Nevin, (1859— )

1. An-gels from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
 2. Shepherd's in the fields a-bid-ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 3. Saints be-fore the al-tar bending, Watching long in hope and fear,

*Sua.....*

Ye who sang cre-a-tion's sto-ry, Now pro-claim Mes-si-ah's birth.  
 God with men is now re-sid-ing; Yon-der shines the in-fant-light.  
 Sud-den-ly the Lord, descending, In His tem-ple shall ap-pear.

CHORUS.

Come and worship,—Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King,

Come and worship,—Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ the new-born King.

47

# JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD IS COME!

“Antioch.” C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

George Frederick Handel, (1685—1759)  
Arr. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1875) 1836.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King,

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture

And

sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and nature sing.

heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains

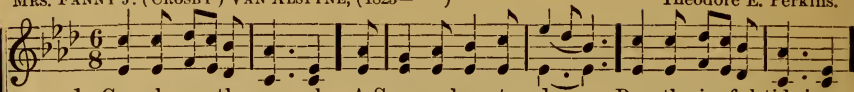
He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;

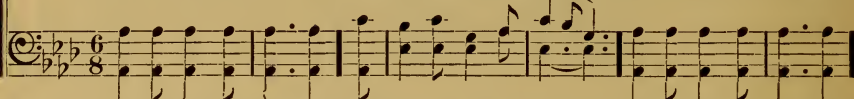
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

MRS. FANNY J. (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823— )


Theodore E. Perkins.




1. Car-ol, sweetly car - ol, A Saviour born to - day; Bear the joyful tid - ings,  
 2. Car-ol, sweetly car - ol, As when the angel throng O'er the vales of Ju-dah,  
 3. Car-ol, sweetly car - ol, The happy Christmas time; Hark! the bells are pealing



Oh, bear them far a - way. Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Till earth's re-mot-est  
 A - woke the heav'nly song. Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Good will, and peace, and  
 Their mer-ry, mer-ry chime; Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Ye shin-ing ones a -



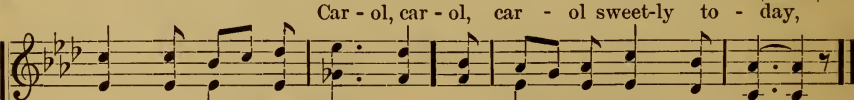
bound Shall hear the mighty cho - rus, And ech-o back the sound.  
 love, Glo - ry in the high - est To God who reigns a - bove.  
 bove, Sing in loud-est num - bers, Oh, sing redeeming love.



CHORUS.



Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Car - ol, sweet-ly to - day;  
 Car - ol, car - ol, car - ol, car - ol,



Car - ol, car - ol, car - ol sweet-ly to - day,  
 Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

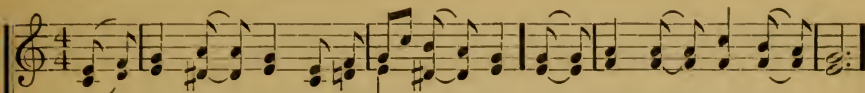


## THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

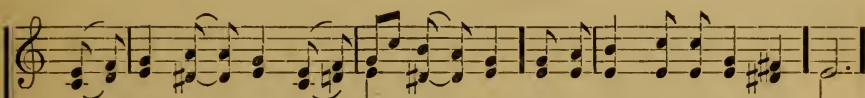
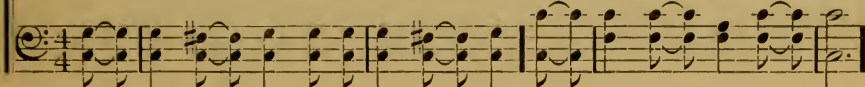
P. M. (*First Tune.*)

MRS. EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT, ( ) 1861.

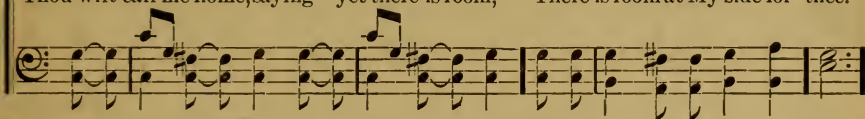
Rev. S. L. Krebs.



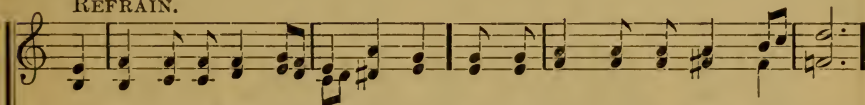
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;
2. Heaven's arches rang when the an- gels sang Of Thy birth and Thy royal decree;
3. Foxes found their rest, and each bird had its nest, In the shade of the ce- dar tree;
4. Thou cam- est, O Lord, with Thy liv- ing word, That should set Thy people free;
5. Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing, At Thy coming to vic- to- ry,



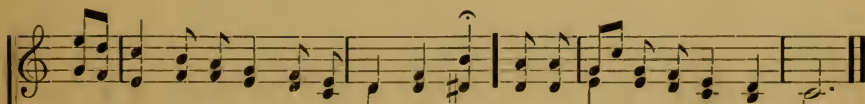
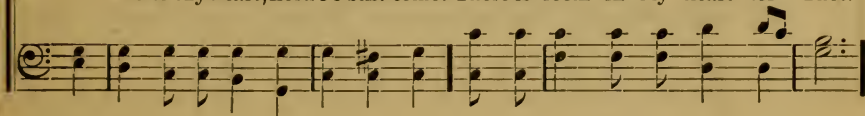
In Bethle- hem's home, there was found no room, For Thy ho- ly na- tiv - i - ty.  
 But in low- ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest hu- mil - i - ty.  
 But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Sod of God, In the des- erts of Gal - i - lee.  
 But with mock- ing and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Calva - ry.  
 Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room," "There is room at My side for thee."



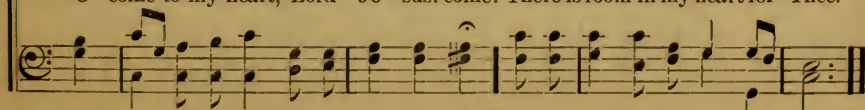
## REFRAIN.



O come to my heart, Lord Je- sus! come! There is room in my heart for Thee.



O come to my heart, Lord Je- sus! come! There is room in my heart for Thee.

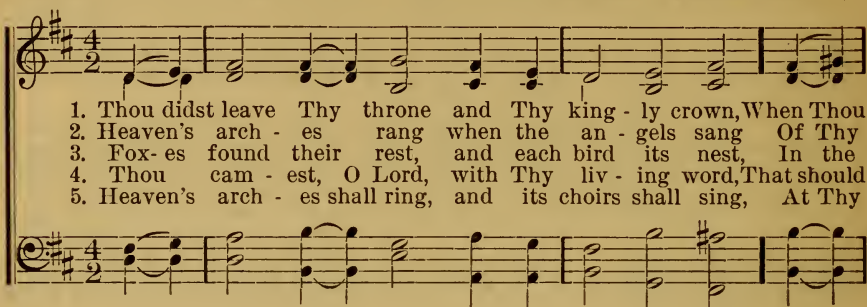




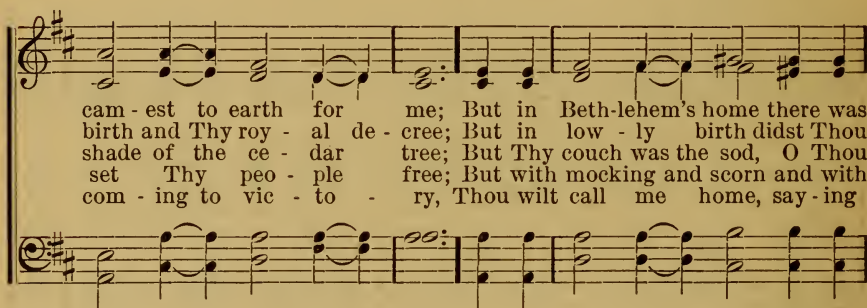
## THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

"Margaret." P. M. (*Second Tune.*)

MRS. EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT, ( ) 1864 Rev. Timothy Richard Matthews (1826— )

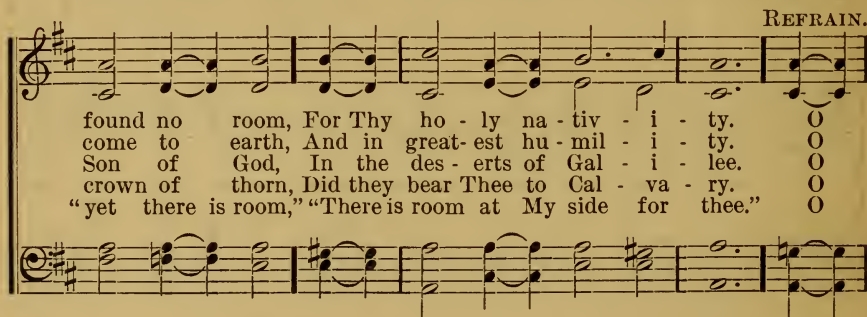


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou  
 2. Heaven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang Of Thy  
 3. Fox - es found their rest, and each bird its nest, In the  
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with Thy liv - ing word, That should  
 5. Heaven's arch - es shall ring, and its choirs shall sing, At Thy

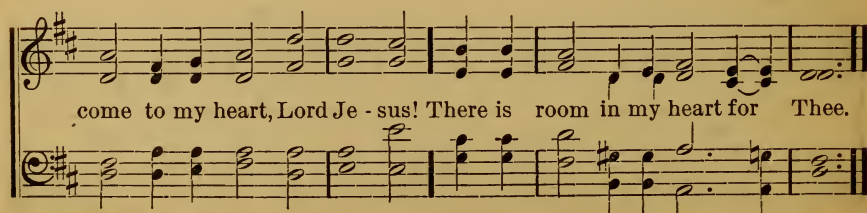


cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth-lehem's home there was  
 birth and Thy roy - al de - cree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou  
 shade of the ce - dar tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou  
 set Thy peo - ple free; But with mocking and scorn and with  
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Thou wilt call me home, say - ing

REFRAIN.



found no room, For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O  
 come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty. O  
 Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. O  
 crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal - va - ry. O  
 "yet there is room," "There is room at My side for thee." O



come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

## HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

"Wesley." 11s. &amp; 10s.

REV. THOMAS HASTINGS, (1784-1872) 1830.

Lowell Mason, (1792-1872) 1830.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing!  
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing,  
 3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are spring-ing,  
 4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-cean,

Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!  
 Long by the proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told;  
 Streams ev-er co-pious are glid-ing a-long,  
 Praise to Je-ho-vah as-cend-ing on high;

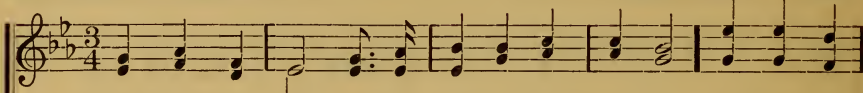
Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourn-ing;  
 Hail to the mill-ions from bon-dage re-turn-ing,  
 Loud from the mount-ain-tops ech-oes are ring-ing,  
 Fallen are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion;

Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.  
 Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.  
 Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.  
 Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

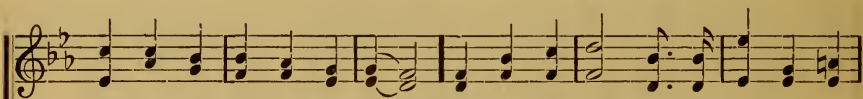
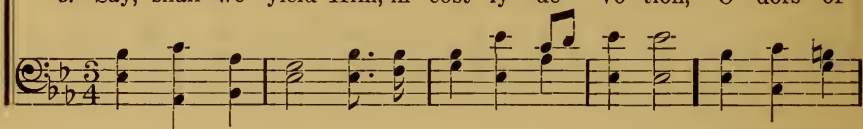
"Webbe." 11s. &amp; 10s.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) 1811.

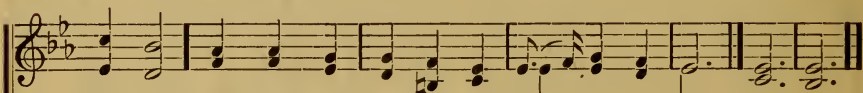
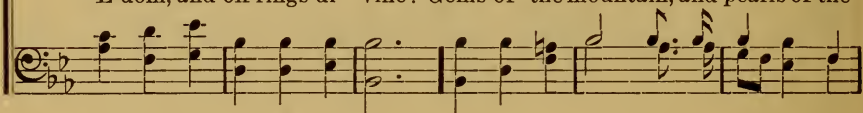
Samuel Webbe, (1740—1816)



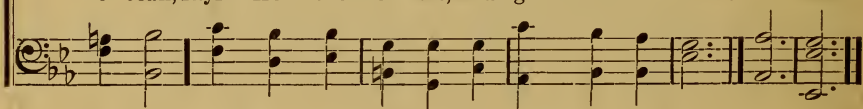
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost-ly de - vo-tion, O - dors of



- darkness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -  
head with the beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore Him in slum-ber re -  
E-dom, and offerings di - vine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the



- dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
clin - ing, Mak - er and Monarch and Sav - iour of all.  
o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine? A - men.



- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

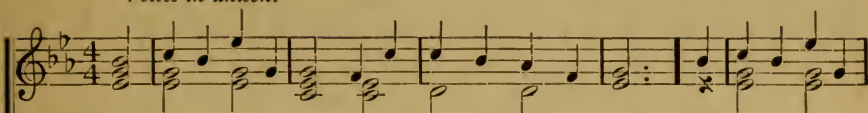
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

## WE SING A LOVING JESUS.

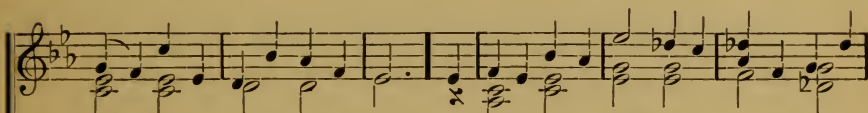
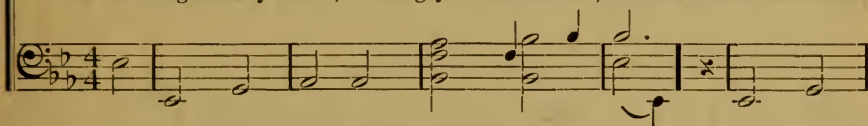
SARAH DOUDNEY, ( ) 1871.

*Voices in unison.*

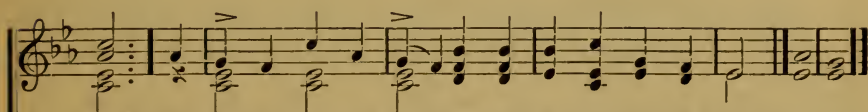
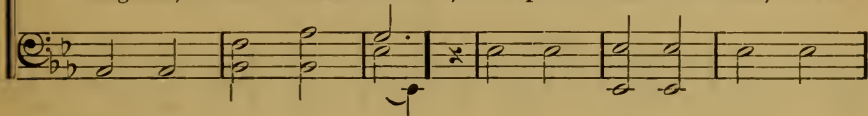
Richard S. Newman.



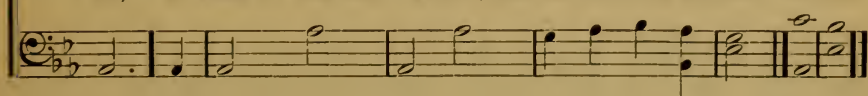
1. We sing a loving Jesus Who left His throne above, And came on earth to
2. We sing a ho - ly Je - sus No taint of sin de - filed The Babe of David's
3. We sing a lowly Jesus, No kingly crown He had; His heart was bowed with



ran-som The children of His love. It is an oft-told story, And yet we love to  
Ci - ty, The pure and stainless child. O teach us, blessed Saviour, Thy heavenly grace to  
anguish, His face was marred and sad; In deep humiliation He came, His work to



tell How Christ, the King of glory, Once deigned with man to dwell.  
seek; And let our whole be - havior, Like Thine, be mild and meek.  
do; O Lord of our sal - va - tion, Let us be hum - ble too. Amen.



4 We sing a mighty Jesus,  
Whose voice could raise the dead;  
The sightless eyes He opened,  
The famished souls He fed.  
Thou camest to deliver  
Mankind from sin and shame;  
Redeemer and Life-giver,  
We praise Thy holy Name.

5 We sing a coming Jesus;  
The time is drawing near,  
When Christ with all His Angels  
In glory shall appear;  
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,  
In this Thy day of grace,  
That we may gladly meet Thee  
And see Thee face to face.



1. There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - piph-a -  
 2. The Star shone brightly o - ver - head, The air was calm and  
 3. An old man knelt at a man - ger low, A Babe lay in the

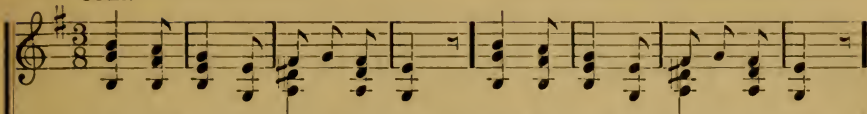
nie; Their gifts they bare both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ for  
 still, O'er Bethlehem's fields its rays were shed, The dew lay on the  
 stall; The starlight played on the Infant brow, Deep si - lence lay o'er

Thee: Gold, frank-in-cense, and myrrh are there, Where is the King? O  
 hill; We see no throne, no pal - ace fair— Where is the King? O  
 all; A Maid - en bent o'er the Babe in prayer—There is the King! O

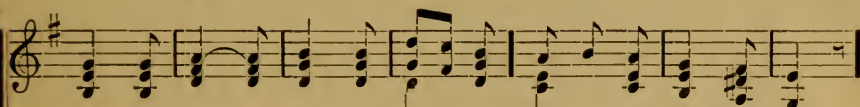
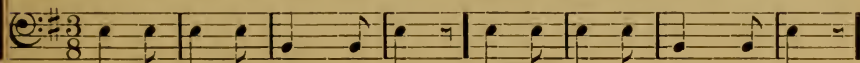
where? O where? O where is the King? O where?  
 where? O where? O where is the King? O where?  
 there! O there! O there is the King! O there!

Rev. John Henry Hopkins, (1820— )

## SOLI.



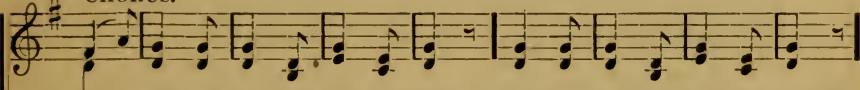
- |                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are ;   | Bearing gifts, we traverse a - far.    |
| 2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain,    | Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain ;     |
| 3. Frankin-cense to of-fer have I—    | Incense owns a De-i-ty nigh ;          |
| 4. Myrrh is mine ; its bitter perfume | Breathes a life of gath-er-ing gloom ; |
| 5. Glo-rious now behold Him a-rise,   | King and God and sac - ri - fice ;     |



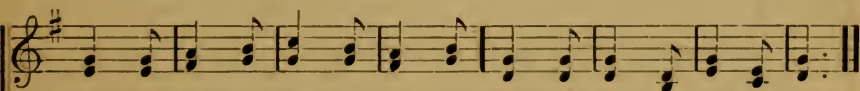
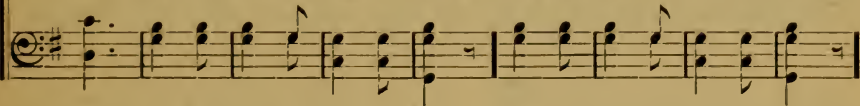
Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol - low-ing yon - der Star.  
 King for ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.  
 Prayer and prais-ing all men rais - ing, Worship Him, God on high.  
 Sorrowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.  
 Heav - en sings "hal - le - lu - jah!" "Halle-lu-jah!" earth re - plies.



## CHORUS.



O Star of won-der, Star of night, Star with roy - al beau-ty bright,



West-ward lead-ing, Still pro-ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per-fect light.

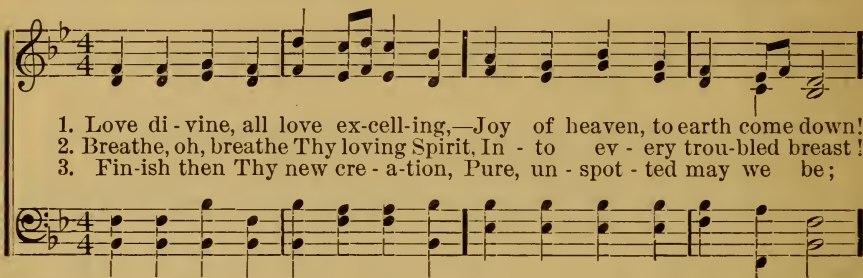


## LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

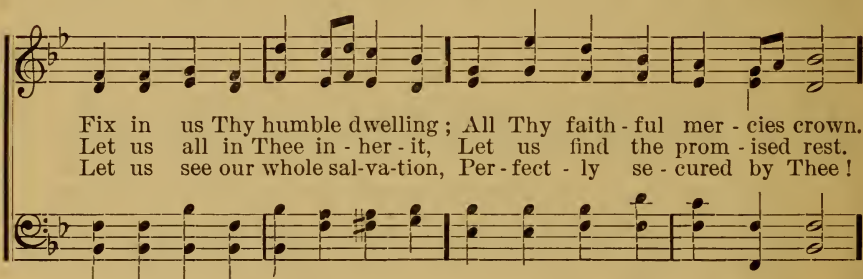
"Beecher." 8s. &amp; 7s. D.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1746.

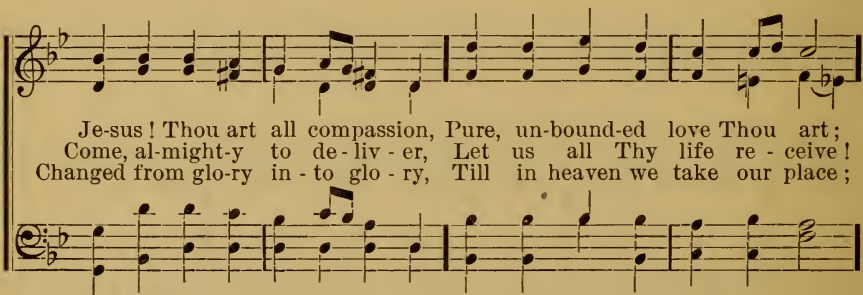
Johann Zundel, (1815—1882) 1870.



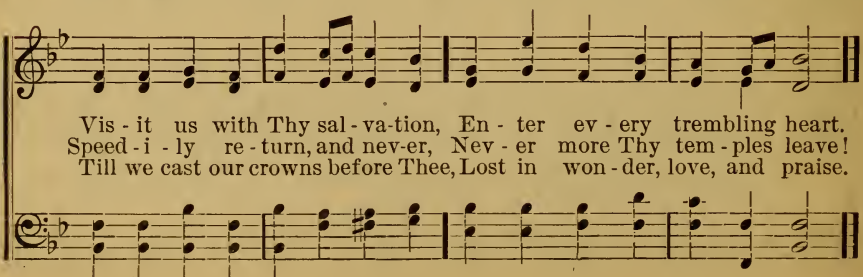
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, —Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit, In - to ev - ery trou-bled breast!  
 3. Fin-ish then Thy new cre - a-tion, Pure, un - spot - ted may we be;



Fix in us Thy humble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer - cies crown.  
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.  
 Let us see our whole sal - va-tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!



Je-sus! Thou art all compassion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
 Come, al-might-y to de-liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive!  
 Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.  
 Speed - i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

"Dix." 7s. 6 lines.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, (1837— ) 1856.

Conrad Kocher, (1786—1872) 1838.

1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing

star be - hold, As with joy they hailed its light,

Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright, So, most gra - cious

Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee. A - men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare,  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light,  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluia to our King. Amen.



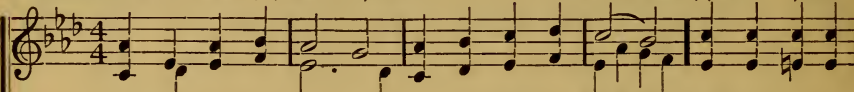
# THE YEAR.

## 57 STANDING AT THE PORTAL OF THE OPENING YEAR.

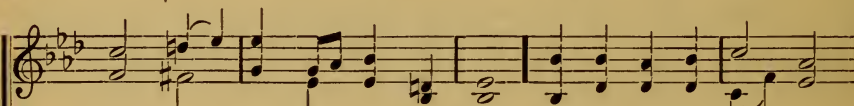
"Valour." 11s. (*With Refrain.*)

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, (1836-1879) 1873.

Arthur H. Mann, (1850- ) 1885.



1. Standing at the por - tal of the opening year, Words of comfort  
 2. I, the Lord, am with thee, be not thou a - fraid, I will help and  
 3. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for - sake; His e - ter - nal

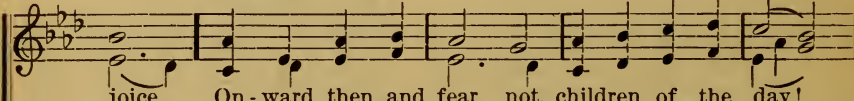


meet us, hush - ing ev - ery fear, Spoken through the si - lence  
 strengthen, be thou not dis-mayed! Yea, I will up - hold thee  
 cov - enant He will nev - er break; Rest-ing on His prom - ise,

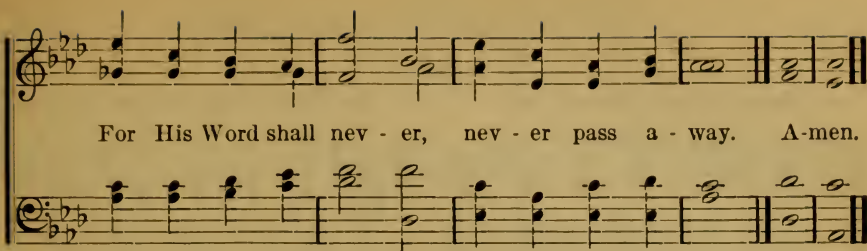


by our Father's voice, Tender, strong and faithful, making us re -  
 with My own right hand, Thou art called and chos - en in My sight to  
 what have we to fear? God is all - suf - fic - ient for the coming

### REFRAIN.



joyce. On - ward, then, and fear not, children of the day!  
 stand. On - ward, then, and fear not, children of the day!  
 year! On - ward, then, and fear not, children of the day!



For His Word shall nev - er, nev - er pass a - way. A-men.

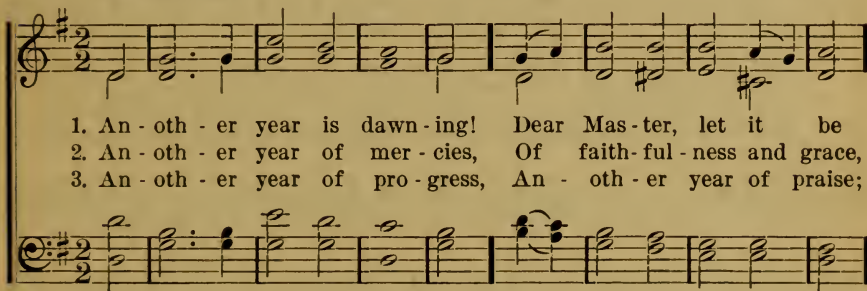
58

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

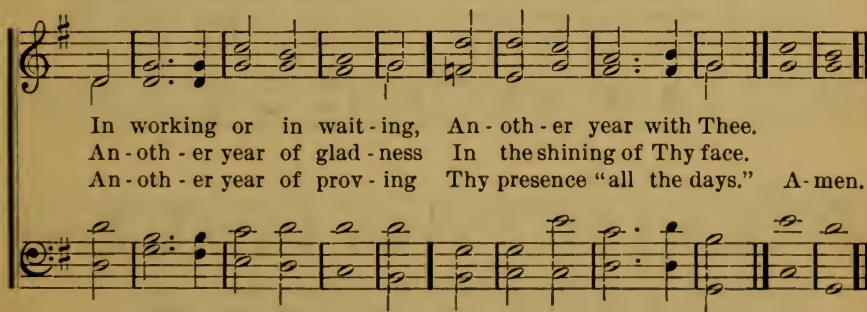
"Weber." 7s. & 6s.

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,  
(1836—1879) 1874.

Ar. fr. Friedrich Freiherr von Flotow, (1812—1883) 1835.



1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be  
2. An - oth - er year of mer - cies, Of faith - ful - ness and grace,  
3. An - oth - er year of pro - gress, An - oth - er year of praise;



In working or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with Thee.  
An - oth - er year of glad - ness In the shining of Thy face.  
An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy presence "all the days." A-men.

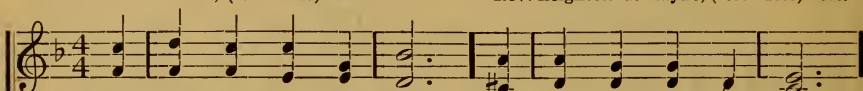
4 Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.

5 Another year is dawning!  
Dear Master, let it be  
On earth, or else in Heaven,  
Another year for Thee!

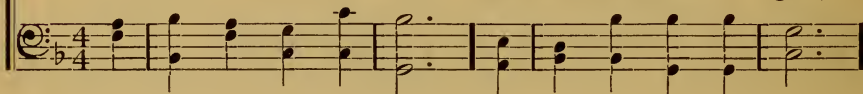

"Chalvey."

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—1889) 1856.


Rev. Leighton G. Hayne, (1836—1883) 1868.




1. A few more years shall roll,      A few more sea - sons come,  
 2. A few more strug-gles here,      A few more part-ings o'er,  
 3. A few more Sab-baths here      Shall cheer us on our way,  
 4. Yet but a lit-tle while      And he shall come a - gain,

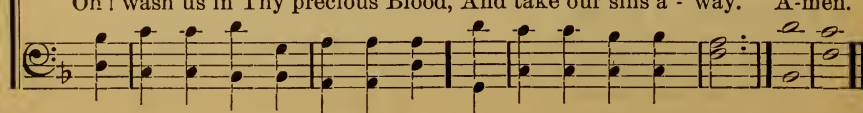
And we shall be with those that rest    A - sleep within the tomb :  
 A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more :  
 And we shall reach the end - less rest, Th'e - ter - nal Sab-bath-day.  
 Who died that we might live, Who lives That we with Him may reign.




Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare      Our souls for that great day ;  
 Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare      Our souls for that bright day ;  
 Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare      Our souls for that sweet day ;  
 Then, gra-cious Lord, pre - pare      Our souls for that glad day ;

Oh ! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.  
 Oh ! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.  
 Oh ! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.  
 Oh ! wash us in Thy precious Blood, And take our sins a - way.    A-men.



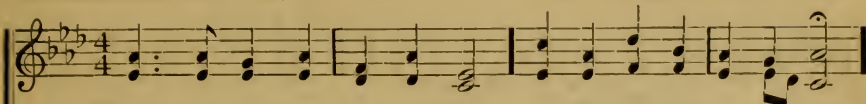


# LENT. SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

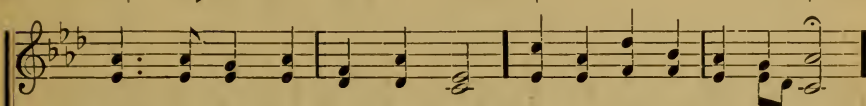
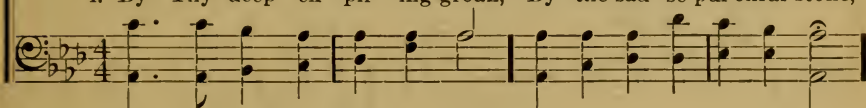
"Spanish Hymn." 7s. D.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, (1785—1838) 1815.

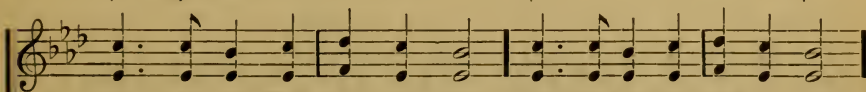
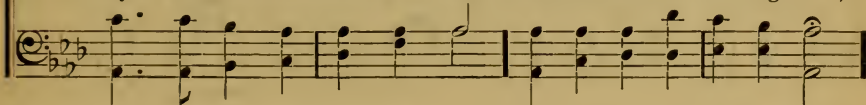
Arr. by Benjamin Carr, ( ) 1824.



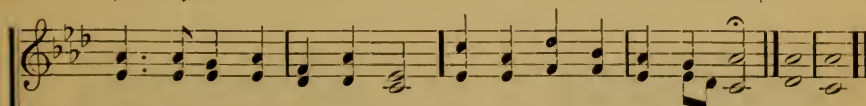
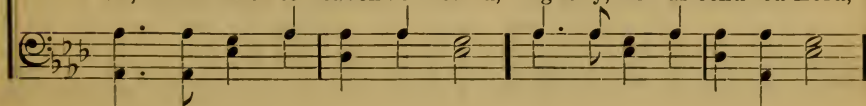
1. Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,  
2. By Thy help-less in - fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,  
3. By Thine hour of dire de - spair, By Thine ag - o - ny of prayer,  
4. By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se-pul-chral stone,



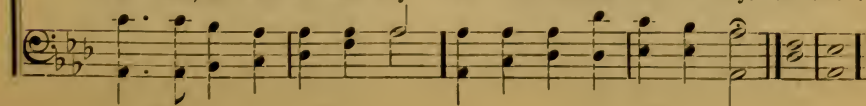
When, re - pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,—  
By Thy days of sore dis - tress In the sav-age wil - der-ness,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Piercing spear and torturing scorn,  
By the vault whose dark a - bode Held in vain the ris - ing God,—



Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suf-fered once for man be-low,  
By the dread, mys - te - rious hour Of th'insulting tempter's power,—  
By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dreadful sac - ri - fice,—  
Oh, from earth to heaven re - stored, Might - y, re - as-cend - ed Lord,



Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn Lit - a - ny.  
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye, Hear our solemn Lit - a - ny.  
Lis - ten to our hum-ble cry, Hear our solemn Lit - a - ny.  
Lis - ten, lis - ten to the cry Of our solemn Lit - a - ny. A - men.





## O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED.

"Passion Chorale." 7s. &amp; 6s. D.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, (1091—1153)

TR. BY REV. JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, (1804—1859) 1829.

Arr. by Henry Schwing.

1. { O sa-cred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down; }  
 Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, Thy on-ly crown; }  
 2. { What Thou, my Lord, hast suf-fered Was all for sin-ners' gain; }  
 Mine, mine was the trans-gres-sion. But Thine the dead-ly pain: }

O sa-cred Head what glo-ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!  
 Lo, here, I fall, my Sav-iour! 'Tis I de-serve Thy place;

Yet, though despised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine.  
 Look on me with Thy fa-vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace. A-men.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken—

Above all joys beside;  
 When in Thy body broken  
 I thus with safety hide.  
 My Lord of life desiring  
 Thy glory now to see,  
 Beside the cross expiring  
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end!

Oh, make me Thine forever,  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love to Thee.

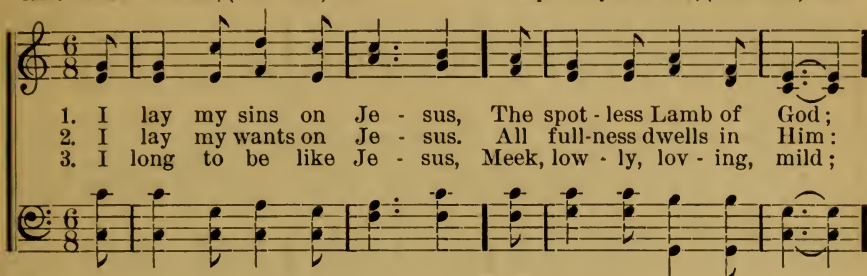
5 Be near me when I'm dying,  
 Oh, show Thy cross to me!  
 And for my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, to set me free.  
 These eyes new faith receiving  
 From Jesus shall not move,  
 For he, who dies believing,  
 Dies safely through Thy love.

## I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

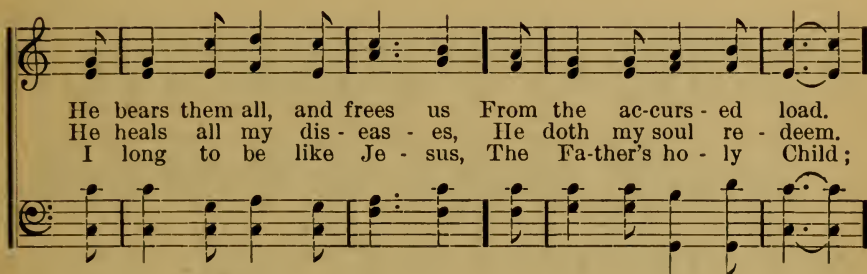
"Miriam." 7s. &amp; 6s. D.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—1889) 1843.

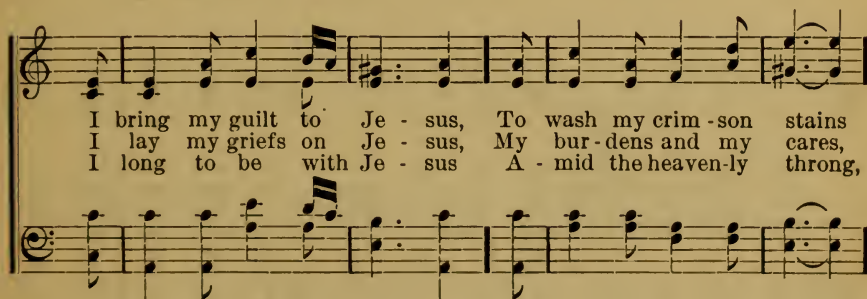
Joseph Perry Holbrook, (1822—1888) 1865.



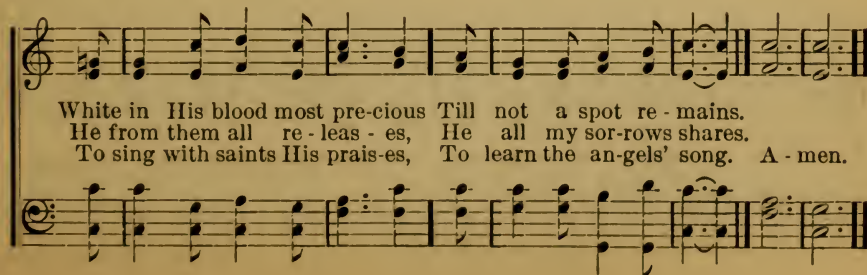
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God ;  
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus. All full-ness dwells in Him ;  
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, low - ly, lov - ing, mild ;



He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.  
 He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.  
 I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly Child ;



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains  
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares,  
 I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heav - en - ly throng,



White in His blood most pre - cious Till not a spot re - mains.  
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.  
 To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song. A - men.

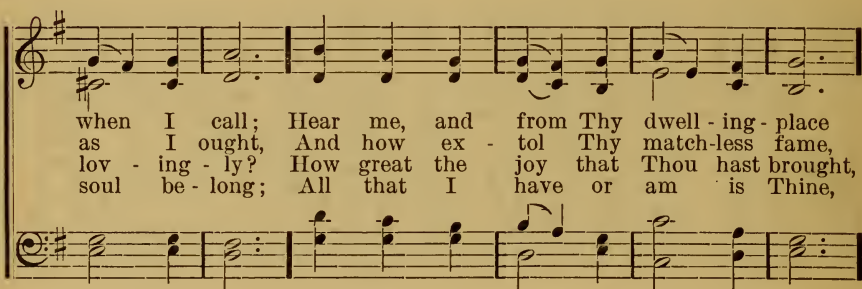
"St. Finbar." L. M. 6 lines.

REV. HENRY COLLINS, ( ) 1852

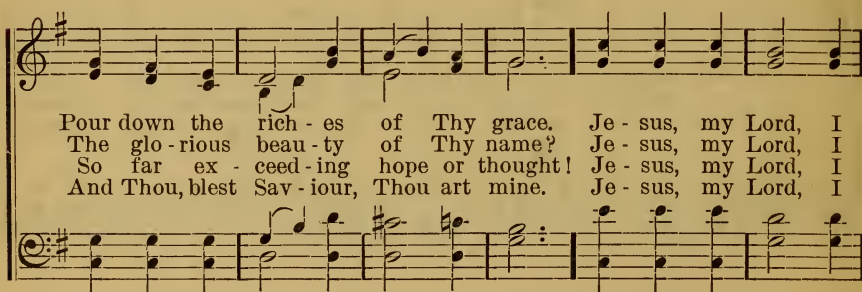
English.



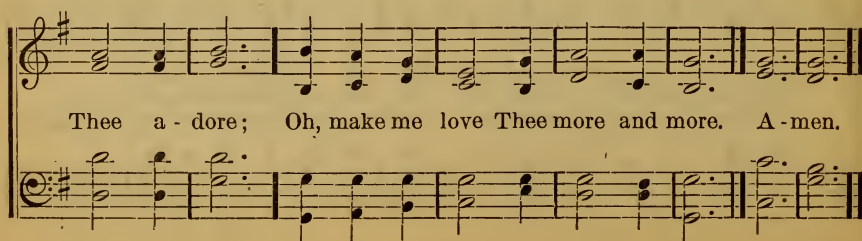
1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,  
 2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought; How can I love Thee  
 3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so  
 4. Je - sus, of Thee, shall be my song, To Thee my heart and



when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place  
 as I ought, And how ex - tol Thy match-less fame,  
 lov - ing - ly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
 soul be - long; All that I have or am is Thine,



Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace, Je - sus, my Lord, I  
 The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name? Je - sus, my Lord, I  
 So far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought! Je - sus, my Lord, I  
 And Thou, blest Sav - iour, Thou art mine. Je - sus, my Lord, I



Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

## JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

"Luella." 11s.

H. N. Whitney.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, hast Thou died for me?  
 2. Now I know Thou lov - est and dost plead for me,

Make me ver - y thank - ful in my heart to Thee.  
 Make me ver - y thank - ful in my prayers to Thee.

When the sad, sad sto - ry of Thy grief I read,  
 Soon I hope in glo - ry at Thy side to stand;

Make me ver - y sor - ry for my sins in - deed.  
 Make me fit to meet Thee in that hap - py land. A - men.



## THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

"Horsley." C. M.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, (1823—1895) 1848.

William Horsley, (1774—1858) 1844.

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,  
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;  
 3. He died that we might be for-given; He died to make us good;  
 4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;  
 5. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved; And we must love Him too,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.  
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.  
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.  
 And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do. A - men.

## FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS.

"Heinlein." 7s.

REV. GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN, (1825—1870) 1856.

Paul Heinlein, (1626—1686), 1677.

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fasting in the wild, Forty days and  
 2. Shall we not Thy sor - row share, And from earthly joys ab - stain, Fasting with un -  
 3. And if Sa - tan, vex - ing sore, Flesh or spir - it should assail, Thou, his vanquish -

for - ty nights Tempted, and yet un - de - filed.  
 ceas - ing prayer, Glad with Thee to suffer pain?  
 er be - fore, Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;  
 Holy gladness ours shall be;  
 Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
 Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,  
 Ever constant by Thy side;  
 That with Thee we may appear  
 At th' eternal Eastertide.

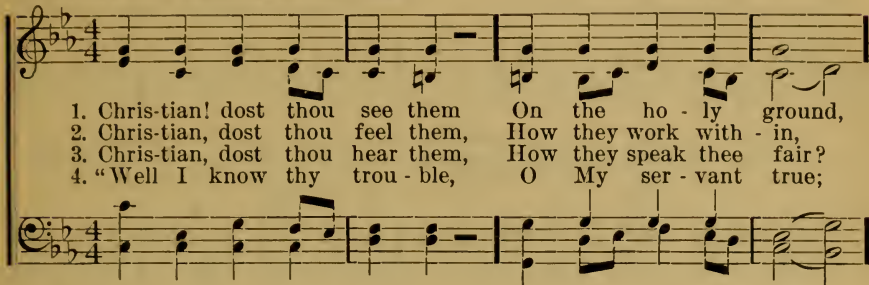
## CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM?

"St. Andrew of Crete." 6s. 5s. D.

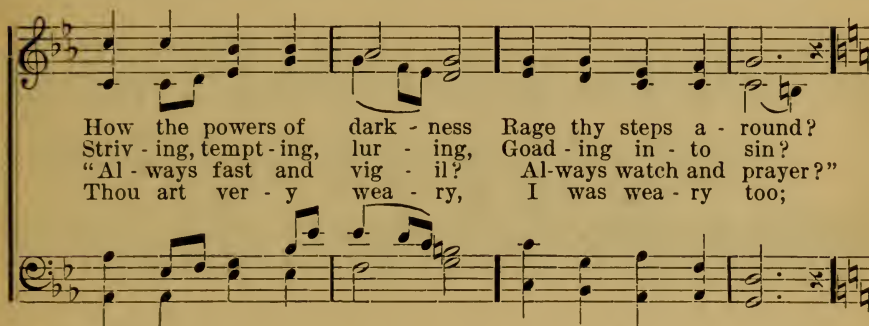
ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, 700.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866)

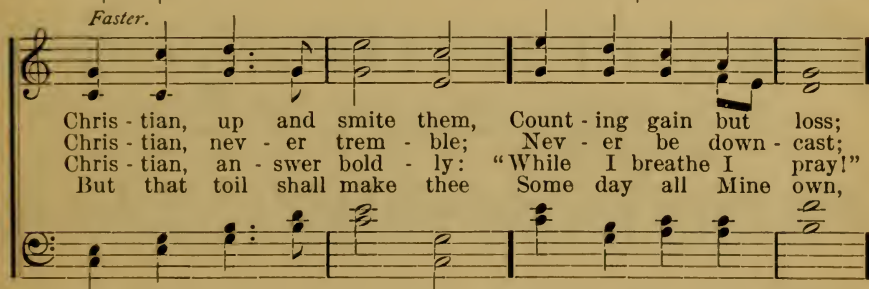
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876).



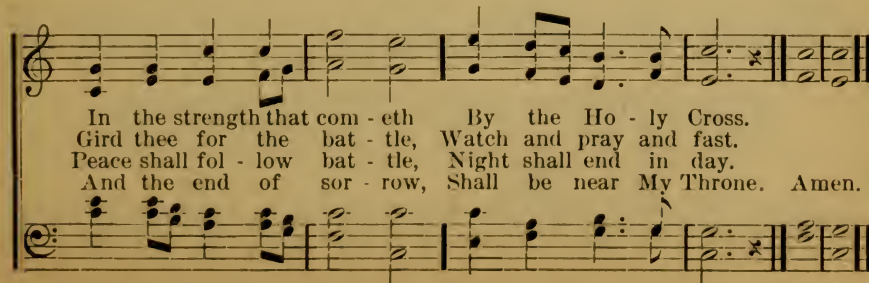
1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,  
 2. Chris-tian, dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,  
 3. Chris-tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?  
 4. "Well I know thy trou - ble, O My ser - vant true;



How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?  
 Striv - ing, tempt - ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?  
 "Al - ways fast and vig - il? Al - ways watch and prayer?"  
 Thou art ver - y wea - ry, I was wea - ry too;

*Faster.*


Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;  
 Chris - tian, nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be down - cast;  
 Chris - tian, an - swer bold - ly: "While I breathe I pray!"  
 But that toil shall make thee Some day all Mine own,

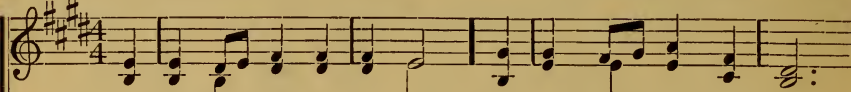


In the strength that com - eth By the Ho - ly Cross.  
 Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.  
 Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.  
 And the end of sor - row, Shall be near My Throne. Amen.


## O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

"St. Hilda (St. Edith)." 7s. &amp; 6s.


BF. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823—1897) 1854.

Justin Heinrich Knecht, (1752—1817) 1799.  
Rev. E. Husband, (1843— ) 1871.



1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing      Out-side the fast-closed door,  
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking,      And lo! that hand is scarred,  
3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading      In ac - cents meek and low,—



In low-ly pa-tience wait-ing      To pass the thres-hold o'er.  
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle,      And tears Thy face have marred.  
"I died for you, My chil-dren,      And will ye treat Me so?"



We bear the name of Chris-tians,      His name and sign we bear.  
Oh, love that pass-eth knowledge,      So pa-tient-ly to wait!  
O Lord, with shame and sor-row      We o-pen now the door;



Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!      To keep Him standing there.  
Oh, sin that hath no e - qual,      So fast to bar the gate!  
Dear Sav-iour, en-ter, en-ter,      And leave us nev-er - more! Amen.



# PALM SUNDAY.

69

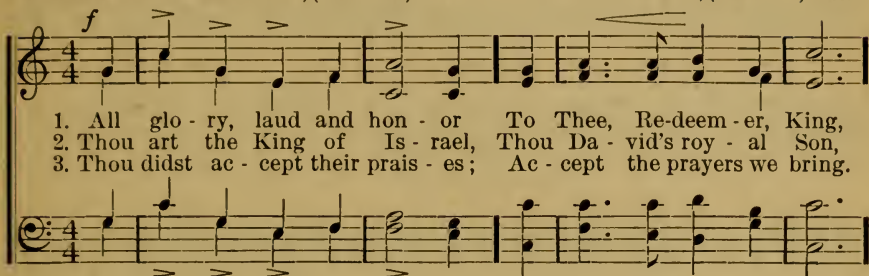
## ALL GLORY, LAUD AND HONOR.

7s. & 6s. D.

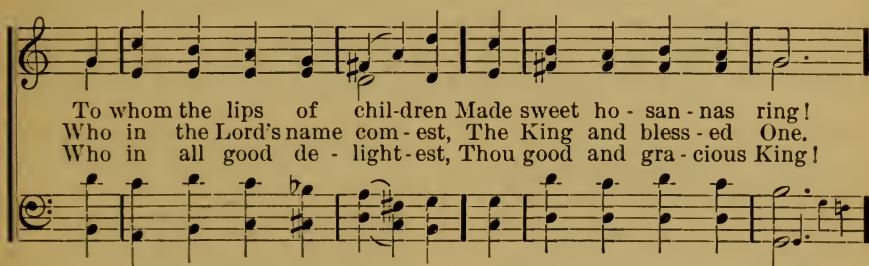
THEODULPH, BP. OF ORLEANS, (—821)  
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1356.

Samuel P. Warren, (1841— ) 1886.

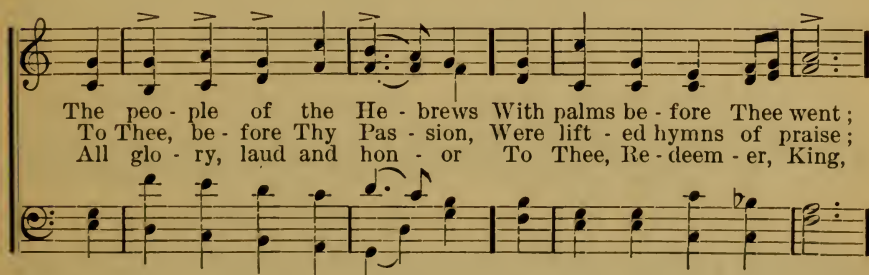
*f*



1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King,  
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,  
3. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring.

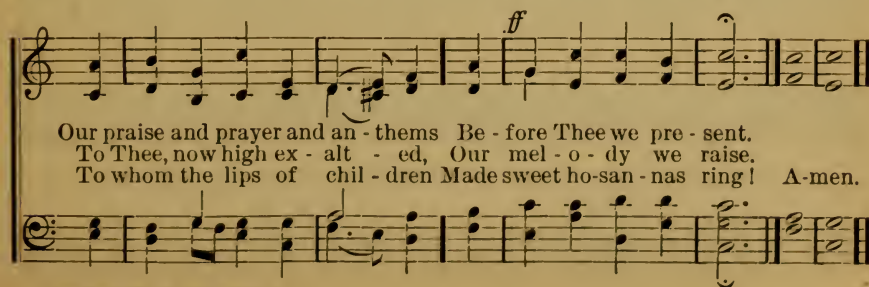


To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring!  
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One,  
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!



The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;  
To Thee, be - fore Thy Pas - sion, Were lift - ed hymns of praise;  
All glo - ry, laud and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King,

*ff*



Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.  
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.  
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring! A-men.



## RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

"Rousseau." L. M. (*First Tune.*)

DEAN HENRY HART MILMAN, (1791—1868) 1827.

W. W. Rousseau.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san-na" cry;

O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die!  
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin,  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Look down with sad and wandering eyes  
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
The winged squadrons of the sky

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh.  
The Father, on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own anointed Son!

## RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

"Russia." L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

DEAN HENRY HART MILMAN, (1791—1868) 1827.

Aléxis Feodorovitch Lvoff, (1799—1870) 1833.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes "Ho-san-na" cry;

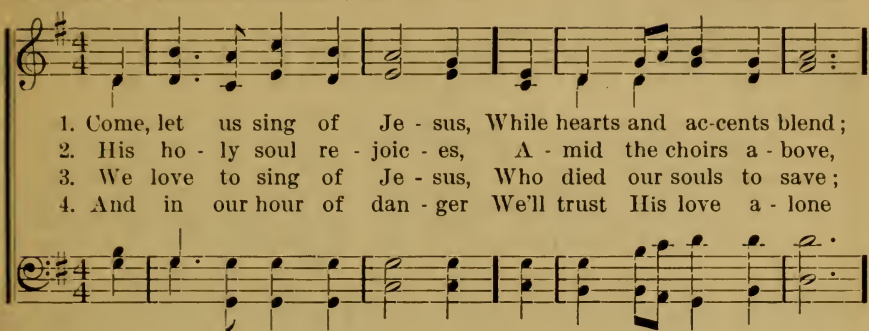
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scat- tered garments strowed.

## COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

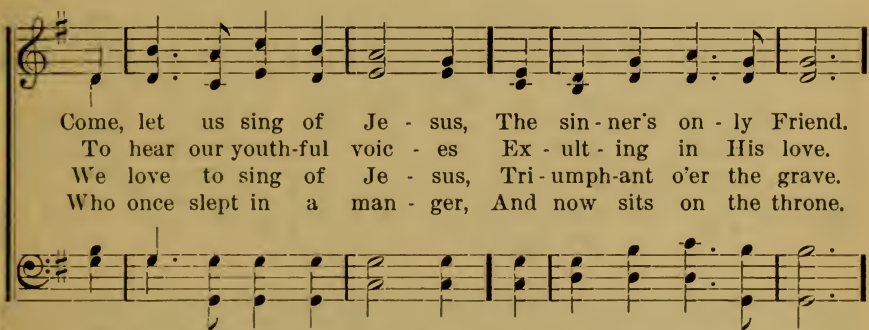
"Bethune." 7s. &amp; 6s.

REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE, (1805—1862) 1850.

E. C. Zartman, 1890.

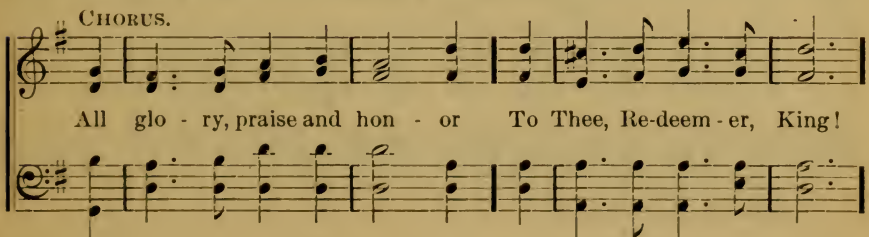


1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend ;  
 2. His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A - mid the choirs a - bove,  
 3. We love to sing of Je - sus, Who died our souls to save ;  
 4. And in our hour of dan - ger We'll trust His love a - lone

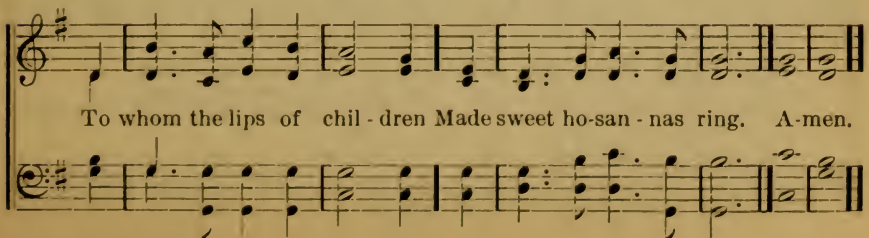


Come, let us sing of Je - sus, The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.  
 To hear our youth - ful voic - es Ex - ult - ing in His love.  
 We love to sing of Je - sus, Tri - umph - ant o'er the grave.  
 Who once slept in a man - ger, And now sits on the throne.

CHORUS.



All glo - ry, praise and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!



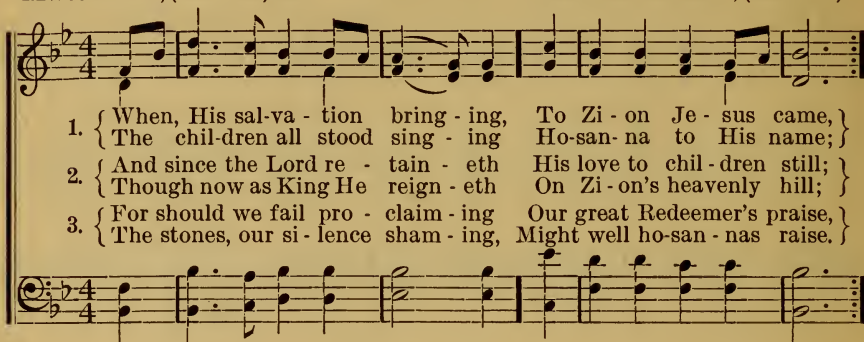
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. A - men.

## WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

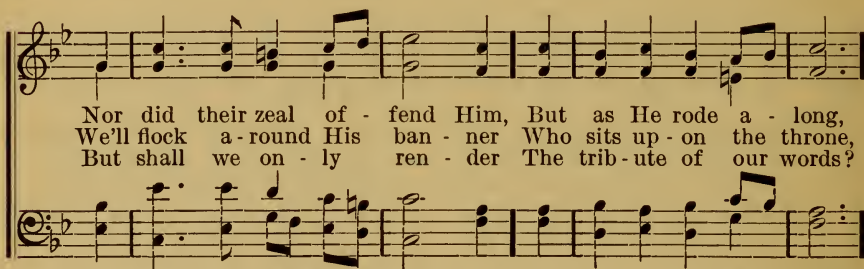
"Mehul." 7s. 6s. D.

REV. JOHN KING, (1788—1858) 1830.

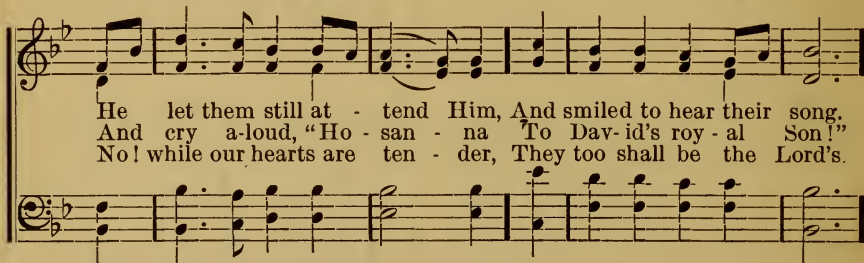
Etienne Nicolas Mehul, (1763—1817)



1. { When, His sal-va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, }  
 { The chil-dren all stood sing - ing, Ho-san-na to His name; }  
 2. { And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to chil-dren still; }  
 { Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi-on's heavenly hill; }  
 3. { For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Redeemer's praise, }  
 { The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Might well ho-san - nas raise. }

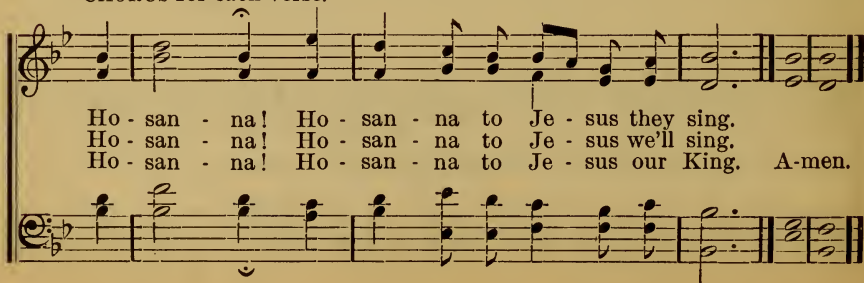


Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,  
 We'll flock a - round His ban - ner Who sits up - on the throne,  
 But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?



He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song,  
 And cry a-loud, "Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son!"  
 No! while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.

CHORUS for each verse.



Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sing.  
 Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus we'll sing.  
 Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to Je - sus our King. A-men.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826)

Arranged from Jean Faure, (1830— )

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in -  
 2. Ho - san - na, Lord! Thine angels cry; Ho - san - na, Lord! Thy  
 3. O Saviour, with pro - tect - ing care, Re - turn to this Thy  
 4. So in the last and dreadful day, When earth and heaven shall

car - nate Word; To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let  
 saints re - ply; A - bove, be - neath us, and a - round, The  
 house of prayer, As - sem - bled in Thy sa - cred name, Where  
 melt a - way, Thy flock, re - deemed from sin - ful stain, Shall

*Unison.*

earth, let heaven, Ho - san - na sing. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Lord,  
 dead and liv - ing swell the sound; Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Lord,  
 we Thy part - ing promise claim; Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Lord,  
 swell the sound of praise a - gain, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Lord,

*Harmony.*

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in the high - est.



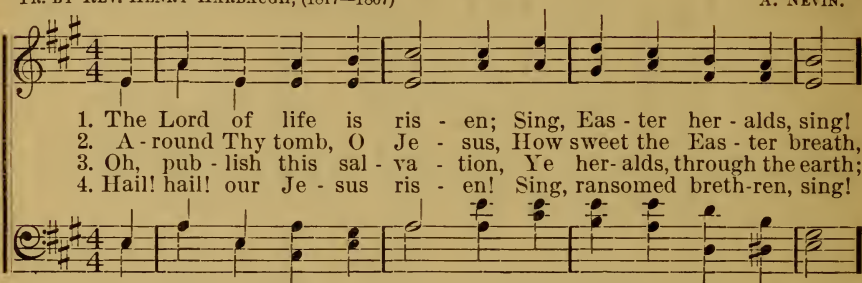
# EASTER.

## THE LORD OF LIFE IS RISEN.

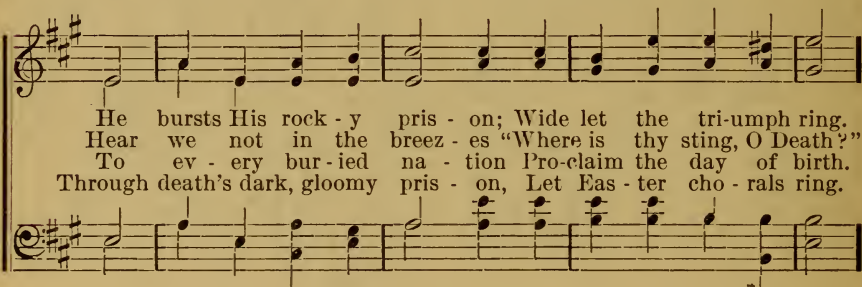
"Resurrection." 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. JOHANN PETER LANGE, ( ) 1851.  
TR. BY REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817-1867)

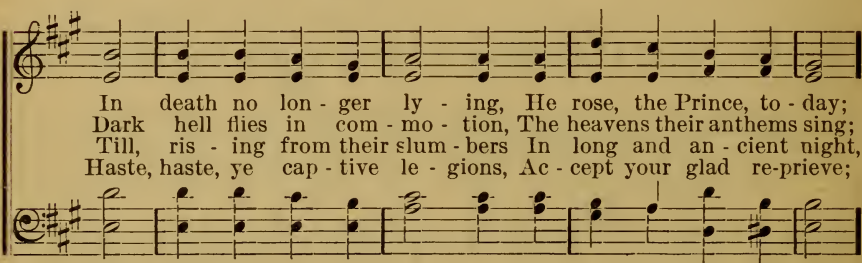
A. NEVIN.



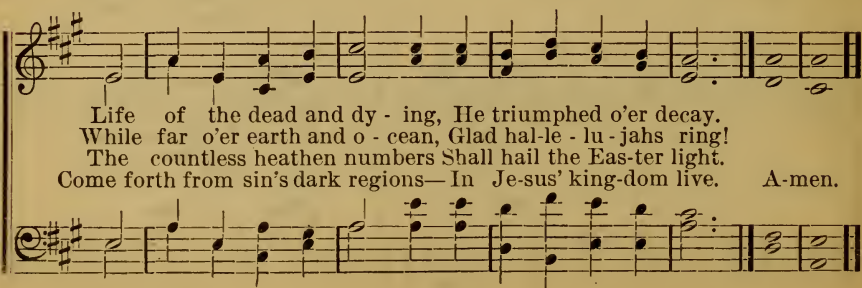
1. The Lord of life is ris - en; Sing, Eas - ter her - alds, sing!  
2. A - round Thy tomb, O Je - sus, How sweet the Eas - ter breath,  
3. Oh, pub - lish this sal - va - tion, Ye her - alds, through the earth;  
4. Hail! hail! our Je - sus ris - en! Sing, ransomed breth - ren, sing!



He bursts His rock - y pris - on; Wide let the tri - umph ring.  
Hear we not in the breez - es "Where is thy sting, O Death?"  
To ev - ery bur - ied na - tion Pro - claim the day of birth.  
Through death's dark, gloomy pris - on, Let Eas - ter cho - rals ring.



In death no lon - ger ly - ing, He rose, the Prince, to - day;  
Dark hell flies in com - mo - tion, The heavens their anthems sing;  
Till, ris - ing from their slum - bers In long and an - cient night,  
Haste, haste, ye cap - tive le - gions, Ac - cept your glad re - prieve;



Life of the dead and dy - ing, He triumphed o'er decay.  
While far o'er earth and o - cean, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs ring!  
The countless heathen numbers Shall hail the Eas - ter light.  
Come forth from sin's dark regions— In Je - sus' king - dom live. A - men.

## CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

"Easter Hymn." 7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1739.

John Worgan, (1724—1790)

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia.

Sons of men, and an - gels, say; Al - - le - lu - ia.

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high! Al - - le - lu - ia.

Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply! Al - - le - lu - ia. A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo, he sets in blood no more.  
Alleluia.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids Him rise;  
Christ hath opened Paradise.  
Alleluia.

4 Lives again our glorious King;  
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"  
Once He died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"  
Alleluia.

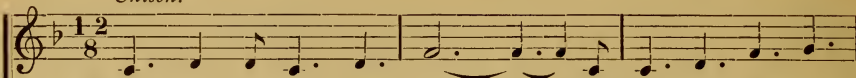
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!  
Alleluia.

## BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

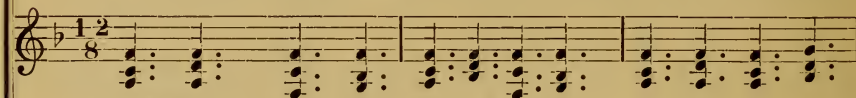
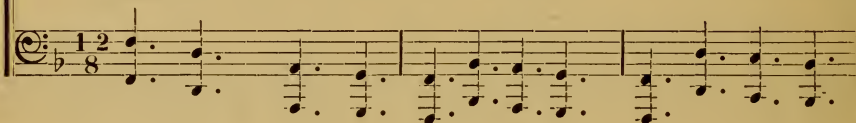
H. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1750.

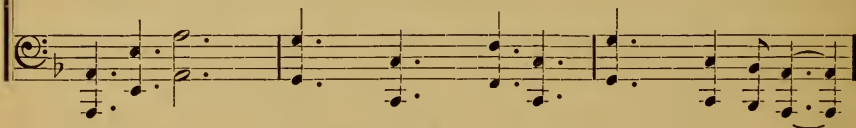
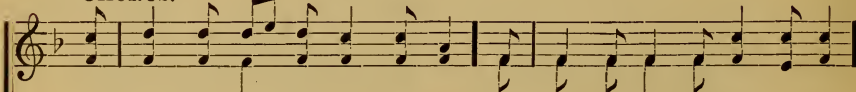
Rev. S. L. Krebs, (1864— ) 1897.

*Unison.*

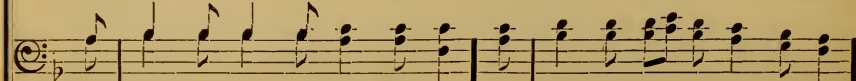
- |                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. Blow ye the trum - pet,  | blow,..... The glad - ly sol - emn     |
| 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of     | God, ..... The sin - a - ton - ing     |
| 3. The gos - pel trum - pet | hear, ..... The news of pardon - ing   |
| 4. Je - sus, our Great High | Priest, ..... Has full a - tone - ment |

*Instrument.*

sound;..... Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound.  
 Lamb;..... Re - demp - tion by His blood Through all the lands pro - claim.  
 grace;..... Ye hap - py souls draw near; Be - hold your Saviour's face;  
 made;..... Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mourn - ing souls, be glad.

**CHORUS.**

The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi - lee is come;



Re - turn, ye ran-somed sin - ners home, Re - turn ye sin - ners, home.  
 Re - turn ye sinners, re-tur- n ye home.

*rit.*

77

# REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING!

"Darwall." H. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1744.

Rev. John Darwall, (1731—1789) 1770.

1. Re - joyce! the Lord is King! Your God and King a - dore.  
 2. His king - dom, can - not fail; He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
 3. He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins de - stroy;  
 4. Re - joyce in glo - rious hope; Je - sus, the Judge, shall come,

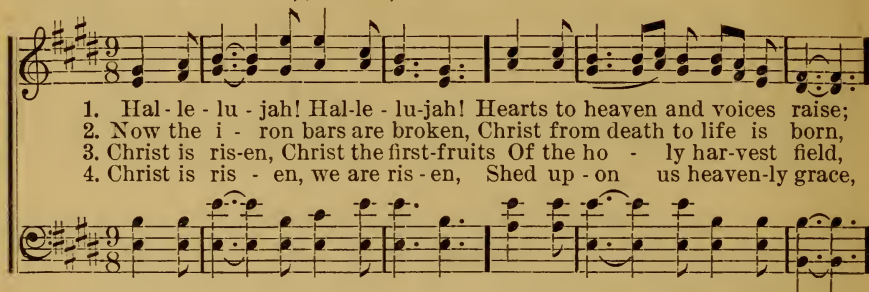
Mor - tals! give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er - more. Lift up your  
 The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given. Lift up your  
 And ev - ery bos - om swell With pure ser - aph - ic joy. Lift up your  
 And take His ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home. We soon shall

hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joyce! a - gain I say, re - joyce!  
 hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joyce! a - gain I say, re - joyce!  
 hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joyce! a - gain I say, re - joyce!  
 hear th' arch - an - gel's voice. The trump of God shall sound, re - joyce!

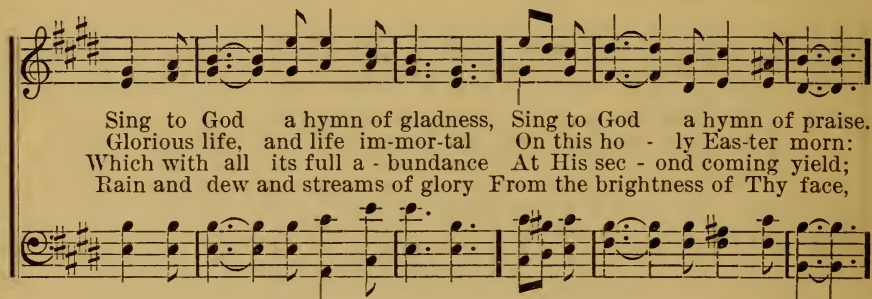


"Ecclesia." 8s. &amp; 7s. D.

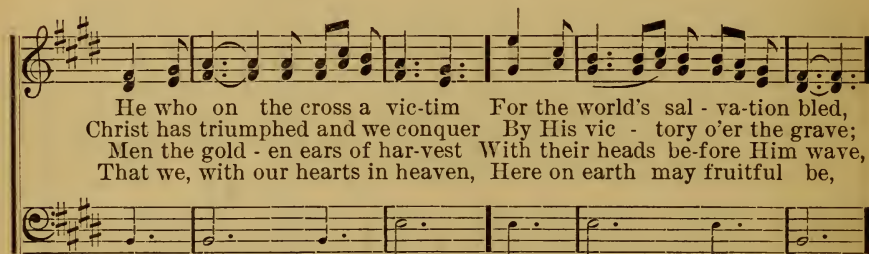
BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1862.



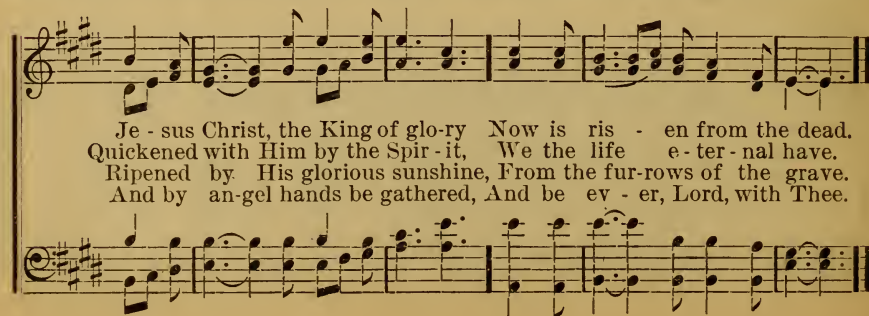
1. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
 2. Now the i-ron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,  
 3. Christ is ris-en, Christ the first-fruits Of the ho-ly har-vest field,  
 4. Christ is ris-en, we are ris-en, Shed up-on us heav-en-ly grace,



Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.  
 Glorious life, and life im-mor-tal On this ho-ly Eas-ter morn;  
 Which with all its full a-bundance At His sec-ond coming yield;  
 Rain and dew and streams of glory From the brightness of Thy face,



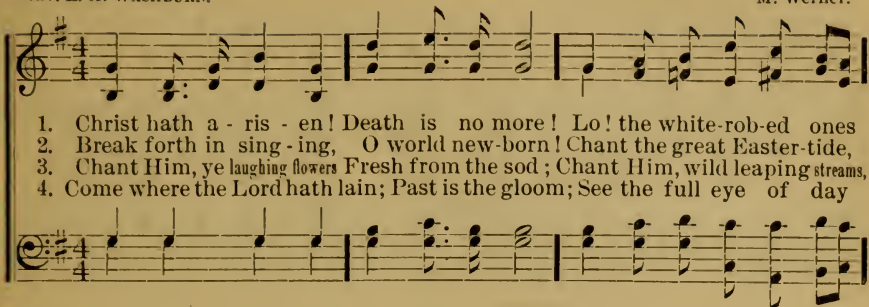
He who on the cross a vic-tim For the world's sal-va-tion bled,  
 Christ has triumphed and we conquer By His vic-tory o'er the grave;  
 Men the gold-en ears of har-vest With their heads be-fore Him wave,  
 That we, with our hearts in heaven, Here on earth may fruitful be,



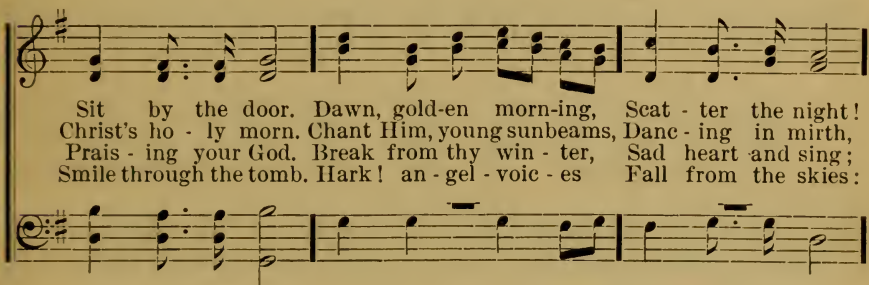
Je-sus Christ, the King of glo-ry Now is ris-en from the dead.  
 Quickened with Him by the Spir-it, We the life e-ter-nal have.  
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine, From the fur-rows of the grave.  
 And by an-gel hands be gathered, And be-ev-er, Lord, with Thee.

REV. E. A. WASHBURN.

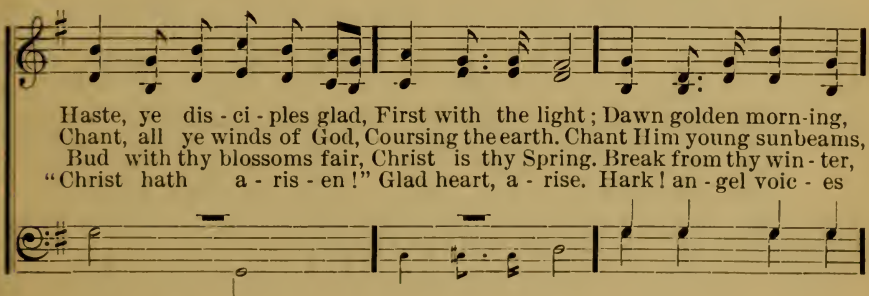
M. Werner.



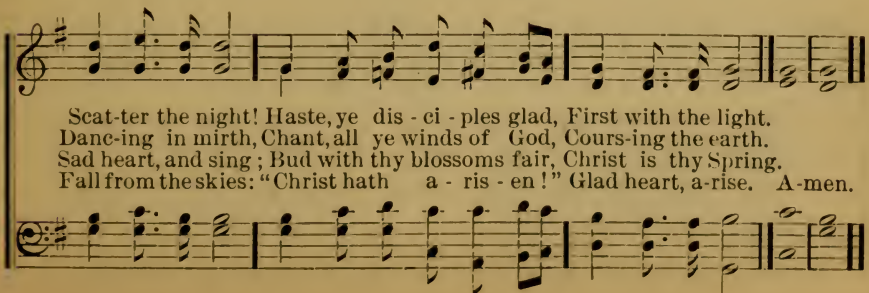
1. Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white-rob-ed ones  
 2. Break forth in sing - ing, O world new-born! Chant the great Easter-tide,  
 3. Chant Him, ye laughing flowers Fresh from the sod; Chant Him, wild leaping streams,  
 4. Come where the Lord hath lain; Past is the gloom; See the full eye of day



Sit by the door. Dawn, gold-en morn-ing, Scat - ter the night!  
 Christ's ho - ly morn. Chant Him, young sunbeams, Danc - ing in mirth,  
 Prais - ing your God. Break from thy win - ter, Sad heart and sing;  
 Smile through the tomb. Hark! an - gel - voice - es Fall from the skies:



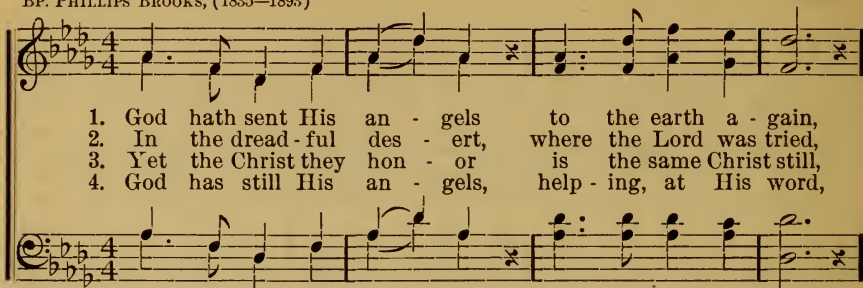
Haste, ye dis - ci - ples glad, First with the light; Dawn golden morn-ing,  
 Chant, all ye winds of God, Coursing the earth. Chant Him young sunbeams,  
 Bud with thy blossoms fair, Christ is thy Spring. Break from thy win - ter,  
 "Christ hath a - ris - en!" Glad heart, a - rise. Hark! an - gel voice - es



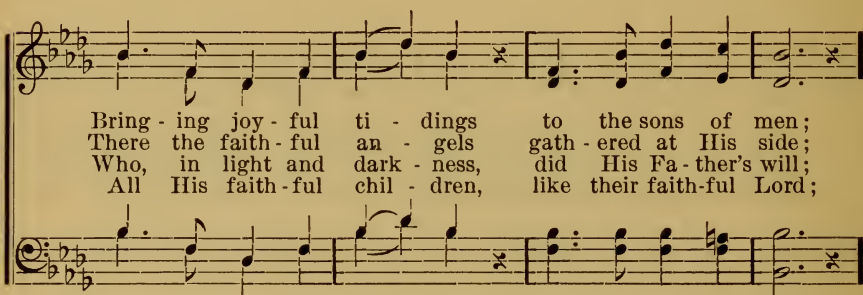
Scat-ter the night! Haste, ye dis - ci - ples glad, First with the light.  
 Danc-ing in mirth, Chant, all ye winds of God, Cours-ing the earth.  
 Sad heart, and sing; Bud with thy blossoms fair, Christ is thy Spring.  
 Fall from the skies: "Christ hath a - ris - en!" Glad heart, a-rise. A-men.

BP. PHILLIPS BROOKS, (1835-1893)

Parker.

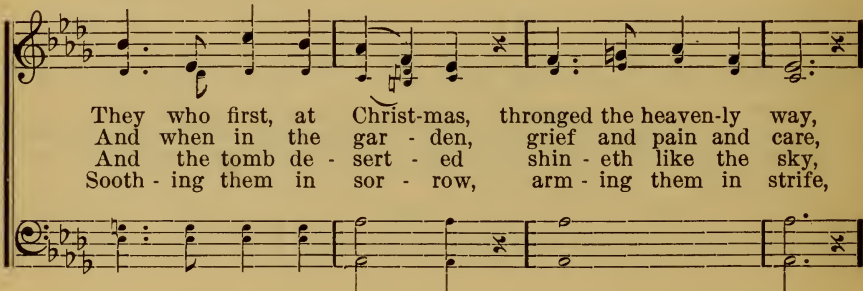


1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain,  
 2. In the dread - ful des - ert, where the Lord was tried,  
 3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still,  
 4. God has still His an - gels, help - ing, at His word,

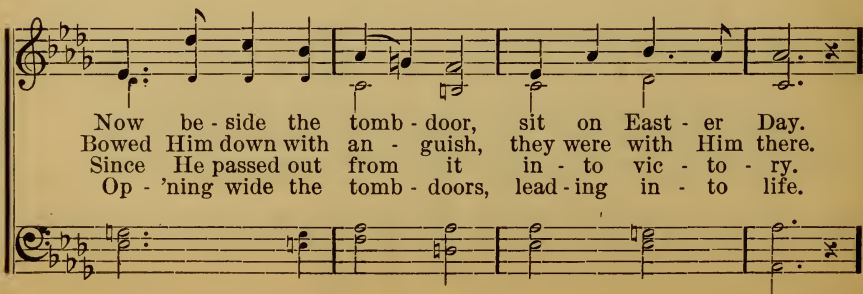


Bring - ing joy - ful ti - dings to the sons of men;  
 There the faith - ful an - gels gath - ered at His side;  
 Who, in light and dark - ness, did His Fa - ther's will;  
 All His faith - ful chil - dren, like their faith - ful Lord;

## FEMALE VOICES.



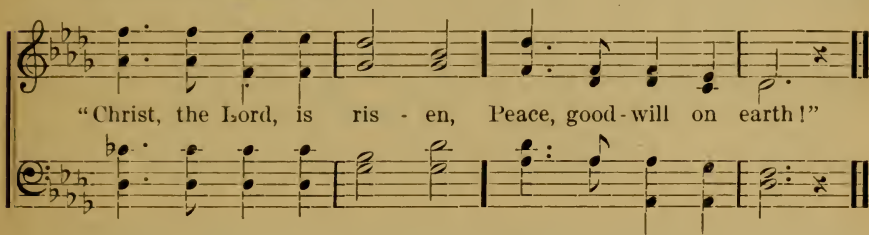
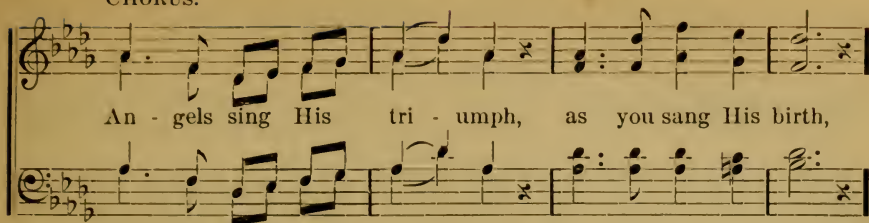
They who first, at Christ - mas, thronged the heaven - ly way,  
 And when in the gar - den, grief and pain and care,  
 And the tomb de - sert - ed shin - eth like the sky,  
 Sooth - ing them in sor - row, arm - ing them in strife,



Now be - side the tomb - door, sit on East - er Day.  
 Bowed Him down with an - guish, they were with Him there.  
 Since He passed out from it in - to vic - to - ry.  
 Op - 'ning wide the tomb - doors, lead - ing in - to life.



CHORUS.



81

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

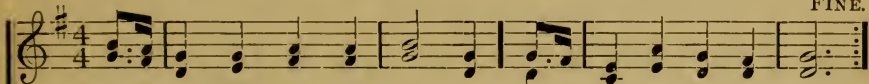
“Salvatori.” 7s. & 6s. D.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, (—c. 780.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1862.

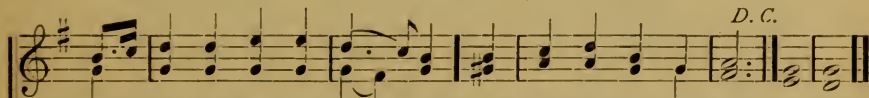
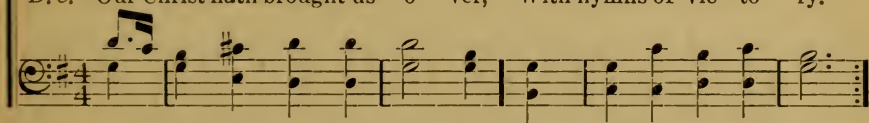
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809)

FINE.

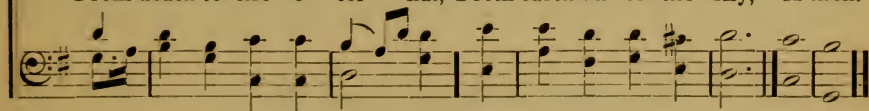


{ The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness The Pass - o - ver of God! }

*D. C.*—Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, A - men.



2 Our hearts be pure from evil

That we may see aright

The Lord in rays eternal

Of resurrection light;

And listening to His accents

May hear so calm and plain,

His own “All hail!” and, hearing,

May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,

Let earth her song begin;

Let all the world keep triumph,

And all that is therein;

In grateful exultation

Their notes let all things blend,

For Christ the Lord hath risen,

Our Joy that hath no end.



## "Palestrina (Victory)."

FROM ANCIENT LATIN.

TR. BY REV. FRANCIS POTT, (1832— ) 1860.

Arr. from Palestrina, (1514 [?]-1594)

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is  
 2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dis -  
 3. The three sad days have quick-ly sped; He rises glo - ri - ous from the

won: O let the song of praise be sung, Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 persed; Let shouts of ho-ly joy out-burst, Hal-le-lu-jah!  
 dead; All glo-ry to our ris-en Head! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell:  
 Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.  
 Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
 That we may live and sing to Thee,  
 Hallelujah!

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826— )

Rev. Robert Lowry. (1826— ) 1874.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je-sus my Sav-iour! Wait-ing the com-ing day—  
 2. Vain-ly they watch His bed— Je-sus my Sav-iour! Vain-ly they seal the dead—  
 3. Death can-not keep His prey— Je-sus my Sav-iour! He tore the bars a-way—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose, He a-rose, With a

might-y triumph o'er His foes; He a-rose! He a-rose a Vic-tor from the

dark do-main, And He lives for-ev-er with His saints to reign. He a-

rose! He a-rose! He a-rose, Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!

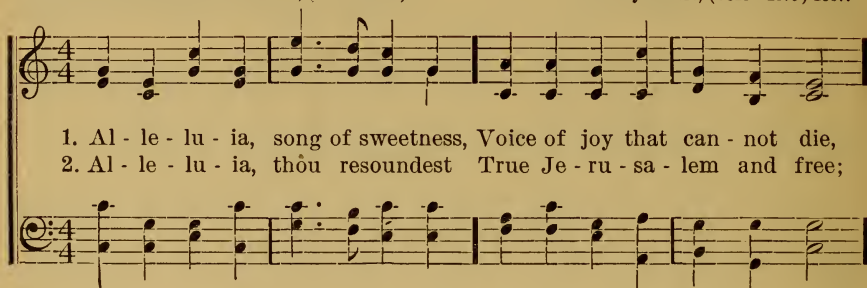
## ALLELUIA, SONG OF SWEETNESS.

"Regent Square." 8s. &amp; 7s. 6 lines.

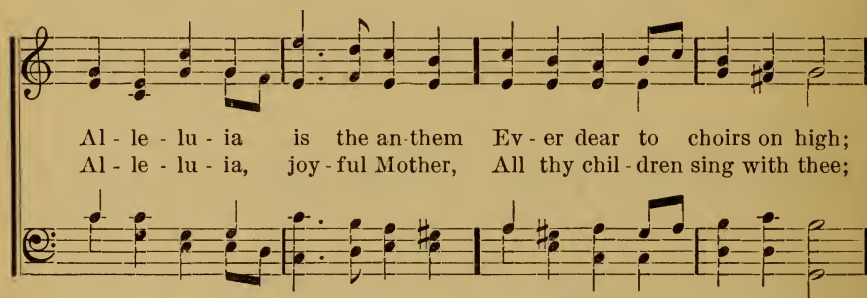
ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866)

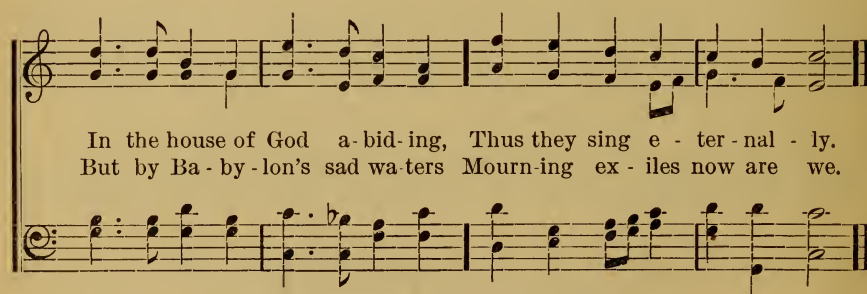
Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1867.



1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy that can - not die,  
2. Al - le - lu - ia, thou resoundest True Je - ru - sa - lem and free;



Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;  
Al - le - lu - ia, joy - ful Mother, All thy chil - dren sing with thee;



In the house of God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.  
But by Ba - by - lon's sad wa - ters Mourn - ing ex - iles now are we.

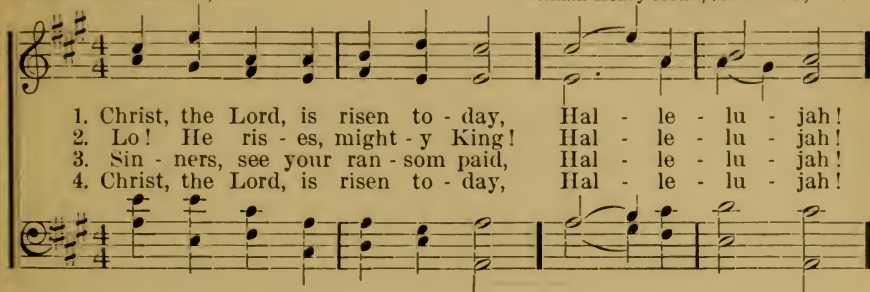
3 Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia, our transgressions  
Make us for awhile forego;  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee  
Grant us, blessed Trinity,  
At the last to keep Thine Easter  
In our home beyond the sky;  
There to Thee forever singing  
Alleluia joyfully.

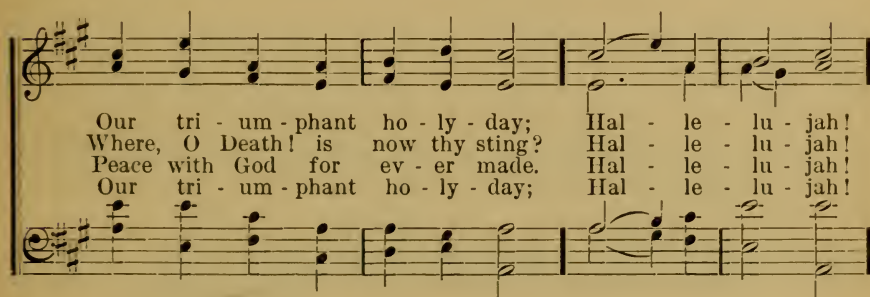
"Ascension." 7s.

FROM LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.

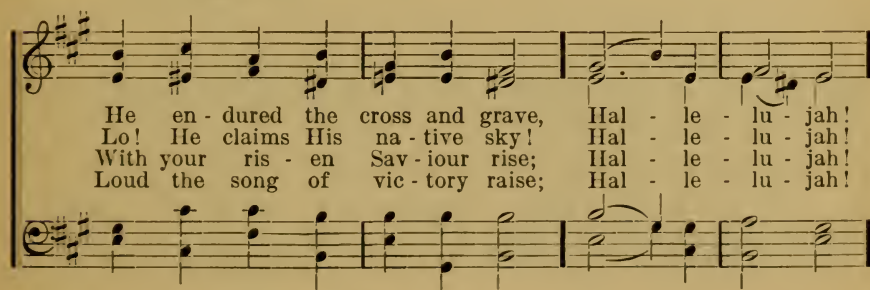
William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



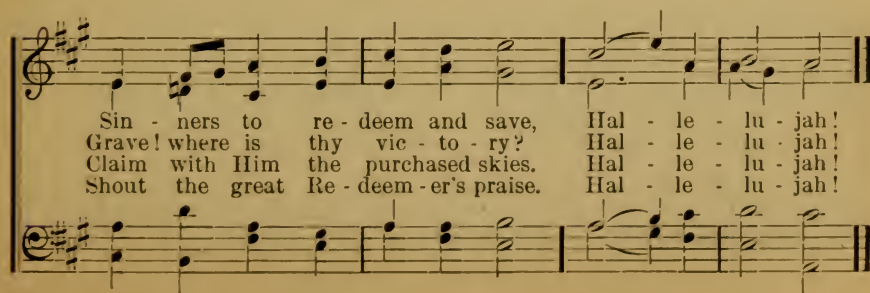
1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. Lo! He ris - es, might - y King! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. Sin - ners, see your ran - som paid, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Our tri - um - phant ho - ly - day; Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Where, O Death! is now thy sting? Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Peace with God for ev - er made. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Our tri - um - phant ho - ly - day; Hal - le - lu - jah!



He en - dured the cross and grave, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Lo! He claims His na - tive sky! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 With your ris - en Sav - iour rise; Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Loud the song of vic - tory raise; Hal - le - lu - jah!



Sin - ners to re - deem and save, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry? Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Claim with Him the purchased skies. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Shout the great Re - deem - er's praise. Hal - le - lu - jah!



MISS JULIA H. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Atwood.

1. 'Tis Eas-ter time, glad Eas-ter time, Let all the joy-bells ring,  
 2. Let chil-dren sing with happy hearts, For Je-sus loves their song,  
 3. The sto-ry old is ev-er new, We tell it o'er and o'er,

Come, tell a - gain the sto - ry old, Of Christ, the ris - en King.  
 They too may praise the ris - en Lord With all the joy - ful throng.  
 And each re - turn - ing Eas - ter day, 'We love it more and more.

## REFRAIN.

All hail glad day, all hail glad day, For Je - sus lives! He lives! As

on that first bright Eas - ter morn, His joy and peace He gives.

# ASCENSION.

87

## SEE, THE CONQUEROR MOUNTS IN TRIUMPH.

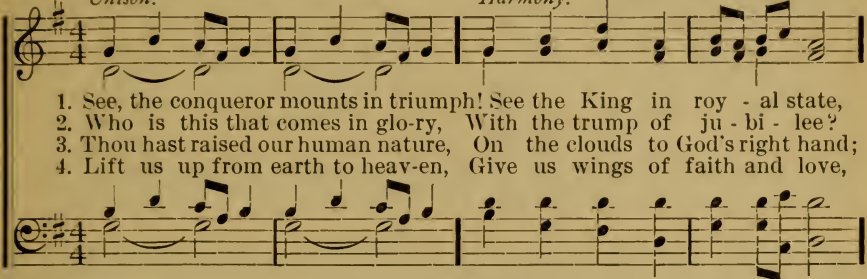
"Muriel." 8. 7. D.

BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1862.

Thomas Morley, (1845—1891)

*Unison.*

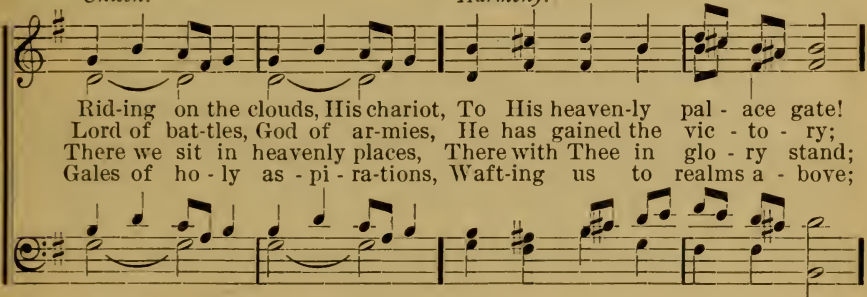
*Harmony.*



1. See, the conqueror mounts in triumph! See the King in roy - al state,  
 2. Who is this that comes in glo-ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?  
 3. Thou hast raised our human nature, On the clouds to God's right hand;  
 4. Lift us up from earth to heav-en, Give us wings of faith and love,

*Unison.*

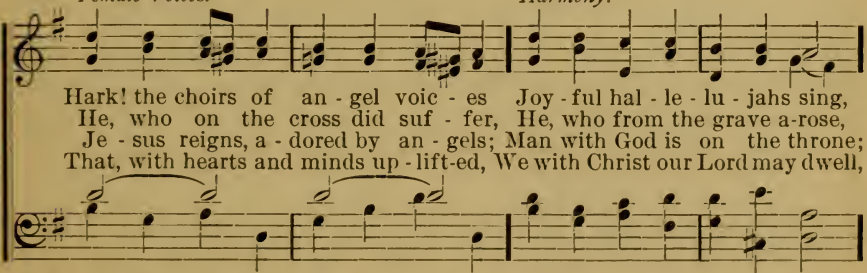
*Harmony.*



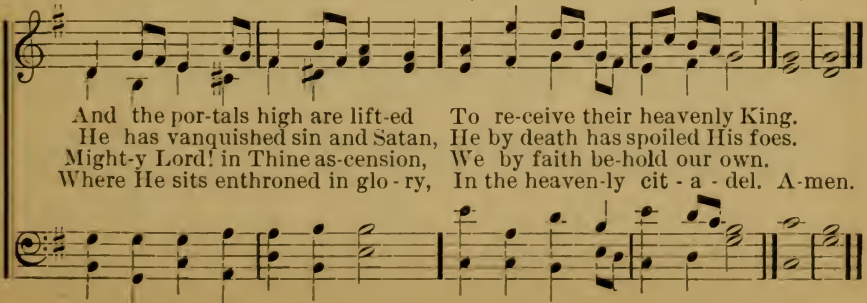
Rid - ing on the clouds, His chariot, To His heaven - ly pal - ace gate!  
 Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry;  
 There we sit in heavenly places, There with Thee in glo - ry stand;  
 Gales of ho - ly as - pi - ra - tions, Waft - ing us to realms a - bove;

*Female Voices.*

*Harmony.*



Hark! the choirs of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing,  
 He, who on the cross did suf - fer, He, who from the grave a - rose,  
 Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels; Man with God is on the throne;  
 That, with hearts and minds up - lift - ed, We with Christ our Lord may dwell,



And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heavenly King.  
 He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.  
 Might - y Lord! in Thine as - cension, We by faith be - hold our own.  
 Where He sits enthroned in glo - ry, In the heav - en - ly cit - a - del. A - men.

## JESUS, O'ER THE GRAVE VICTORIOUS.

"Saxony." 8s &amp; 7s.

REV. E. E. HIGBEE, ( ) 1873

Henry Kemble Oliver, (1800—1885)

1. Je - sus, o'er the grave vic - to - rious, Con - quering death, and con - quering hell,  
 2. Saints in Thee ap - proach the Fa - ther Ask - ing in Thy name a - lone;  
 3. By a life of love and la - bor Do - ing all the Fa - ther's will;  
 4. Here, in Thee, is peace for - ev - er; We can trib - u - la - tion bear;

Reign Thou in Thy might all glorious; Heaven and earth Thy triumph swell.  
 He, in Thee, with love in - creas - ing, Gives and glo - ri - fies the Son.  
 Giv - ing to each suppliant sufferer Prec - ious balm for ev - ery ill.  
 Kiss Thy cross, with rapture knowing Thou hast conquered suffering there. A - men.

## LET SONGS OF PRAISES FILL THE SKY!

"Geer." C. M.

REV. THOMAS COTTERILL, (1779—1823) 1819.

Henry Wellington Greatorex, (1811—1858) 1849.

1. Let songs of prais - es fill the sky! Christ our as - cend - ed Lord,  
 2. The Spir - it, by His heavenly breath, New life cre - ates with - in;  
 3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove. With Thy ce - les - tial fire;

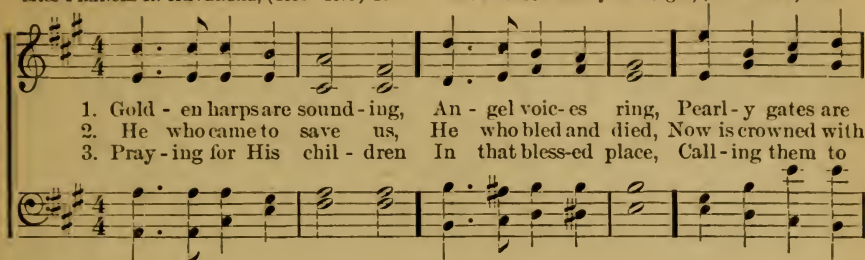
Sends down His Spir - it from on high, Ac - cord - ing to His word.  
 He quickens sin - ners from their death Of tres - pass - es and sin.  
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love Our hearts and tongues in - spire!



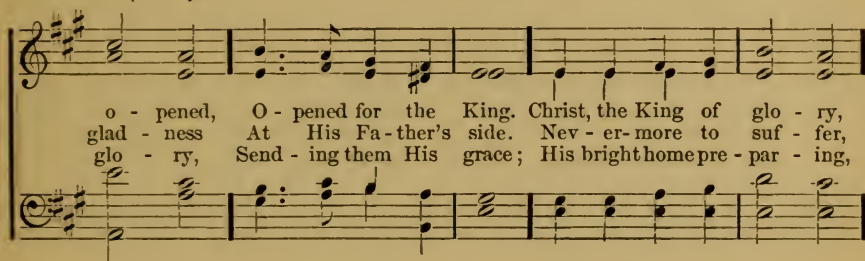
## GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.

"Hermas."

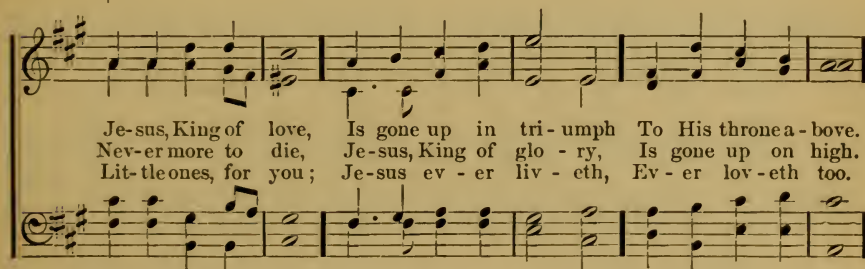
MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, (1836-1879) 1872. Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, (1836-1879) 1872.



1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voic - es ring, Pearl - y gates are  
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with  
 3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place, Call - ing them to

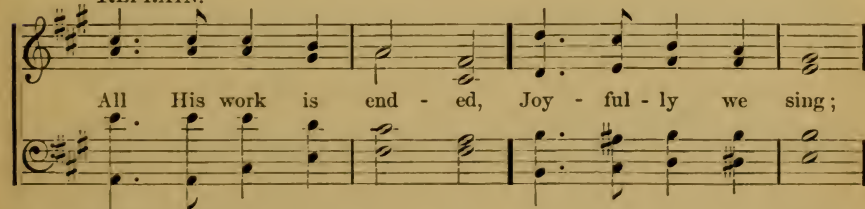


o - pened, O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of glo - ry,  
 glad - ness At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er - more to suf - fer,  
 glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing,

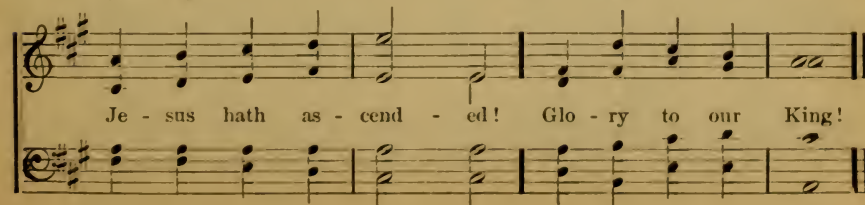


Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.  
 Nev - er more to die, Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high.  
 Lit - tle ones, for you; Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

## REFRAIN.



All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;



Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!




## WHITSUNTIDE.


COMFORTER HOLY, COME TO THE LOWLY.

Miss E. E. HEWITT.

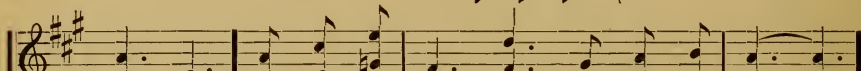
Adam Geibel.



1. Com-fort-er ho - ly, come to the low - ly, Come in Thy  
 2. Spir - its of glo - ry, bright - en life's sto - ry, Kin - dle our  
 3. Draw gen - tly near us, quick - en and cheer us, Like morn - ing

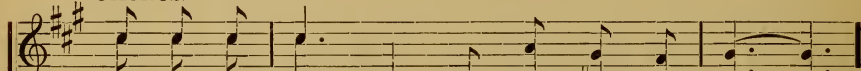


mer - cy, Heav - en - ly Dove, Keep us from stray - ing, help us in  
 al - tars, Spir - it of Light; Sin all con - sum - ing, dark-ness il -  
 dew-drops, freshening the flower; Wondrous-ly guid - ing, ten - der - ly

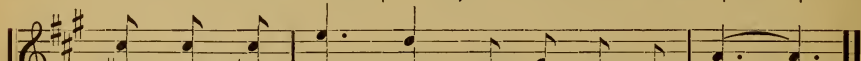


pray - ing, Wit - ness of Je - sus, tell of His love.  
 lum - ing, Gift of the Fa - ther! ban - ish our night.  
 chid - ing, Search us and prove us, fill us with power.

## CHORUS.



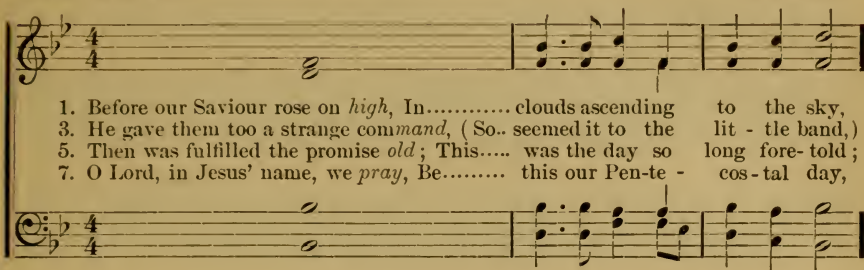
Com - fort - er ho - ly, Thy bless - ings im - part,



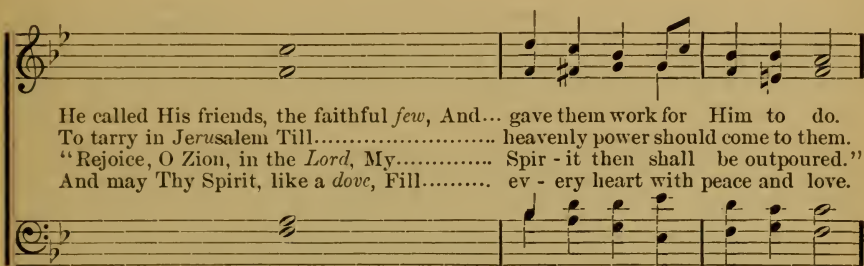
Come to the low - ly, a - bide in each heart.

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

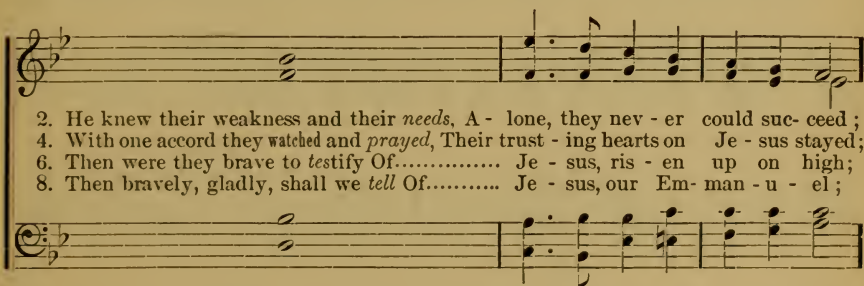
G. Froelich.



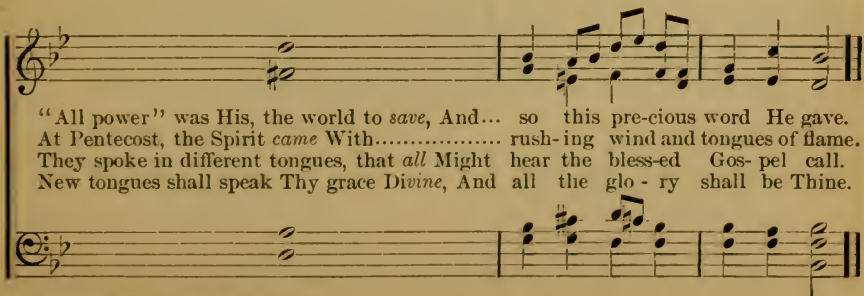
1. Before our Saviour rose on *high*, In..... clouds ascending to the sky,  
 3. He gave them too a strange command, (So.. seemed it to the lit - tle band,)  
 5. Then was fulfilled the promise *old*; This..... was the day so long fore - told;  
 7. O Lord, in Jesus' name, we *pray*, Be..... this our Pen - te - cos - tal day,



He called His friends, the faithful *few*, And... gave them work for Him to do.  
 To tarry in Jerusalem Till..... heavenly power should come to them.  
 "Rejoice, O Zion, in the *Lord*, My..... Spir - it then shall be outpoured."  
 And may Thy Spirit, like a *dove*, Fill..... ev - ery heart with peace and love.



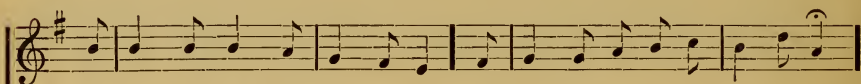
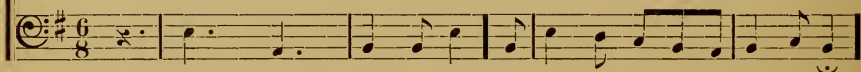
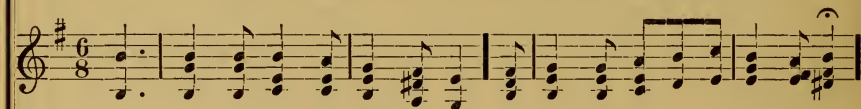
2. He knew their weakness and their *needs*, A - lone, they nev - er could suc - ceed;  
 4. With one accord they watched and *prayed*, Their trust - ing hearts on Je - sus stayed;  
 6. Then were they brave to testify Of..... Je - sus, ris - en up on high;  
 8. Then bravely, gladly, shall we *tell* Of..... Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el;



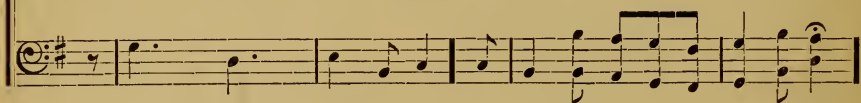
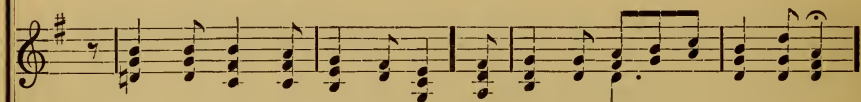
"All power" was His, the world to *save*, And... so this pre - cious word He gave.  
 At Pentecost, the Spirit *came* With..... rush - ing wind and tongues of flame.  
 They spoke in different tongues, that *all* Might hear the bless - ed Gos - pel call.  
 New tongues shall speak Thy grace Divine, And all the glo - ry shall be Thine.

CHILDREN.—*In unison.*

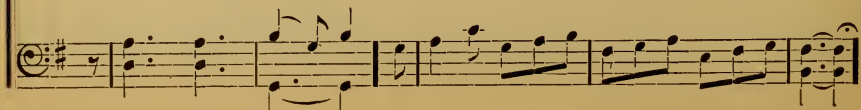
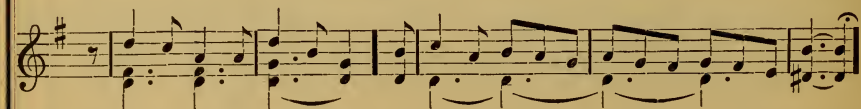
1. O tell us, ye that from your home, In fer - tile Mes-o - pot-a-mia come,
2. Ye pil-grims from the Æ-gæan Sea, And Phrygian valleys of song and glee,-
3. Ye swar-thy sons of Fa-ther Nile, And ye from ma-n'y a sea-girt isle,
4. Ye co-horts bold, that hith-er come From proud, impe-ri-al, splendid Rome,



Ye Parthians, Medes, and Persians, say, What wondrous rapture is yours to-day?  
 From where the storm-y Pon-tus roars, To rude Pamphy-li-a's rug-ged shores,  
 From warm Cy-re-ne's lus-cious land, And Li-byan deserts of drift-ing sand,  
 What tid-ings can a Jew im-part That thus can rav-ish a Ro-man heart?



O tell us why your voices ring, And all so joy-ful-ly, cheer-i-ly, merri-ly sing?



RESPONSE.—*Men's voices in unison.*

"In our own tongue, sublime and clear, The Gos-pel's glo-ri-ous sound we hear,

How Je - sus died, and rose a - gain, And poureth His Spirit on all men."

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - - jah. A - men.

5 O say, ye lusty Cretans, who  
Sail o'er the Mediterranean blue,  
And ye who on your camels bear  
Rich freight of Araby's incense rare,—  
O tell us why your voices ring,  
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?  
*Response.*—In our own tongue, etc.

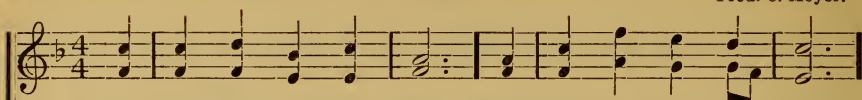
6 Ye tongues and tribes of living men,  
When leafy Summer is come again,—  
When birds sing loud on every side,  
And earth is blooming in Whitsuntide,—  
O tell us why your voices ring,  
And all so joyfully, cheerily, merrily sing?  
*Response.*—In our own tongue, etc.



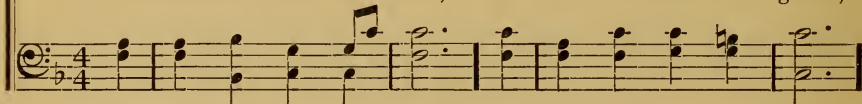
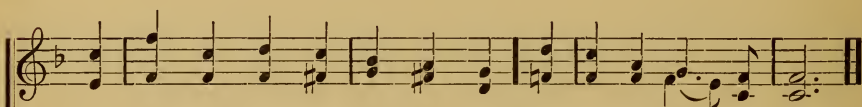
## THE HOLY GHOST IS HERE.

S. M.


Fred. C. Moyer.



1. The ho - ly Ghost is here, Where saints in prayer a - gree;  
 2. Not far a - way is He, To be by prayer brought nigh,  
 3. He dwells with - in our soul, An ev - er wel - come guest;

As Je - sus' part - ing gift, is near Each pleading com - pa - ny.  
 But here in pres - ent ma - jes - ty As in His courts on high.  
 He reigns with ab - so - lute con - trol As Mon - arch in the breast.



4. Our bodies are His shrine,  
 And He the indwelling Lord;  
 All hail, Thou Comforter Divine,  
 Be evermore adored!

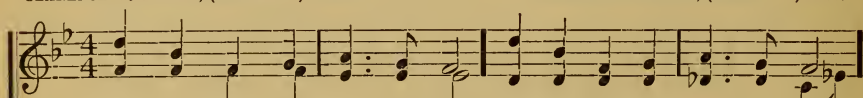
5 Obedient To Thy will,  
 We wait to feel Thy power;  
 O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,  
 And bless the hallowed hour.

## HOLY SPIRIT, LIKE A DOVE.

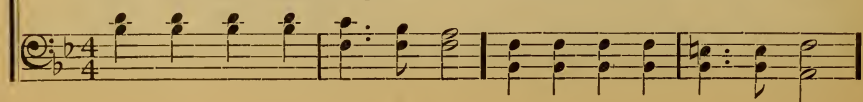
"Hewetson." 7s.

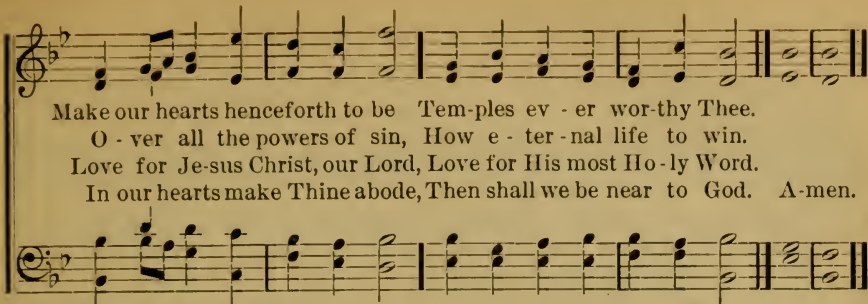
CLARENCE T. STEELE, (1860— ) 1897.

Clarence T. Steele, (1860— ) 1897.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, like a dove, Who de - scend - ed from a - bove;  
 2. Teach us all from wrong to flee, How to gain the mas - te - ry  
 3. May we by Thy strength en - dued, Ev - er find our love re - newed,  
 4. Gen - tle Spir - it, through our days, Be Thou near to guide our ways;





Make our hearts henceforth to be Tem-ples ev - er wor-thy Thee.  
 O - ver all the powers of sin, How e - ter - nal life to win.  
 Love for Je-sus Christ, our Lord, Love for His most Ho - ly Word.  
 In our hearts make Thine abode, Then shall we be near to God. A-men.

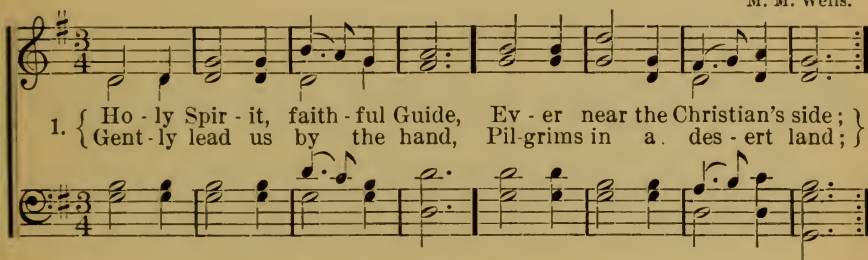
Copyright, 1899, by Benjamin E. Dickhaut.

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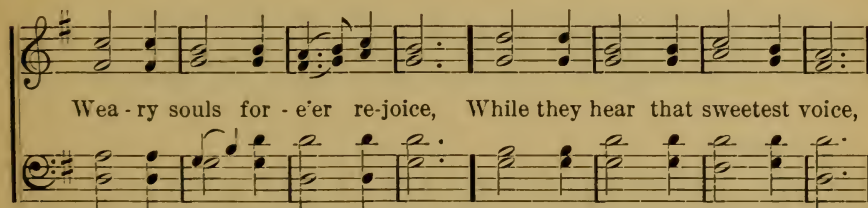
# HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"Guide," 7s. D.

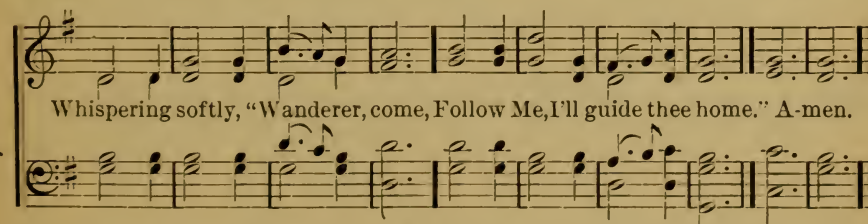
M. M. Wells.



1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side ; }  
 { Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land ; }



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joyce, While they hear that sweetest voice,



Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come, Follow Me, I'll guide thee home." A-men.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear.  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,  
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wondering if our names were there,  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood,  
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,  
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

## HOVER O'ER ME, HOLY SPIRIT.

REV. ELLWOOD H. STOKES, (1815—1895)

John R. Sweney, (1838—1899).

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit, Though I can - not tell Thee how;  
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;  
 4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.  
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

CHORUS.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;  
 Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

Fill me with Thy hallowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.  
 Fill me with Thy hallowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, (1811—1875) 1863.

Wm. Dressler, (1826— )

1. Sing, O heavens! O earth re-joice! An-gel harp, and hu-man voice,  
 2. Bruis-ed is the ser-pent's head, Hell is vanquished, Death is dead,  
 3. All His work and war-fare done, He in-to His heaven is gone,

Round Him as He ris-es, raise Your as-cend-ing Saviour's praise.  
 And to Christ gone up on high, Cap-tive is cap-tiv-i-ty.  
 And be-side His Father's throne, Now is plead-ing for His own.

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. A-men.

4 Asking gifts for sinful men,  
 That He may come down again.  
 And, the fallen to restore,  
 In them dwell for evermore.  
 Alleluia!

5 Sing, O Heavens! O earth, rejoice!  
 Angel harp, and human voice,  
 Round Him, in His glory, raise  
 Your ascended Saviour's praise.  
 Alleluia!




## TRINITY.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

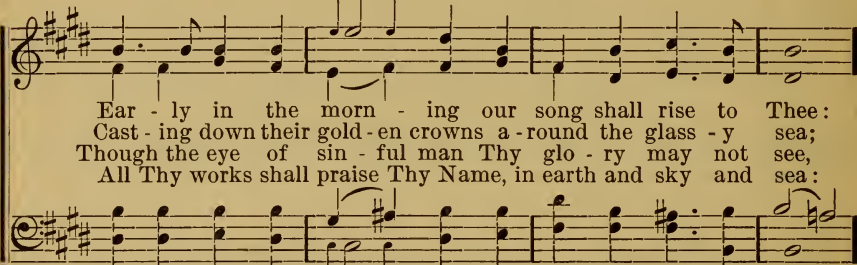
"Nicæa." P. M.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) pb. 1827.

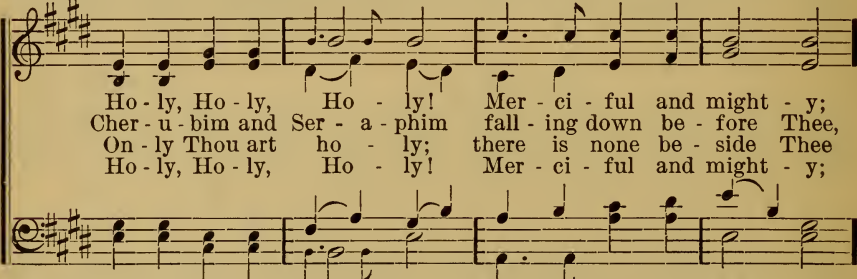
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.



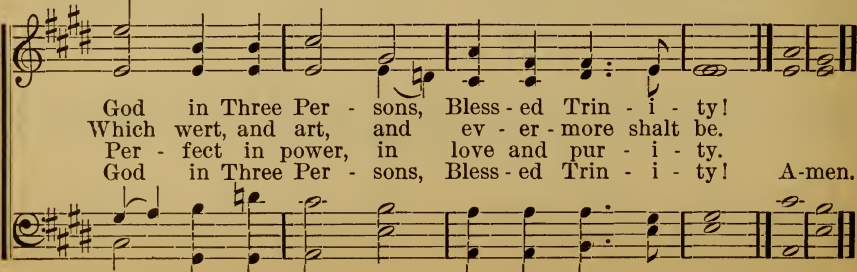
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!  
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee,  
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:  
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;  
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee  
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y;

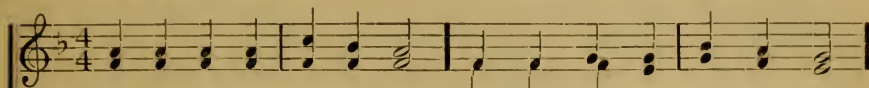


God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.  
 God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

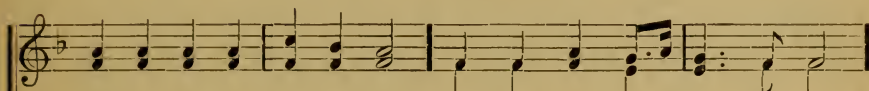
"Blumenthal."

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788)

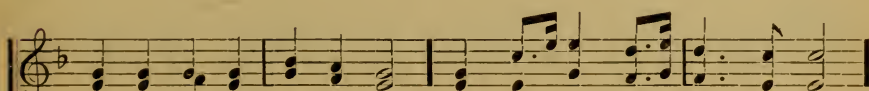
Jacques Blumenthal, (1829— ) 1847.



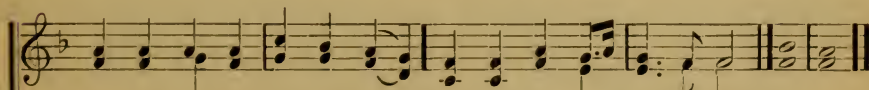
1. Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it, hear Faith's ef - fect - ual fer - vent prayer;  
 2. Build us in one bod - y up, Called in one high call - ing's hope;  
 3. One with God, the source of bliss, Ground of our com - mun - ion this;



Hear, and our pe - ti-tions seal, Let us now the an - swer feel.  
 One the Spir - it, whom we claim; One the pure bap - tis - mal flame;  
 Life of all that live be - low, Let Thine em - a - na - tions flow!



Still our fel-low - ship increase; Knit us in the bond of peace;  
 One the faith, and common Lord; One the Fa - ther lives a - dored,  
 Rise e - ter - nal in our heart; Thou our long-sought E - den art.




Join our new-born spirits, join Each to each, and all to Thine.  
 Over, through, and in us all, God in-com-pre-hen-sible,  
 Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Be to us what A-dam lost! A-men.

## HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD.


"Hallett." 7s. 6 lines.

BP. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, (1807—1885) 1862.

James Hallett Sheppard, (1835—1879)



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, e -  
 2. Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Veil their fa - ces  
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, to Thee, Fa - ther, Son, and



ter - nal King By the heavens and earth a - dored;  
 with their wings; Eyes of an - gels are too dim  
 Ho - ly Ghost, Three in One, and one in Three,



An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, Chant - ing ev - er -  
 To be - hold the King of kings, While they sing e -  
 Join we with the heaven - ly host, Sing - ing ev - er -



last - ing - ly, To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.  
 ter - nal - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.  
 last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

## HOLY FATHER! WE ADDRESS THEE.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

MRS. MARY BOWLEY PETERS, (1813—1856) 1847.

Charles Francois Gounod, (1818—1893)

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther! we ad-ress Thee—Loved in Thy be - lov - ed Son;  
 2. Wondrous was Thy love, O Father! Wondrous Thine, O Son of God!  
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! we are hasting To our Fa - ther's house a - bove;

Ho - ly Son of God, we bless Thee, Boundless grace hath made us one;  
 Vast the love that bruised and wounded, Vast the love that bore the rod;  
 By the way our souls are tast-ing Rich and ev - er - last - ing love;

Ho - ly Spir - it, aid our songs, This glad work to Thee be - longs.  
 Ho - ly Spir - it, still re - veal How those stripes a - lone can heal.  
 In Je - ho - vah is our boast, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

## SHOUT, FOR THE BLESSED JESUS REIGNS.

L. M.

REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, (1717—1795)

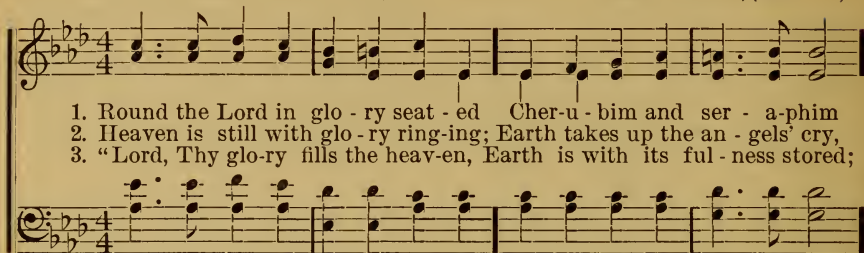
- 1 Shout, for the blessed Jesus reigns,  
 Through distant lands His triumph  
 spread,  
 And sinners, freed from endless pains,  
 Own Him their Saviour and their  
 Head.
- 2 He calls His chosen from afar,  
 They all at Zion's gates arrive;  
 Those who were dead in sin before,  
 By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Gentiles and Jews His laws obey,  
 Nations remote their offerings bring,
- And unconstrained their homage pay  
 To their exalted God and King.
- 4 O may His holy Church increase,  
 His Word and Spirit still prevail,  
 While angels celebrate His praise,  
 And saints His growing glories  
 hail!
- 5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
 From all below, and all above!  
 In lofty songs exalt His name,—  
 In songs as lasting as His love.



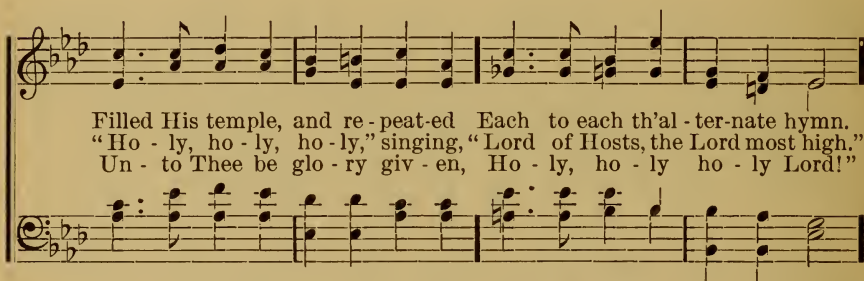
"Laudate Dominum." 8s. &amp; 7s. D.

RT. REV. RICHARD MANT, D. D. (1776-1858) 1837.

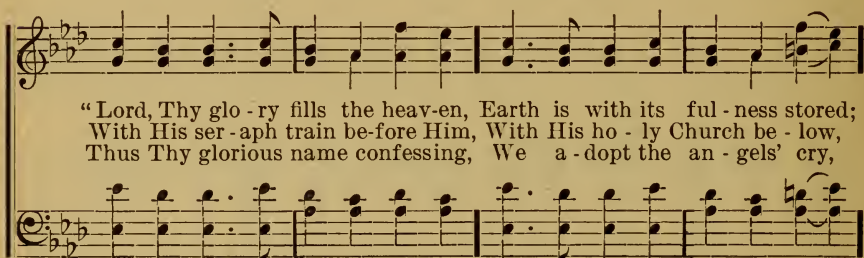
Edwin A. Bedell, (1854- )



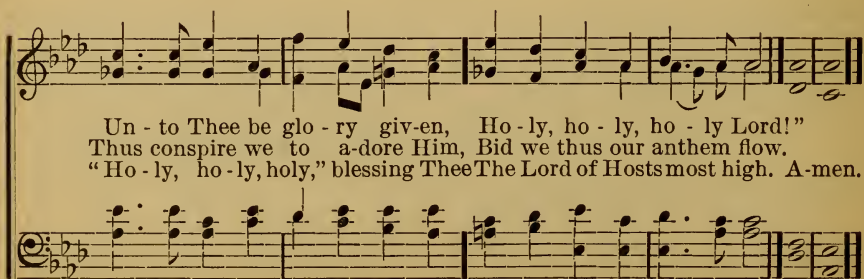
1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher-u - bim and ser - a-phim  
 2. Heaven is still with glo - ry ring-ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry,  
 3. "Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;



Filled His temple, and re - peat-ed Each to each th'al - ter-nate hymn.  
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," singing, "Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."  
 Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly ho - ly Lord!"



"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful - ness stored;  
 With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly Church be - low,  
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing, We a - dopt the an - gels' cry,



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"  
 Thus conspire we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our anthem flow.  
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, holy," blessing Thee The Lord of Hosts most high. A-men.

# THE CHURCH.

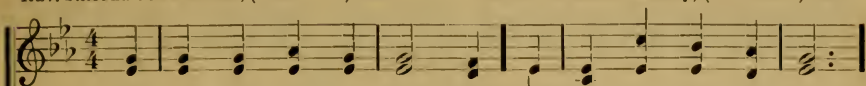
## THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

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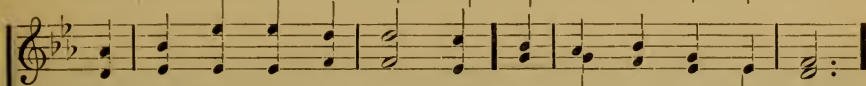
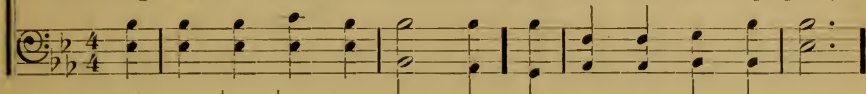
"Aurelia." 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. SAMUEL JOHN STONE, (1839— ) 1866.

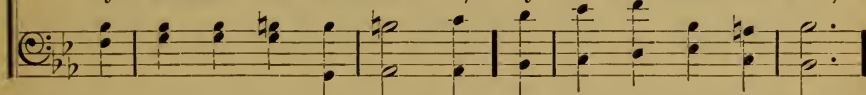
Samuel Sebastian Wesley, (1810—1876 ) 1868.



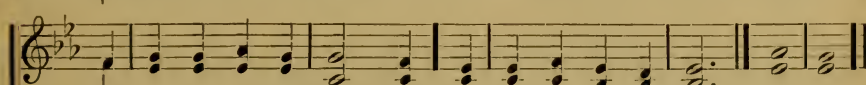
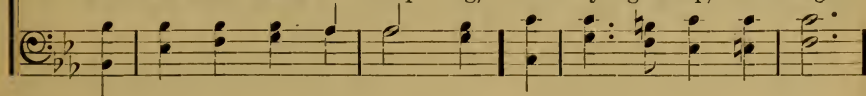
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ;  
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - prest,



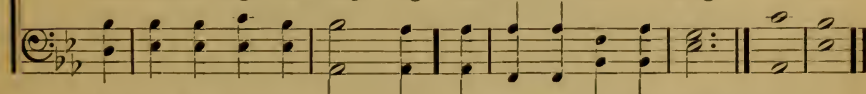
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word ;  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
 By schisms rent a - sund - er, By her - e - sies dis - trest ;



From heaven He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride ;  
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,  
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.  
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song. A - men.



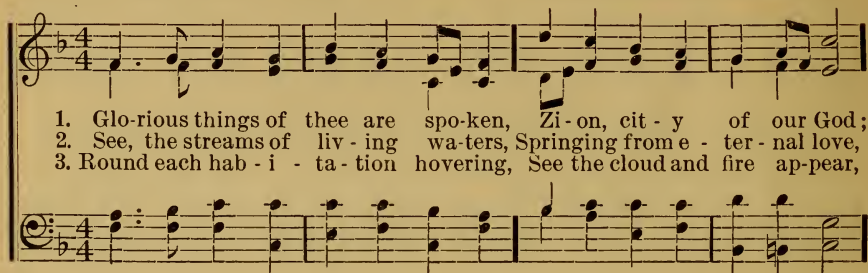
4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore ;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth had union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won :  
 Oh, happy ones and holy !  
 Lord, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.

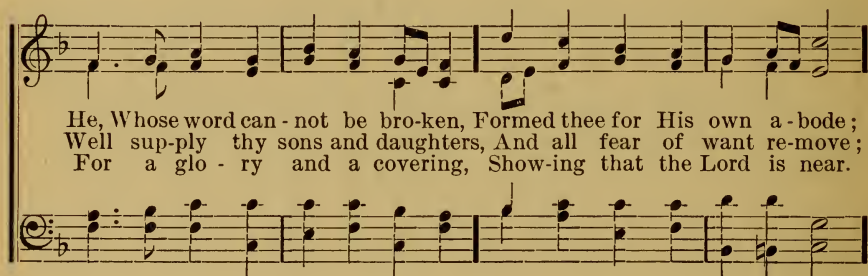
"Austria." 8s. &amp; 7s. D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1779.

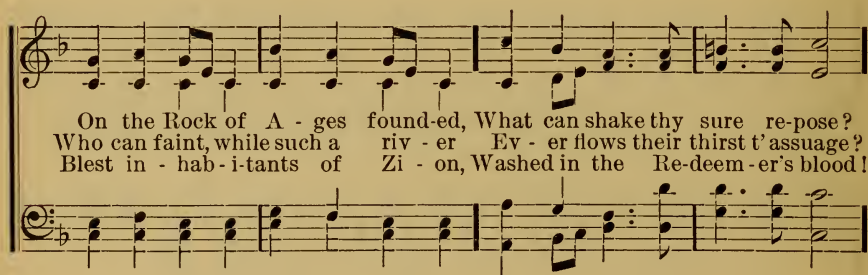
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1797.



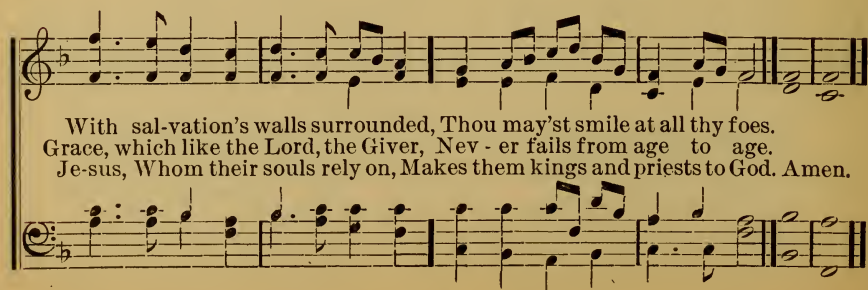
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit - y of our God;  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,



He, Whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;  
 Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move;  
 For a glo - ry and a covering, Show-ing that the Lord is near.



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?  
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' assuage?  
 Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re-deem - er's blood!



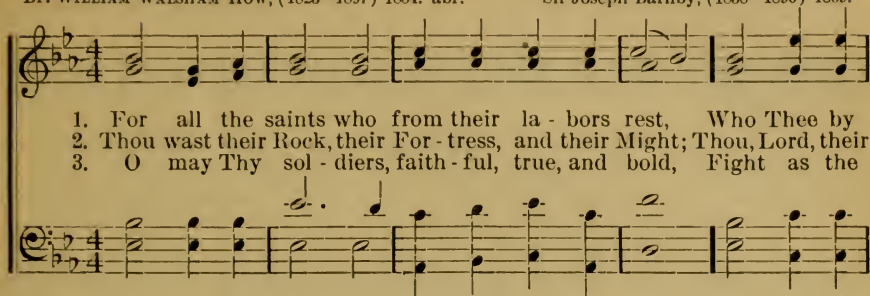
With sal - vation's walls sur-rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Je - sus, Whom their souls rely on, Makes them kings and priests to God. Amen.

## FOR ALL THE SAINTS.

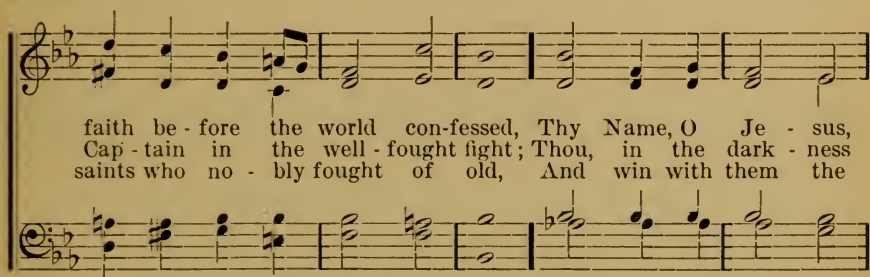
"Sarum." 10. 10. 10. 4.

BP. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823—1897) 1854. abr.

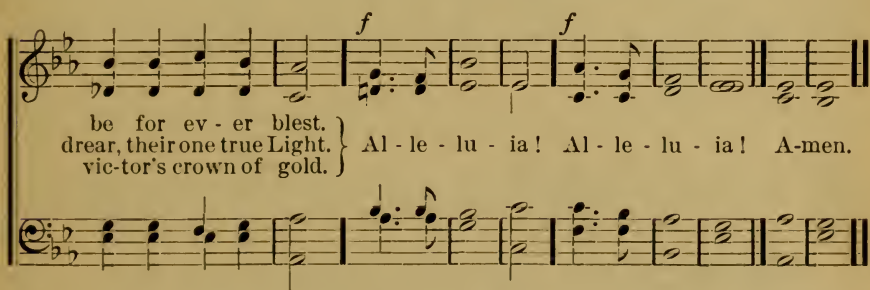
Sir Joseph Barnby, (1838—1896) 1869.



1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by  
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their  
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the



faith be - fore the world con-fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,  
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness  
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win with them the



be for ev - er blest.  
 drear, their one true Light, } Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.  
 vic - tor's crown of gold. }

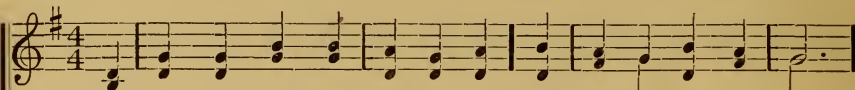
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!  
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
 The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!



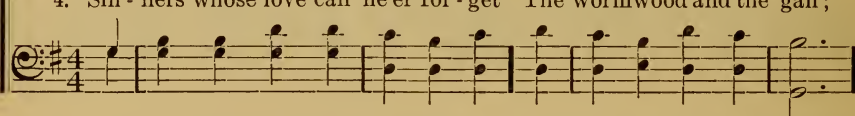
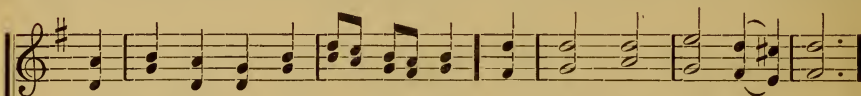
"Coronation." C. M.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, (1721—1792) 1779.

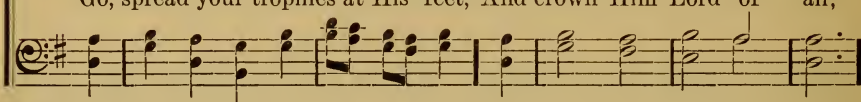
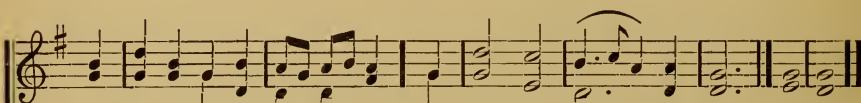
Oliver Holden, (1765—1844) 1793.



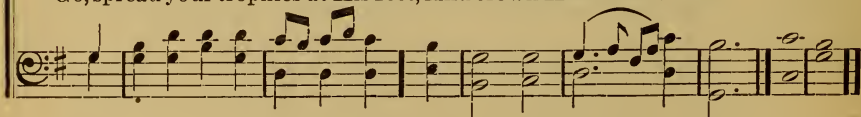
1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall!  
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;  
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;  
 4. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Ex - tol the stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all. A-men.



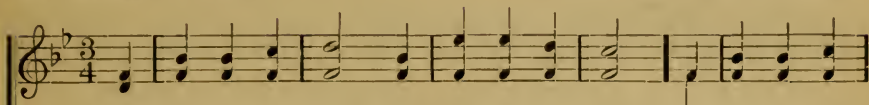
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at His feet may fall;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

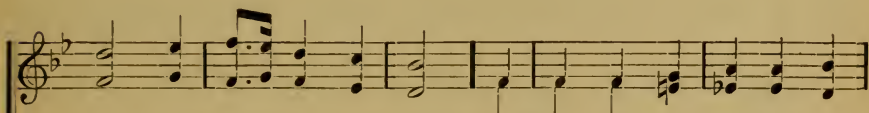
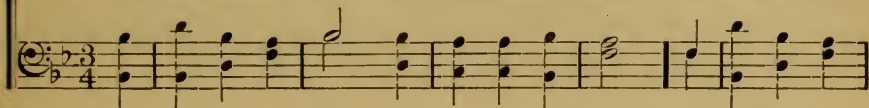
"Lyons." 10s. &amp; 11s.

REV. AMERSE M. SCHMIDT

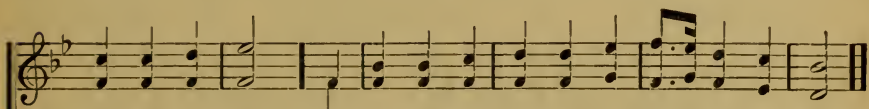
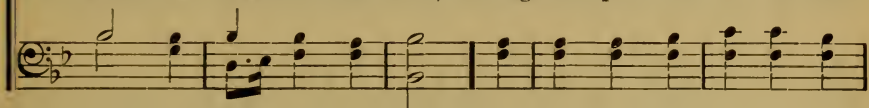
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809) 1770.



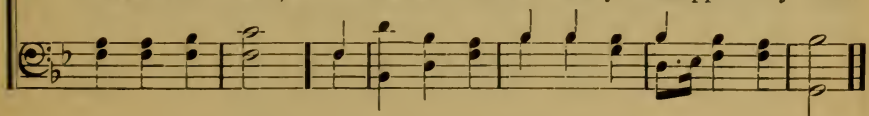
1. We praise Thee, O God, our Lord and our King! Accept Thou the  
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy guiding hand, In lead-ing Thy



praise, we grate-ful - ly bring; Thanksgiv - ing and wor-ship we  
 Church to free-dom's fair land; Through sore per - se - cu - tion our



of - fer to Thee, Thou Rul - er of na-tions, in whom we are free!  
 fathers here came, Where free and unfettered they worshipped Thy name.



- 3 We praise Thee, O God! for years of increase,  
 For faith unassailed, prosperity, peace;  
 United we offer our anthem of praise  
 To Thee our Supporter, our Ancient of Days.

- 4 We pray Thee, O Christ, our Helper and Friend!  
 From error and strife, our Zion defend!  
 Breathe on us, we pray Thee, O Spirit of Love,  
 And fit us for union with Thy Church above.

1. { Thou who art en-throned in glo - ry, Crowned with love and robed in grace, }  
 Lo! we hum-bly bow be-fore Thee. (Omit.....)  
 2. { We would cel - e - brate the chan - ges Which the passing years have made, }  
 Since our fathers—poor and strangers—(Omit.....)

Of - fer - ing up our songs of praise. Might - y God and gra - cious  
 Sought the Wes - tern for - est's shade. From Hel - ve - tia's vine-clad

Sav - iour! Spir - it of en - dur - ing grace, Come in Thine es -  
 moun-tains Came a lit - tle friend-less band; By the rich Rhine's

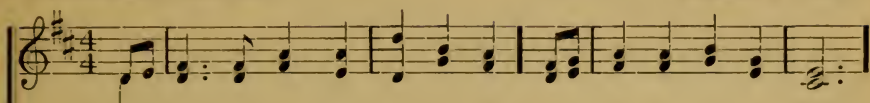
pec - ial fa - vor, With Thy glo - ry fill this place.  
 in - fant fount-ains, Oth - ers left their fa - ther - land.

3 Here the little vine, increasing,  
 Spread its branches green and fair;  
 Now by Thine especial blessing  
 See how wide Thy vineyards are.  
 Come and take the ripened cluster;  
 All the vintage, Lord, is Thine;  
 But let mercy temper justice,  
 Where Thou meet'st a fruitless vine.

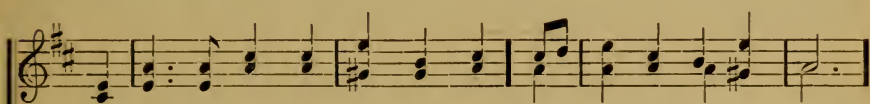
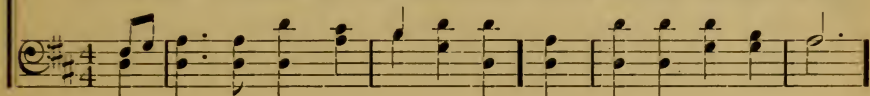
4 Let our institutions flourish,  
 Sending forth a pious band,  
 With the words of life to nourish  
 All who hunger through the land.  
 Zion spreads her hands before Thee;  
 Come, and in her temples reign,  
 While we give all praise and glory  
 To the Triune God, Amen.

ULRICH ZWINGLI, (1484—1531)

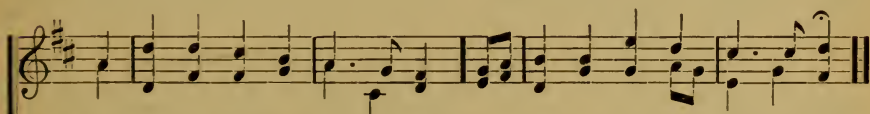
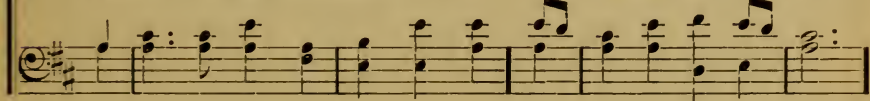
Arranged by D. N. S.



1. Do Thou di-rect Thy char-iot, Lord, And guide us at Thy will;



With-out Thy aid our strength is vain, And use-less all our skill.



Look down up-on Thy saints be-low When prostrate laid be-neath the foe.



2 Beloved Shepherd, who hast saved  
Our souls from death and sin,  
Uplift Thy voice, awake Thy sheep,  
That slumbering lie within  
Thy fold; and curb, with Thy right hand,  
The rage of Satan's furious band.

3 Send down Thy peace and banish strife,  
Let bitterness depart;  
Revive the spirit of Thy grace  
In each true Christian's heart;  
Then shall Thy church forever sing  
The praises of her heavenly King.



# MISSIONS.

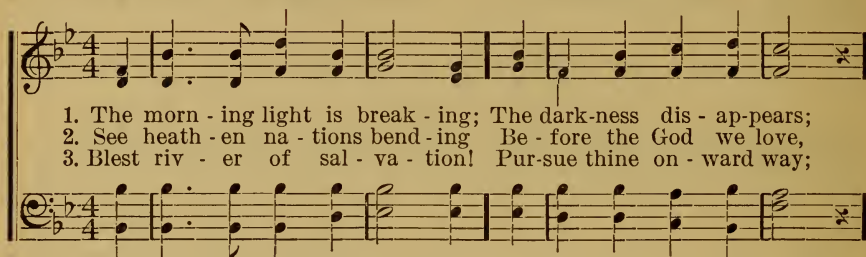
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## THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

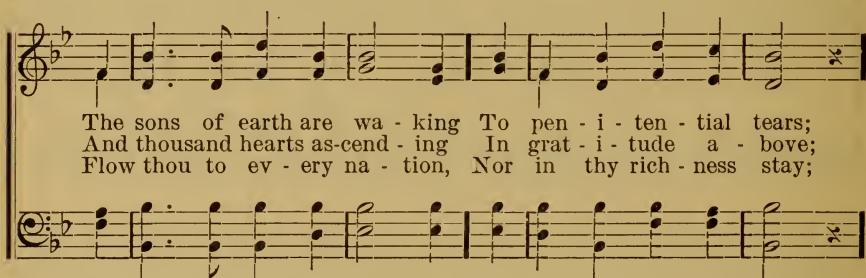
"Webb." 7s. & 6s. D.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808—1895) 1832.

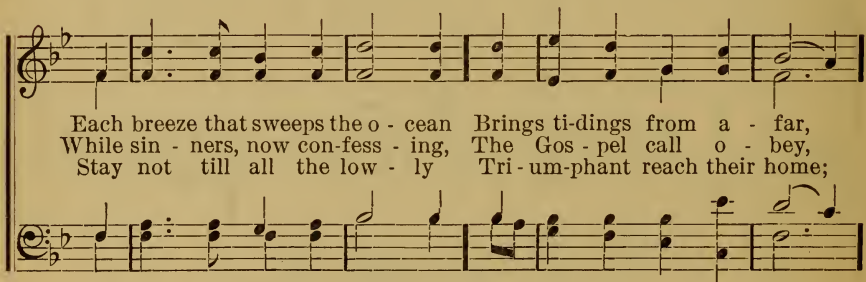
George James Webb, (1803—1887) 1830.



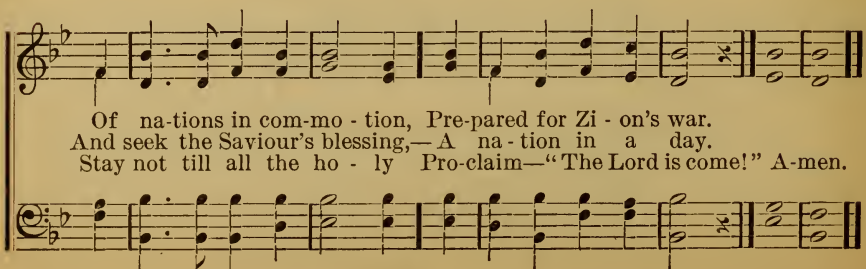
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - appears;  
 2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,  
 3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thine on - ward way;



The sons of earth are wa - king To pen - i - ten - tial tears;  
 And thousand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;  
 Flow thou to ev - ery na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,  
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,  
 Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um - phant reach their home;



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing, — A na - tion in a day.  
 Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim — "The Lord is come!" A - men.

## UPLIFT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

"Waltham." (*First Tune.*)

BP. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, (1799—1859) 1848.

John Baptiste Calkin, (1827— ) 1872.

1. Up - lift the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The  
2. Up - lift the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And

sun shall light the shining folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.  
vain-ly seek to com-prehend The won-der of the love di-vine. A - men.

3 Uplift the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;  
Our glory only in the cross,  
Our only hope the Crucified.

4 Uplift the banner! wide and high,  
Skyward and seaward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

## UPLIFT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

(*Second Tune.*)

BP. GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, (1799—1859) 1848.

W. W. Rousseau.

1. Up - lift the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The  
2. Up - lift the banner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And

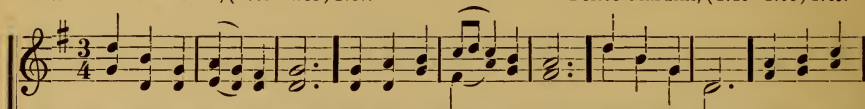
sun shall light the shining folds, The cross on which the Sav-our died.  
vain-ly seek to com-prehend The won-der of the love di-vine. A - men.

## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

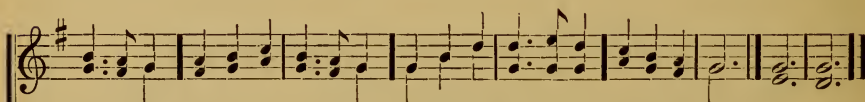
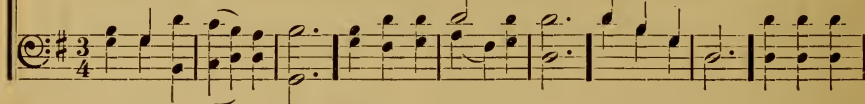
"Italian Hymn." 6s. 4s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1757.

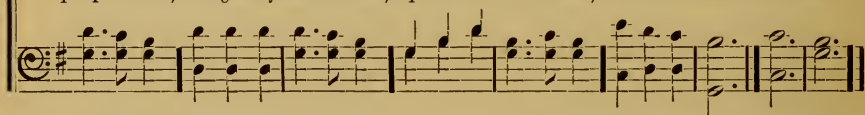
Felice Giardini, (1716—1796) 1769.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise. Father! all  
 2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our prayer attend. Come, and Thy



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.  
 people bless, And give Thy word success; Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us descend. A - men.



- 3 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear;  
 In this glad hour.  
 Thou, Who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.

- 4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore!  
 Thy sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore!

## CHRIST FOR THE WORLD WE SING.

REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, (1813—1886) 1869.

- 1 Christ for the world we sing;  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With loving zeal;  
 The poor, and them that mourn,  
 The faint and overborne,  
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
 Whom Christ doth heal.

- 2 Christ for the world we sing;  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With fervent prayer;  
 The wayward and the lost,  
 By restless passions tossed,  
 Redeemed at countless cost,  
 From dark despair.

- 3 Christ for the world we sing;  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With one accord;  
 With us the work to share,  
 With us reproach to dare,  
 With us the cross to bear,  
 For Christ our Lord.

- 4 Christ for the world we sing;  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With joyful song;  
 The new-born souls, whose days,  
 Reclaimed from error's ways,  
 Inspired with hope and praise,  
 To Christ belong.

## WE ARE LIVING, WE ARE DWELLING.

"Latter Day." 8s. &amp; 7s. D.

BP. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, (1818—1896) 1840.

Plymouth Collection.

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing In a grand and  
2. Worlds are charg - ing, heaven be - hold - ing; Thou hast but an

aw - ful time; In an age on a - ges tell - ing,  
hour to fight; Now, the bla - zoned cross un - fold - ing,

To be liv - ing is sub - lime. Hark! the wa - king up of  
On, right on - ward, for the right! On! let all the soul with -

na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray; Hark! what soundeth is cre -  
in you For the truth's sake go a - broad; Strike! let ev - ery nerve and

a - tion's Groan - ing for its lat - ter day.  
sin - ew Tell on a - ges, tell for God. A - men.



## JESUS SHALL REIGN.

L. M. D.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719.

Karl Wilhelm, (1815—1873)

*f*

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive  
 2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till  
 crown His head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With

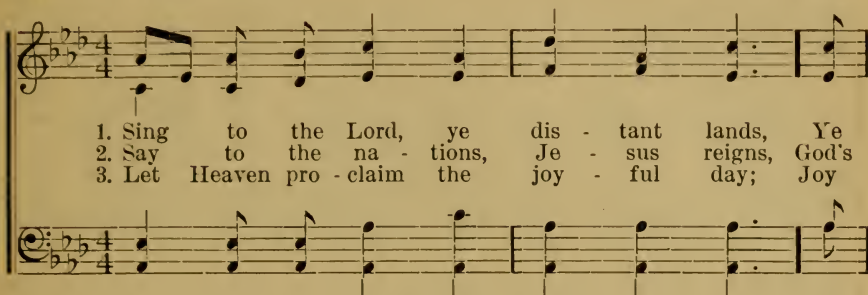
moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet,  
 ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue

To pay their hom - age at His feet; While west - ern em - pires  
 Dwell on His love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voi - ces

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.  
 shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674-1748)

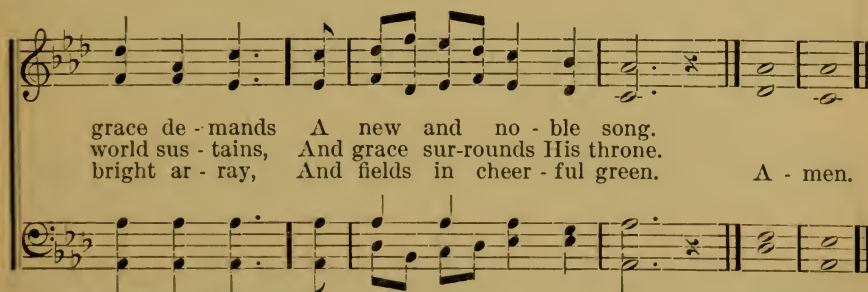
Rev. S. L. Krebs.



1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye  
 2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's  
 3. Let Heaven pro - claim the joy - ful day; Joy



tribes of ev - ery tongue; His rich dis - play of  
 own al - might - y Son; His power the sink - ing  
 through the earth be seen; Let cit - ies shine in



grace de - mands A new and no - ble song.  
 world sus - tains, And grace sur - rounds His throne.  
 bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer - ful green. A - men.

Copyright, 1909, by S. L. Krebs.

- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
 The islands of the sea:  
 Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,  
 Prepare the Lord His way.
- 5 Behold! He comes, He comes to bless  
 The nations as their God;  
 To show the world His righteousness  
 And send His truth abroad.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1837— )

George Coles Stebbins, (1846— )

1. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room At the  
 2. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; But our  
 3. Gath - er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a

feast that the King has spread; Oh gath - er them in!— let His  
 hearts—how they throb with pain, To think of the ma - ny who  
 mes - sage from God a - bove; Oh, gath - er them in - to the

house be filled, And the hun - gry and poor be fed.  
 slight the call, That may nev - er be heard a - gain!  
 fold of grace, And the arms of the Sav - iour's love!

## REFRAIN.

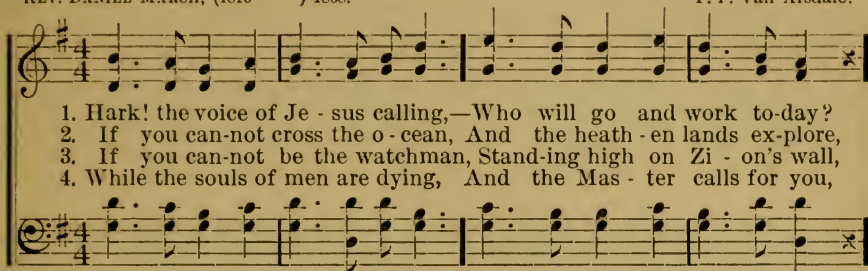
Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark paths of sin,

Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gath - er the wanderers in!

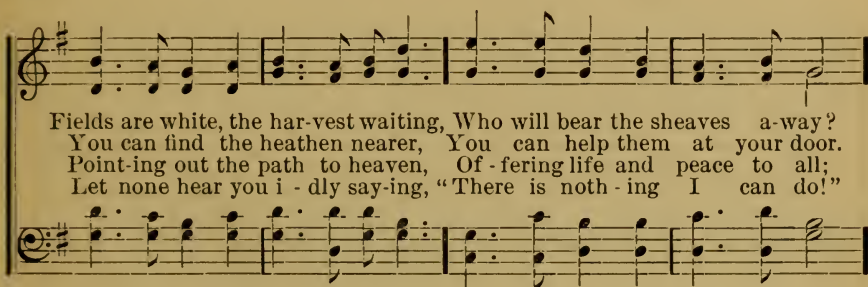
"Mission Song." 8s. 7s. D.

REV. DANIEL MARCH, (1816— ) 1868.

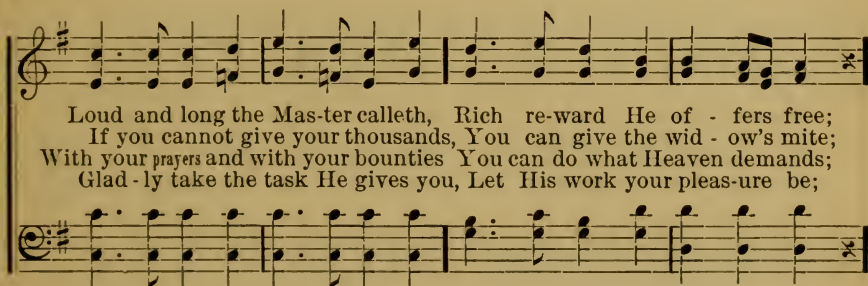
P. P. Van Arsdale.



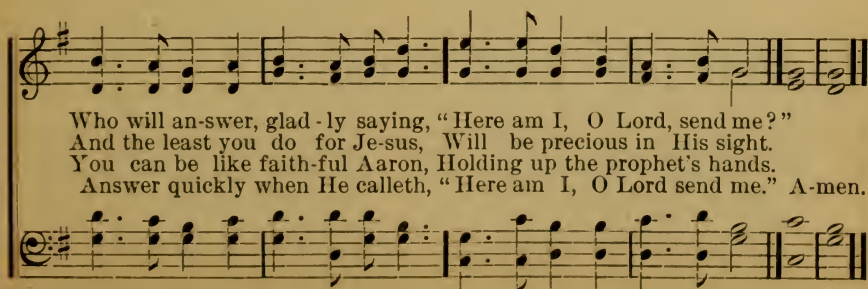
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling,—Who will go and work to-day?  
 2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heath - en lands ex-plore,  
 3. If you can-not be the watchman, Stand-ing high on Zi - on's wall,  
 4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Mas - ter calls for you,



Fields are white, the har-vest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?  
 You can find the heathen nearer, You can help them at your door.  
 Point-ing out the path to heaven, Of - fering life and peace to all;  
 Let none hear you i - dly say-ing, "There is noth - ing I can do!"



Loud and long the Mas-ter calleth, Rich re-ward He of - fers free;  
 If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the wid - ow's mite;  
 With your prayers and with your bounties You can do what Heaven demands;  
 Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleas-ure be;



Who will an-swer, glad - ly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"  
 And the least you do for Je-sus, Will be precious in His sight.  
 You can be like faith-ful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.  
 Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, O Lord send me." A-men.

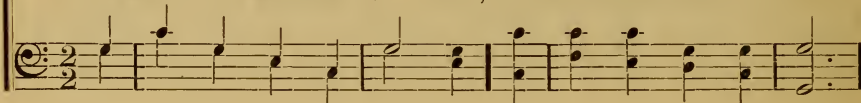


REV. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND.

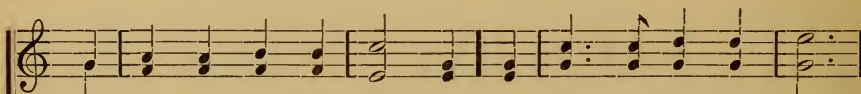
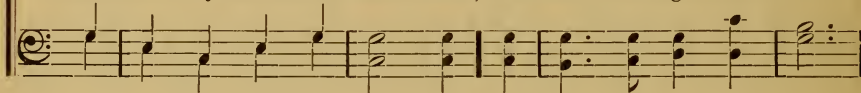
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, (1838— ) 1885.



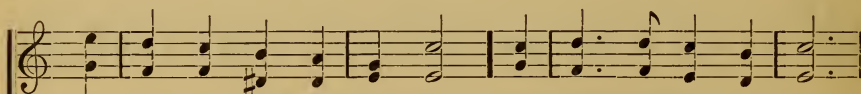
1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, This shall our watchword be,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In - spire us with the thought
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, The marching or - der sound,
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In the Father's home a - bove



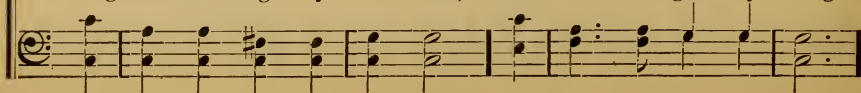
Up - on the high - est moun - tain, Down by the wi - dest sea.  
 That ev - ery son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought.  
 Go ye and preach the gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found.  
 Are ma - ny wondrous man - sions, Man - sions of light and love.



The whole wide world for Je - sus, To Him all men shall bow,  
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, O faint not by the way!  
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our ban - ner is un - furled,  
 The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride forth, O conquering King,



In cit - y or on prai - rie, The world for Je - sus now.  
 The cross shall sure - ly con - quer In this our glo - rious day.  
 We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.  
 Through all the might - y na - tions, The world to glo - ry bring.



CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro-claim the gos - pel

tidings through the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

banner be unfurled, Till every tongue confess Him, through the whole wide world.

Copyrighted by J. J. Hood.

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FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

7s. & 6s. D.

BP. REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 From Greenland's icy mountains,<br/>From India's coral strand,<br/>Where Afric's sunny fountains<br/>Roll down their golden sand,<br/>From many an ancient river,<br/>From many a palmy plain,<br/>They call us to deliver<br/>Their land from error's chain.</p>    | <p>3 Can we, whose souls are lighted<br/>With wisdom from on high,<br/>Can we to men benighted<br/>The lamp of life deny?<br/>Salvation, O salvation!<br/>The joyful sound proclaim,<br/>Till each remotest nation<br/>Has learned Messiah's Name.</p>                  |
| <p>2 What though the spicy breezes<br/>Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,<br/>Though every prospect pleases,<br/>And only man is vile:<br/>In vain with lavish kindness<br/>The gifts of God are strown,<br/>The heathen in his blindness<br/>Bows down to wood and stone.</p> | <p>4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,<br/>And you, ye waters, roll,<br/>Till, like a sea of glory,<br/>It spreads from pole to pole;<br/>Till o'er our ransomed nature,<br/>The Lamb for sinners slain,<br/>Redeemer, King, Creator,<br/>In bliss returns to reign.</p> |

KNOWLES SHAW.

George A. Minor.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide  
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor  
 3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Mas - ter, Though the loss sustained our

and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,  
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,  
 spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.  
 We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves;

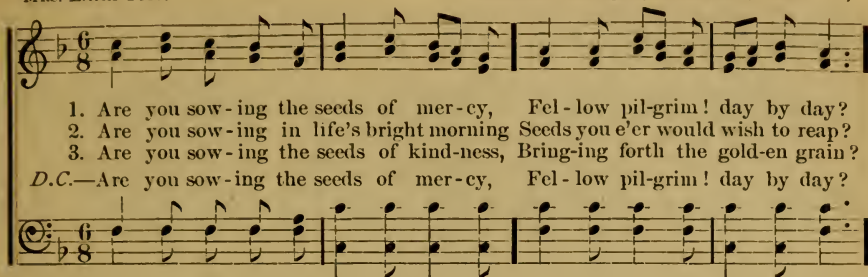
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

## ARE YOU SOWING THE SEEDS OF MERCY?

"Harvest."

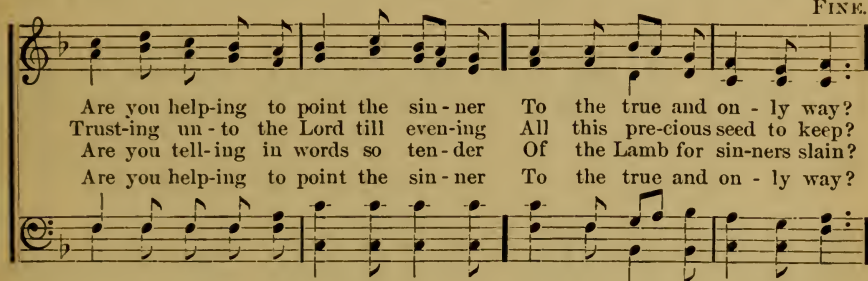
MRS. EMMA PITT.

Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, (1835— )

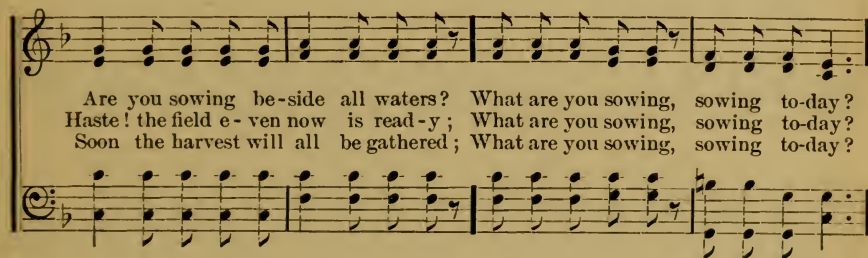


1. Are you sow-ing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day?  
 2. Are you sow-ing in life's bright morning Seeds you e'er would wish to reap?  
 3. Are you sow-ing the seeds of kind-ness, Bring-ing forth the gold-en grain?  
*D.C.*—Are you sow-ing the seeds of mer-cy, Fel-low pil-grim! day by day?

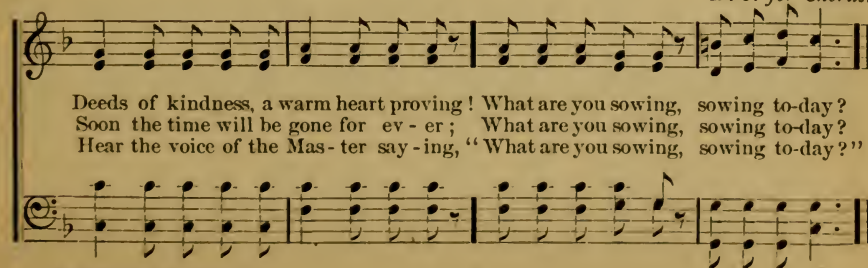
FINE.



Are you help-ing to point the sin-ner To the true and on-ly way?  
 Trust-ing un-to the Lord till even-ing All this pre-cious seed to keep?  
 Are you tell-ing in words so ten-der Of the Lamb for sin-ners slain?  
 Are you help-ing to point the sin-ner To the true and on-ly way?



Are you sowing be-side all waters? What are you sowing, sowing to-day?  
 Haste! the field e-ven now is read-y; What are you sowing, sowing to-day?  
 Soon the harvest will all be gathered; What are you sowing, sowing to-day?

*D. C. for Chorus.*


Deeds of kindness, a warm heart proving! What are you sowing, sowing to-day?  
 Soon the time will be gone for ev-er; What are you sowing, sowing to-day?  
 Hear the voice of the Mas-ter say-ing, "What are you sowing, sowing to-day?"



PHILIP P. BLISS, (1838—1876)

Philip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the world is  
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is  
 3. Ye dwell-ers in darkness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the world is  
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of that world is

Je - sus. Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in, The  
 Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide, The  
 Je - sus. Go, wash, at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise, The  
 Je - sus. The Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold, The

## CHORUS.

Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 Light of that world is Je - sus. } Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee;

Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me, Once I was blind, but

now I can see; The light of the world is Je - sus.

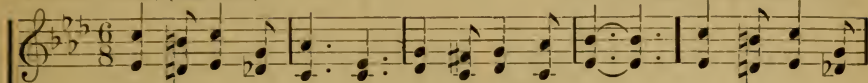
# THE SHEPHERD.

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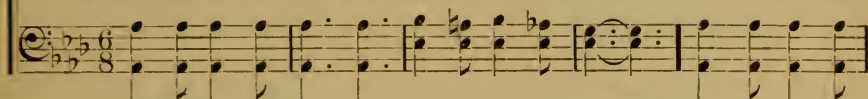
## TENDERLY THE SHEPHERD.

PHILIP P. BLISS, (1838—1876)

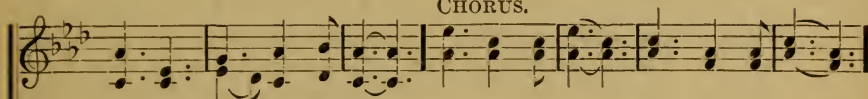
Philip P. Bliss, by per., (1838—1876)



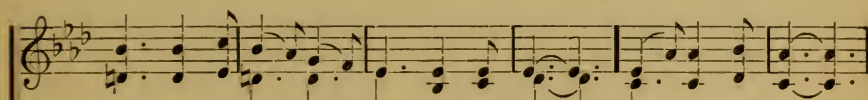
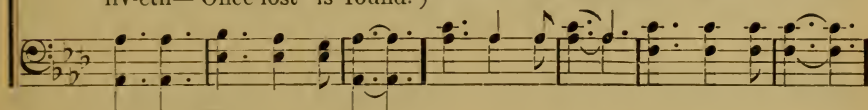
1. Ten-der-ly the Shep-herd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his
2. Pa-tient-ly the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and
3. Lov-ing-ly the Fa - ther Sends the news a - round: "He once dead now



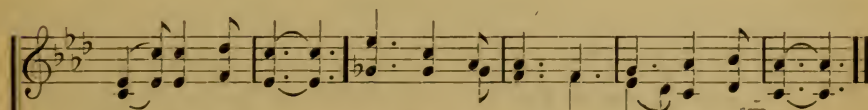
### CHORUS.



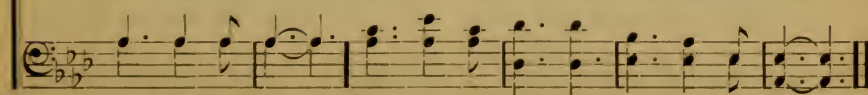
lost one Back to the fold.  
dark-ness Her treas-ure rare." } Seek-ing to save, seek-ing to save,  
liv-eth— Once lost is found.



Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save. Seek-ing to save,



seek-ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seek-ing to save.



## JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

REV. HUGH STOWELL, (1799—1865) 1849.

J. I. T.

1. Je - sus is our Shep-herd, Well we know His voice; How the gentlest  
 2. Je - sus is our Shep-herd; Guard-ed by His arm, Though the wolves may  
 3. Je - sus is our Shep-herd; With His goodness now And His ten-der

whis-per, Makes our hearts re-joice! E-ven when He chideth, Ten-der is His  
 rav-en None can do us harm; When we tread death's valley, Dark with fearful  
 mer-cy, He doth us en-dow! Let us sing His prais-es With a gladsome

tone, None but He shall guide us; We are His a-lone.  
 gloom, We will fear no e-vil, Victors o'er the tomb.  
 heart, Till in heaven we meet Him Nev-er-more to part. A-men.

## FAITHFUL SHEPHERD, FEED ME.

"Warfare." 6s. &amp; 5s.

1. Faith - ful Shep-herd, feed me In the pas-tures green;  
 2. Hold me fast, and guide me In the nar-row way;

Faith - ful Shep-herd, lead me Where Thy steps are seen.  
So with Thee be - side me, I shall nev - er stray. A - men.

3 Daily bring me nearer  
To the heavenly shore ;  
May my faith grow clearer,  
May I love Thee more.

5 Give me joy or sadness,  
This be all my care :  
That eternal gladness  
I with Thee may share.

4 Hallow every pleasure,  
Every gift and pain ;  
Be Thyself my Treasure,  
Though none else I gain.

6 Day by day prepare me  
As Thou seest best,  
Then let angels bear me  
To Thy promised rest.

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# THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS.

"Williamson." S. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719.

Arr. by Miss Alice A. Nevin.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied ; Since  
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pas-ture grows, Where

He is mine and I am His, What can I want be - side ?  
liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows. A - men.

Per. of Miss A. Nevin.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in His own right way  
For His most holy name.

5 Amid surrounding foes  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

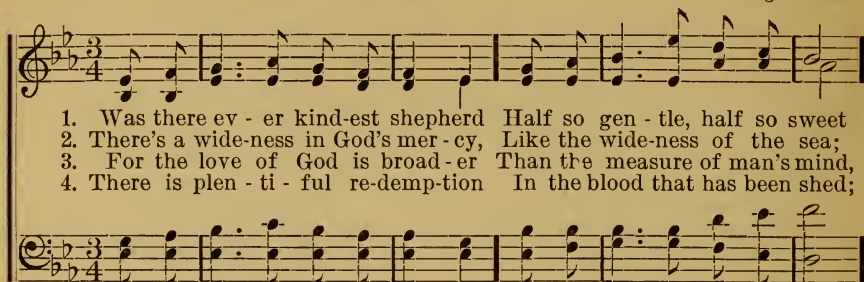
4 While He affords His aid  
I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
My Shepherd's with me there.

6 The bounties of Thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from Thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

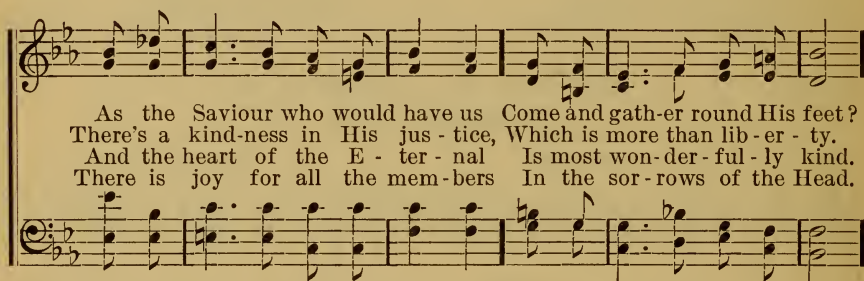


REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

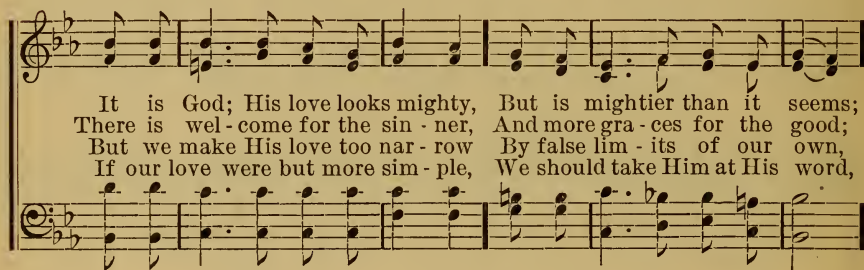
George Lomas.



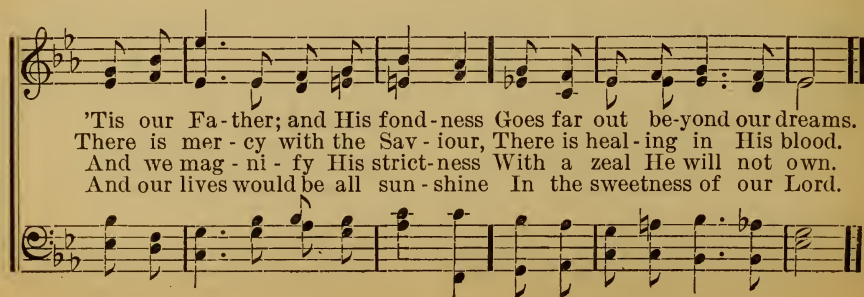
1. Was there ev - er kind-est shepherd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet  
 2. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;  
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the measure of man's mind,  
 4. There is plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;



As the Saviour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?  
 There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.  
 There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor - rows of the Head.



It is God; His love looks mighty, But is mightier than it seems;  
 There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;  
 But we make His love too nar - row By false lim - its of our own,  
 If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word,



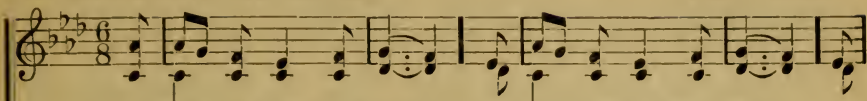
'Tis our Fa - ther; and His fond-ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams.  
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour, There is heal - ing in His blood.  
 And we mag - ni - fy His strict-ness With a zeal He will not own.  
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

## I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

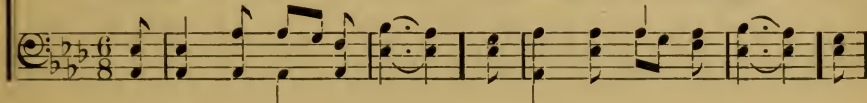
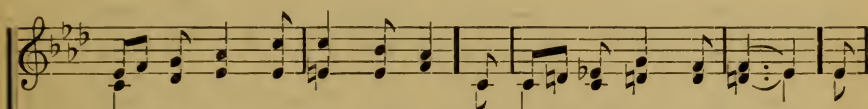
"Pastor Bonus."

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—1889) 1844.

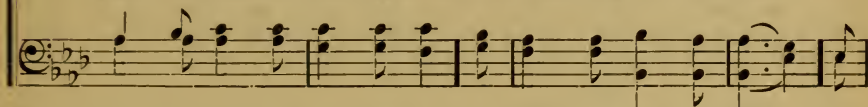
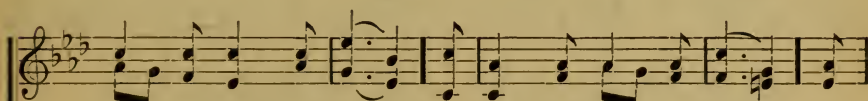
Alfred J. Caldicott.



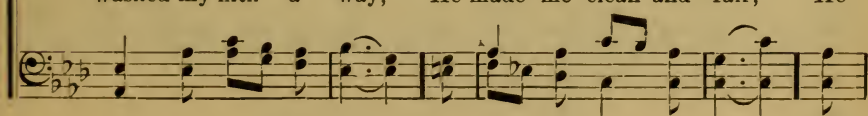
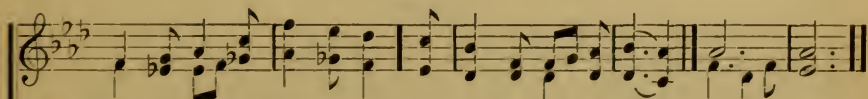
1. I was a wandering sheep; I did not love the fold; I  
 2. The Shepherd sought His sheep; The Fa-ther sought His child; He  
 3. He spoke in ten - der love; He raised my drooping head; He

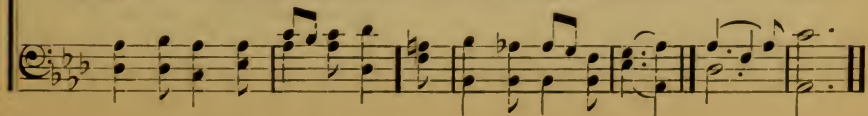
did not love my Shepherd's voice; I would not be con-trolled. I  
 fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild. He  
 gent - ly closed my bleeding wounds; My faint-ing soul He fed. He

was a way - ward child; I did not love my home; I  
 found me nigh to death, Fam-ish-ed and faint and lone; He  
 washed my filth a - way; He made me clean and fair; He

did not love my Father's voice; I loved a - far to roam.  
 bound me with the bands of love; He saved the wandering one.  
 brought me to my home in peace; The long-sought wanderer. A - men.



## GREAT SHEPHERD OF THY SHEEP.

"Great Shepherd."

George Frederick Root, (1820—1895).

1. Great Shepherd of Thy sheep, Who all Thy flock dost keep,  
 2. I fear I may be torn By many a sharp-set thorn,  
 3. But when the road is long, Thy ten-der arm, and strong,  
 4. Till, from the soil of sin Cleansed and made pure with-in,

Lead-ing by wa-ters calm, Do Thou my foot-steps guide,  
 As far from Thee I stray; My wear-y feet may bleed,  
 The wear-y one will bear; And Thou wilt wash me clean,  
 Dear Sav-iour, whose I am, Thou bring-est me in love,

To fol-low by Thy side, Make me Thy lit-tle lamb.  
 For rough are paths which lead Out of Thy pleasant way.  
 And lead to pas-tures green Where all the flowers are fair.  
 To Thy sweet fold a-bove, A lit-tle snow-white lamb. Amen.

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## TELL ME, MY SAVIOUR.

"Lynde."

REV. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, (1828—1899).

Thuringian Folk-Song.

1. Tell me, my Sav-iour! Where Thou dost feed Thy flock, Rest-ing be-  
 2. Seek me, my Sav-iour! For I have lost the way. I will Thy  
 3. Show me, my Sav-iour! How I can grow like Thee; Make me Thy



side the rock, Cool in the shade. Why should I be as one Turning a -  
voice o-bey; Speak to me here! Help me to find the gate Where all Thy  
child to be, Taught from a-bove; Help me Thy smile to win; Keep me safe

side a - lone, Left, when Thy sheep have gone, Where I have strayed?  
chos - en wait; Ere it shall be too late, Oh, call me near!  
fold - ed in, Lest I should rove in sin, Far from Thy love.

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# TO THY PASTURES FAIR AND LARGE.

"Dijon." 7s.

REV. JAMES MERRICK, (1720—1769) 1765.

J. G. Bittbauer.

1. To Thy pastures fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge;  
2. When I faint with summer's heat Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
3. Safe the drear-y vale I tread By the shades of death o'er-spread,  
4. Con-stant to my lat-est end, Thou my footsteps shalt at-tend;

And my couch, with tenderest care, 'Mid the springing grass pre - pare.  
To the streams that, still and slow, Through the verdant meadows flow.  
With Thy rod and staff supplied, This my guard—and that my guide.  
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome Yield me an e - ter - nal home.



## SAVIOUR, LEAD ME, LEST I STRAY.

Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897)

FRANK M. DAVIS, (1839—1897)

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray,  
 2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul,  
 3. Sav-iour, lead me, then at last,  
 Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the  
 When life's stormy bil-lows  
 When the storm of life is  
 Gent - ly

way;  
 roll,  
 past,  
 lead me all the way;  
 I am safe when by Thy side,  
 I am safe when Thou art nigh,  
 To the land of end-less day,  
 I am safe when by Thy side,

CHORUS.  
 I would in Thy love a-bide.  
 All my hopes on Thee re-ly.  
 Where all tears are wiped a-way.  
 I would in Thy love abide.  
 Lead me, lead me,

Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray;..... Gent-ly down the stream of  
 lest I stray;

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way, all the way.

## JESUS, MY SHEPHERD, LET ME SHARE.

"Louvan." L. M.

REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817-1867)

Virgil Corydon Taylor, (1817-1884) 1847.

1. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, let me share Thy guid - ing  
 2. Oh, lead me ev - er by Thy side, Where fields are  
 3. While I this bar - ren des - ert tread, Feed Thou my

hand, Thy ten - der care; And let me ev - er  
 green, and wa - ters glide; And be Thou still, wher -  
 soul on heaven - ly bread; 'Mid foes and fears Thee

find in Thee, A ref - uge and a rest for me.  
 e'er I be, A ref - uge and a rest for me.  
 may I see, A ref - uge and a rest for me. A - men.

4 Anoint me with Thy gladdening grace,  
 To cheer me in the heavenly race;  
 Cause all my gloomy doubts to flee,  
 And make my spirit rest in Thee.

5 When death shall end this mortal strife,  
 Bring me through death to endless life;  
 Then, face to face, beholding Thee,  
 My refuge and my rest shall be.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. C. 200.

TR. REV. HENRY MARTYN DEXTER, (1821—1890) 1846.

Johann Georg Braun, 17th century.

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth,  
 2. Thou art our Ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word,  
 3. Ev - er be Thou our Guide, Our Shep - herd and our Pride,  
 4. So now and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high,

Through de - vious ways, Christ, our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy  
 Heal - er of strife; Thou didst Thy - self a - base, That from sin's  
 Our Staff and Song; Je - sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy per -  
 And joy - ful sing; In - fants, and the glad throng Who to Thy

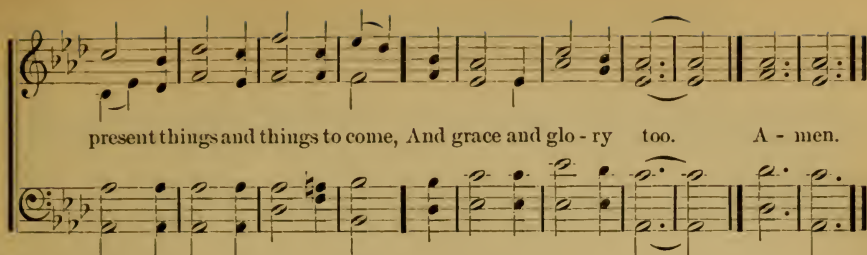
name to sing; Hith - er our children bring, To shout Thy praise.  
 deep disgrace Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.  
 en - nial word, Lead us where Thou hast trod; Make our faith strong.  
 Church be - long, U - nite to swell the song To Christ our King. A - men.

"Manoah." C. M.

REV. BENJAMIN BEDDOME, (1717—1795) 1776.

Franz Joseph Haydn, (1732—1809)

1. If Christ is mine, then all is mine, And more than an - gels know; Both



2 If Christ is mine, let friends forsake,  
And earthly comforts flee;  
He, the full source of every good,  
Is more than all to me.

3 If Christ is mine, unharmed I pass  
Through death's dark dismal vale,  
He'll be my comfort and my stay,  
When heart and flesh shall fail.

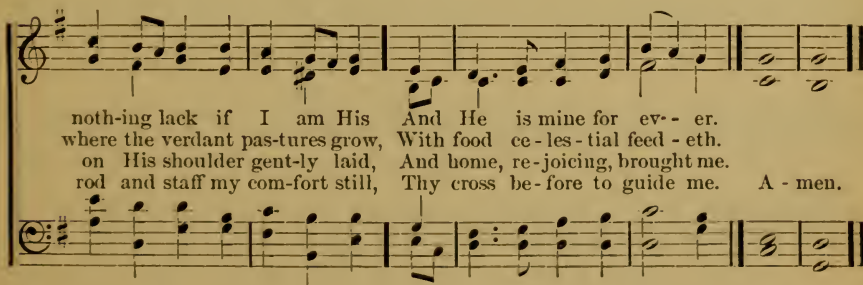
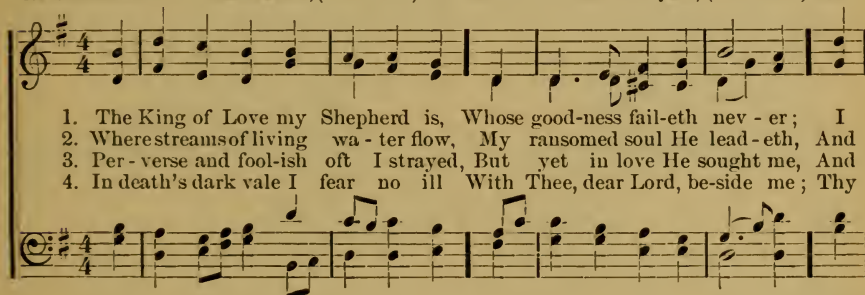
4 O Christ, assure me Thou art mine;  
I nothing want beside;  
My soul shall at the Fountain live,  
When all the streams are dried.

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THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

"Dominus Regit Me."

REV. SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, (1821—1877) 1868. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1868.



5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house forever!



## CONSECRATION.

## JESUS, I LIVE TO THEE.

"Mornington." S. M. (*First Tune.*)

REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817—1867) 1850.

Garrett Colley Wellesley,  
Lord Mornington, (1735—1781) 1760.

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The lov - li - est and best;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me  
In my eternal home.  
3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best—

To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.  
4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me  
Makes heaven for ever mine.

## JESUS, I LIVE TO THEE.

"Lake Enon." S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

REV. HENRY HARBAUGH, (1817—1867) 1850.

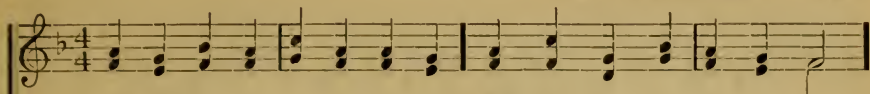
Isaac Baker Woodbury, (1819—1858)

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

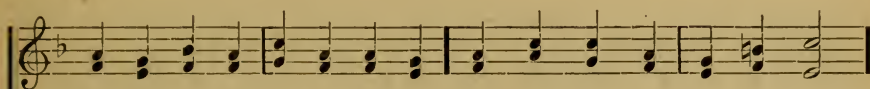
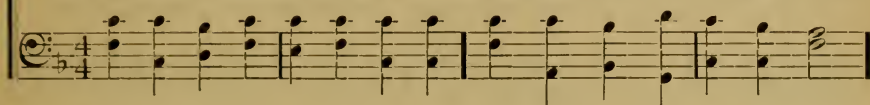
## I WOULD LOVE THEE, GOD AND FATHER.

"Rhone." 8s. &amp; 7s. D.

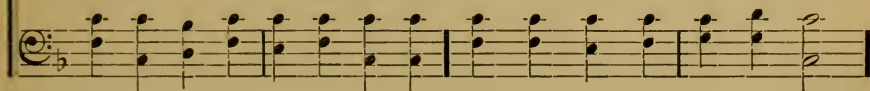
Rev. S. L. Krebs, (1864— ) 1899.



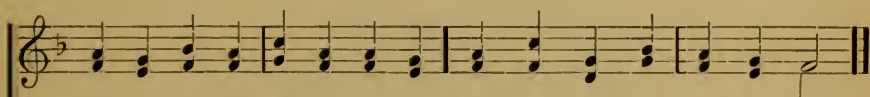
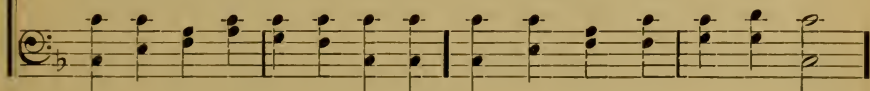
1. I would love Thee, God and Father, My Re - deem - er and my King:  
 2. I would love Thee; may Thy brightness Dazzle my re - joic - ing eyes;



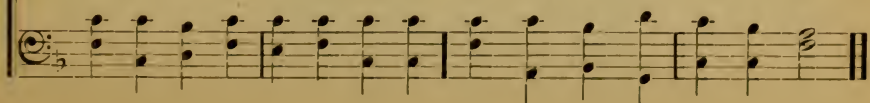
I would love Thee; for, without Thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.  
 I would love Thee; may Thy goodness Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.



I would love Thee; look up-on me, Ev - er guide me with Thine eye:  
 I would love Thee, I have vowed it; On Thy love my heart is set;



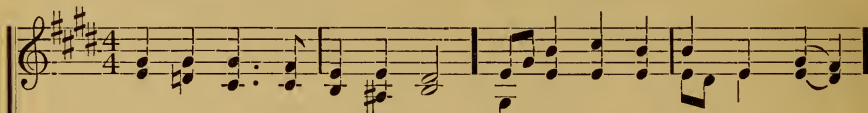
I would love Thee; if not nourished By Thy love, my soul would die.  
 While I love Thee, I will nev - er My Re - deem - er's blood for - get.



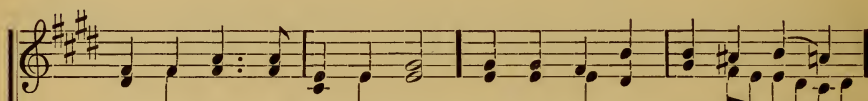
## ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

7s. 6 lines.

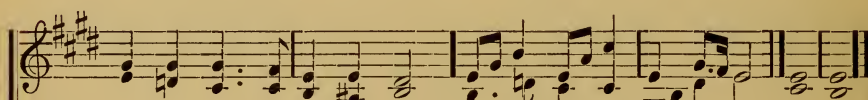
REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, (1740—1778) 1776. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1872.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,  
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;



Let the Wa - ter and the Blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,  
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,



Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
All for sin could not a-tone, Thou must save, and Thou a-lone. A-men.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;  
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,  
 CHO. — I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!  
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!  
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!  
 I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

By permission.

"Mt. Vernon." 8s. &amp; 7s.

REV. AMBROSE M. SCHMIDT.

Lowell Mason, (1792—1872)

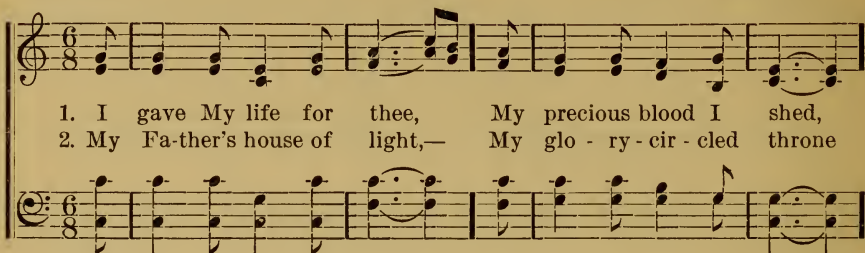
1. Take, oh, take me, Ho - ly Fa-ther! Hear my sup - pli - ca - ting prayer;  
 2. Break me, oh, Thou lov - ing Fa-ther! Though Thy break - ing cost me pain;  
 3. Make me as Thou wilt, O Fa-ther! Melt this stub - born heart of mine;  
 4. Take me, break me, make me, Fa-ther! Un - to Thee I all re - sign!

Take and use me as Thy ves - sel, Take, oh, take me to Thy care.  
 Though Thou tri - est me with fire I will mag - ni - fy Thy name.  
 Make me like my Lord and Sav-iour, Full of love and life di - vine.  
 By Thy lov - ing grace up - hold me, Make me ev - er whol - ly Thine.

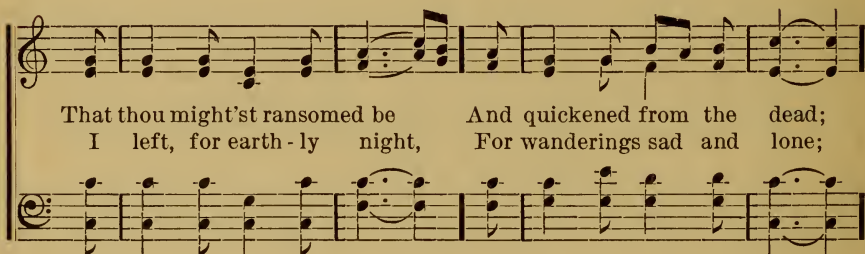


MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, (1836—1879) 1858.

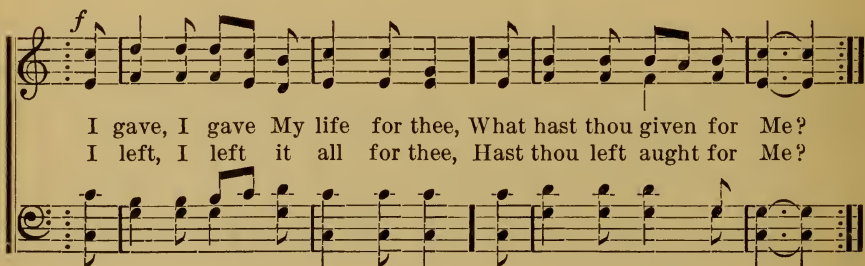
Philip P. Bliss, (1838—1876).



1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed,  
2. My Fa-ther's house of light,— My glo - ry - cir - cled throne



That thou might'st ransomed be And quickened from the dead;  
I left, for earth - ly night, For wanderings sad and lone;



*f*  
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?  
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?

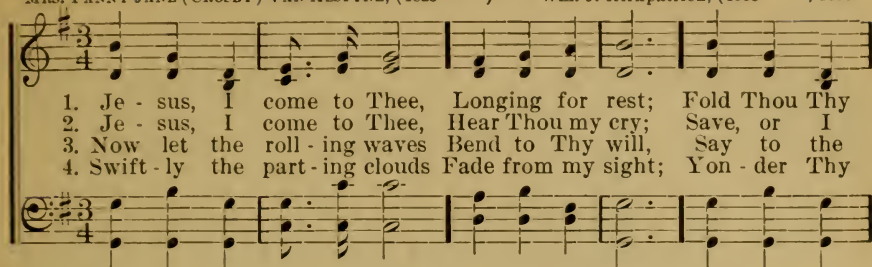
3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to Me?

## JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

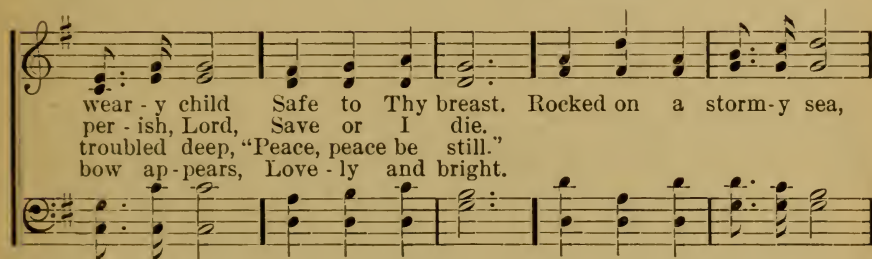
6s. &amp; 4s.

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823— ) Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, (1838— ) 1884.

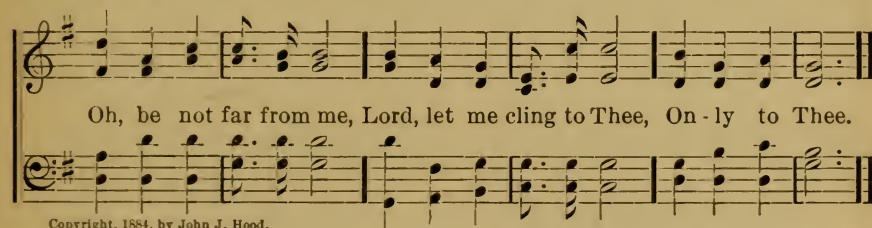


1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Longing for rest; Fold Thou Thy  
 2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; Save, or I  
 3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to Thy will, Say to the  
 4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der Thy

## CHORUS.



wear - y child Safe to Thy breast. Rocked on a storm - y sea,  
 per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.  
 troubled deep, "Peace, peace be still."  
 bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.



Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

6s. 4s.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, (1805—1848)

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be:  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone:  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me,  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!

# CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

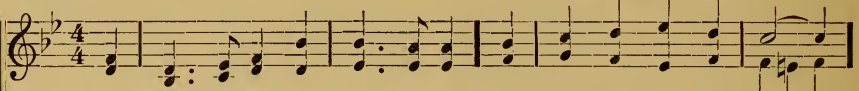
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## THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

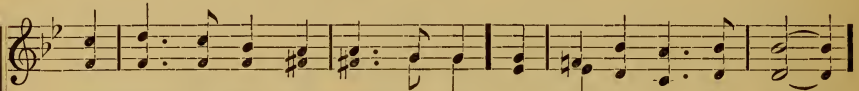
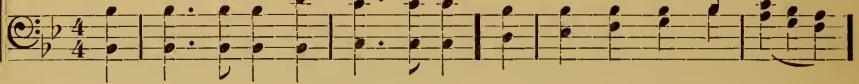
"All Saints." C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

BP. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) 1827.

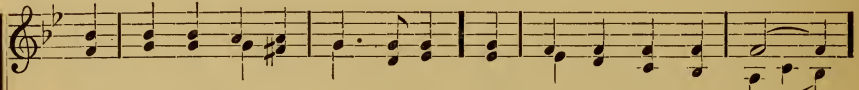
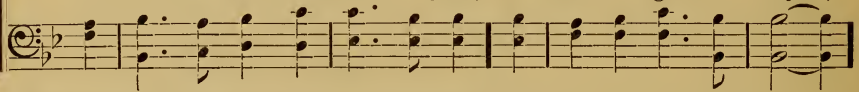
Henry Stephen Cutler, (1824— ) 1872.



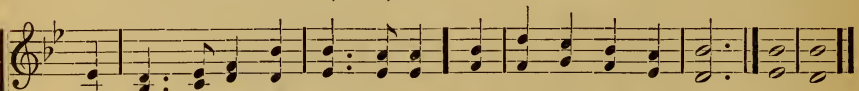
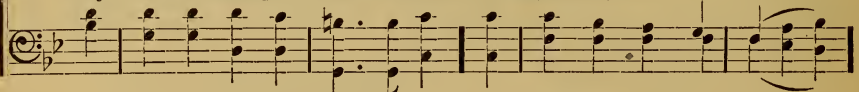
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came:
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



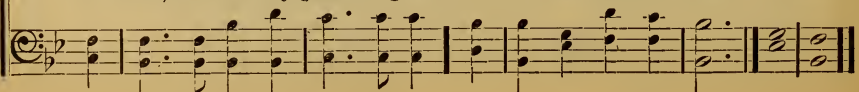
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train?  
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;  
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;  
A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain;  
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain;  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;  
They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through peril, toil, and pain:



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.  
He prayed for them that did the wrong. Who fol - lows in His train?  
They bowed their necks the death to feel. Who fol - lows in their train?  
O God, to us may grace be - given To fol - low in their train. A - men.



"Lambeth." C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

BF. REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826) pb. 1827.

Samuel Webbe, (1740—1816)

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain ;  
 2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant o - ver pain ;  
 3. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,  
 4. Like Him, with par-don on His tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,

His blood-red ban - ner streams afar ; Who fol-lows in His train ?  
 Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.  
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong. Who fol-lows in His train? A - men.

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
 On whom the Spirit came : [knew,  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
 And mocked the cross and flame.

7 A noble army, men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid,  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed.

6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
 The lion's gory mane ;  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel.  
 Who follows in their train ?

8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
 Through peril, toil, and pain :  
 O God, to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train.

C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1723.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb ?  
 And shall I fear to own His cause,  
 Or blush to speak His name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
 Must I not stem the flood ?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
 Increase my courage, Lord !  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die ;  
 They view the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.

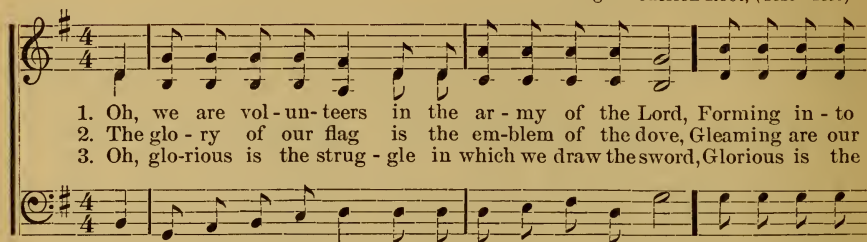
6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.




## OH WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

"Courage."

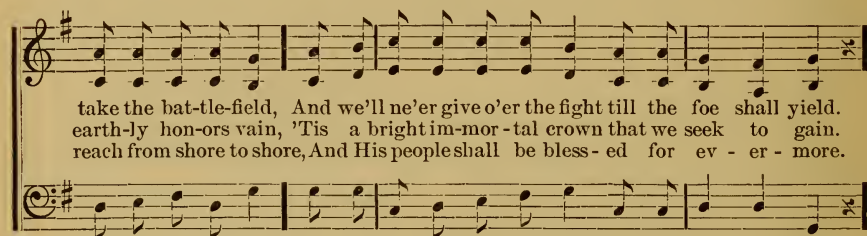
George Frederick Root, (1820—1895)



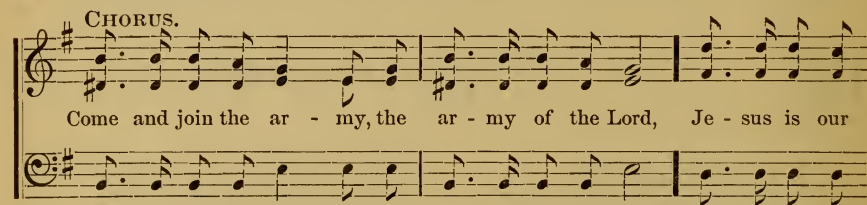
1. Oh, we are vol-un-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in - to  
 2. The glo-ry of our flag is the em-blem of the dove, Gleaming are our  
 3. Oh, glo-rious is the strug-gle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the



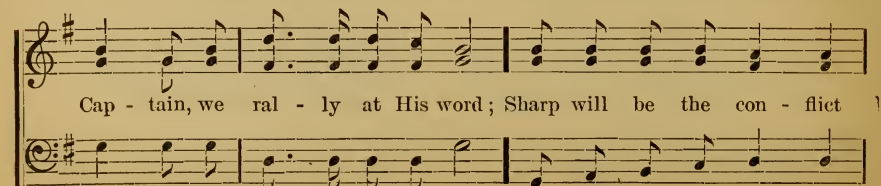
line at our Cap-tain's word; We are un-der marching or-ders to  
 swords from the forge of love; We go forth, but not to bat-tle for  
 Kingdom of Christ, our Lord; It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall



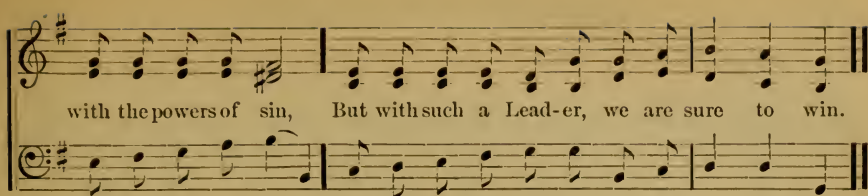
take the bat-tle-field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.  
 earth-ly hon-ors vain, 'Tis a bright im-mor-tal crown that we seek to gain.  
 reach from shore to shore, And His peoples shall be bless-ed for ev-er-more.



CHORUS.  
 Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our



Cap-tain, we ral-ly at His word; Sharp will be the con-flict



with the powers of sin, But with such a Lead-er, we are sure to win.

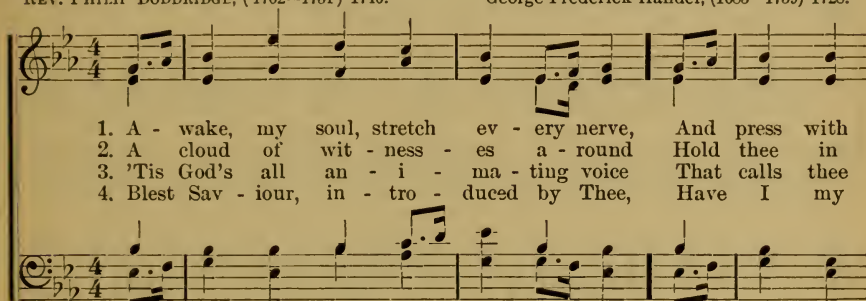
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AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

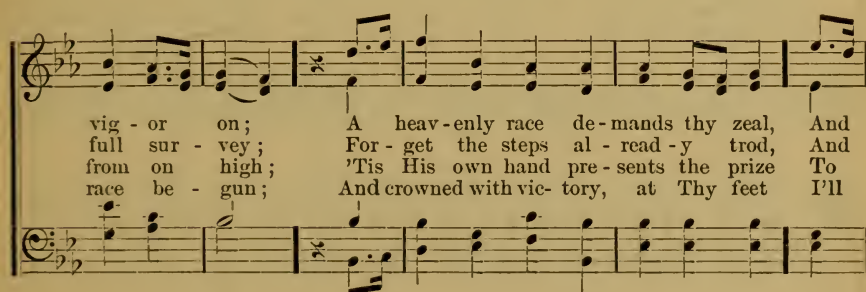
"Christmas." C. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, (1702—1751) 1740.

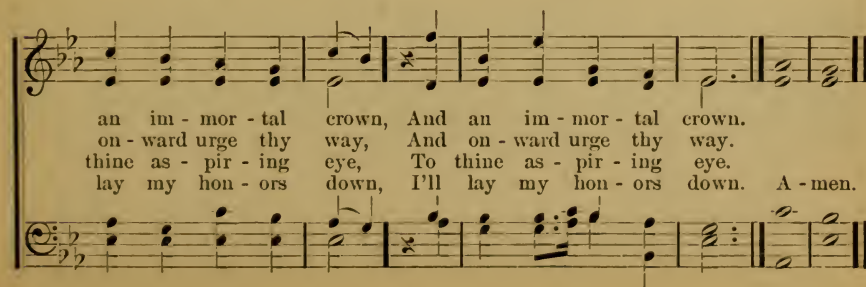
George Frederick Handel, (1685—1759) 1728.



1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with  
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in  
 3. 'Tis God's all an - i - ma - ting voice That calls thee  
 4. Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my



vig - or on; A heav - enly race de - mands thy zeal, And  
 full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And  
 from on high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To  
 race be - gun; And crowned with vic - tory, at Thy feet I'll



an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.  
 thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.  
 lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - men.

H. R. PALMER.

Horatio Richmond Palmer, (1834— )

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each victory will  
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,  
 reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,  
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Kind hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.

## CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

"CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

J. H. Rosecrans.

1. As on the path of life we tread, We come to many a place,  
 2. Some i - dle hab - it, word or thought, Some sin, how - ev - er small,  
 3. Our fel - low-travelers on the road, We'll watch with anxious care,

Where, if not care - ful, we may fall And sink in - to dis - grace.  
 May make us stum - ble in the path, And stumbling, we may fall.  
 And when they reach some dangerous spot, We'll warn them: "Don't step there."

## CHORUS.

Don't step there, Don't step there, Don't step there, For

if not care - ful we may fall, Don't step there.



FRANK M. JEFFERY.

6s. &amp; 5s. D.

Frank M. Jeffery.

1. For-ward, Christ-ian chil - dren, With your ban - ners gay,  
 2. Now we'll be Thy sol - diers, Stand-ing firm and true,  
 3. Here, O Lord, we'll thank Thee For the bless-ings past,

Glad your hearts and voi - ces, On this hap - py day ; Je - sus is your  
 Trust-ing Thee to help in Ev - ery - thing we do ; All kind words and  
 Here pledge hearts and voi - ces, While our lives shall last ; Make us Thine own

Lead - er, In the cause of right. He will nev - er fail you,  
 ac - tions Thou wilt well re - pay, If we fol - low close - ly  
 chil - dren, And we'll hap - py be, In that world of beau - ty,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Forward to the fight. } Forward to the bat - tle, For the good and  
 In the heavenly way. }  
 Af - ter - ward with Thee. }

true, Je - sus is your Cap - tain, He is lead - ing you.

W. L. ROOPER.

Duncan Hume.

*Unison.*

1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, Strive for the right, for the  
 2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God is your Fa-ther, He  
 3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God grant you courage to

*Harmony.*

Lord is with you; Fight with sin brave - ly, fight and be strong,  
 watch-es o'er you; He knows your tri - als; when your heart quails,  
 car - ry you through; Try to help oth - ers, be ten - der, kind,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Christ is your Captain, fear not but what's wrong. }  
 Call Him to res-cue,—His grace nev-er fails. } Fight then, good soldiers,  
 Let the op - prest a strong friend in you find.

*Harmony.*

fight and be brave, Christ is your Cap - tain, migh - ty to save. A - men.

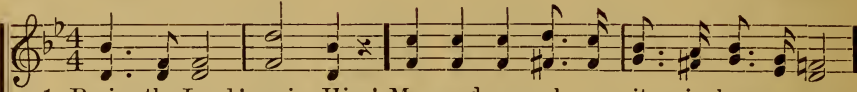
# PRAISE.

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## PRAISE THE LORD! PRAISE HIM!


J. R. MURRAY.

J. R. Murray.



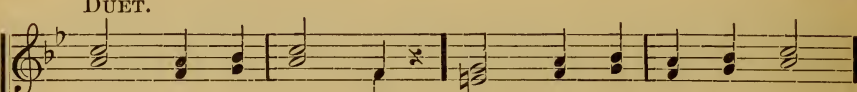
1. Praise the Lord! praise Him! Men and an - gels u - nite in hap - py song;  
 2. Praise the Lord! praise Him! Praise His name, for His promis - es are sure;  
 3. Praise the Lord! praise Him! Earth's Redeemer, the blessed Prince of Peace!  
*D. C.*—Praise the Lord! praise Him! Men and an - gels u - nite in hap - py song!

FINE.




Praise the Lord! praise Him! Sing Je - ho-vah's praises loud and long!  
 Praise the Lord! praise Him! For His mer - cies ev - er shall en - dure.  
 Praise the Lord! praise Him! May Je - ho-vah's praises nev - er cease!  
 Praise the Lord! praise Him! Sing Je - ho-vah's praises loud and long!

DUET.



Praise Him, ye heav - ens! Praise Him, ye stars of light!  
 Praise Him, ye chil - dren! Men, maid - ens, old and young!  
 Sing ye His glo - ry, Send forth His name a - broad;  
*For Organ.*

*D. C. for Chorus.*

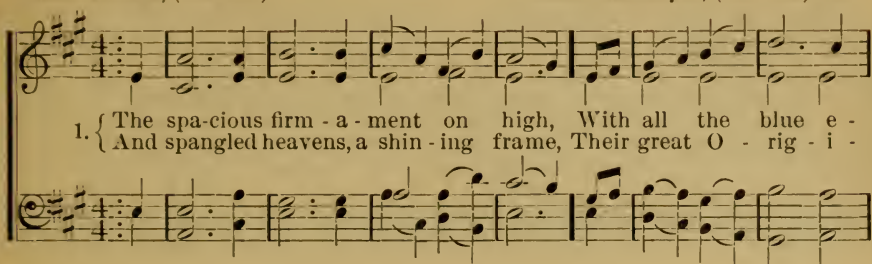


Praise Him, ye moun - tains! Oh, praise Him day and night!  
 Kings bow be - fore Him From ev - ery land and tongue.  
 Tell the glad sto - ry Of this our might - y God.

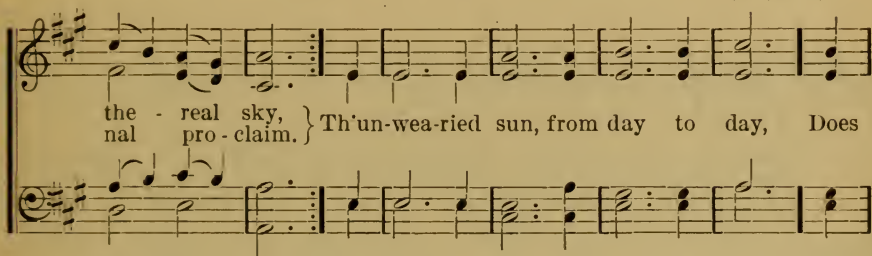
"Creation." L. M. D.

JOSEPH ADDISON, (1672-1719)

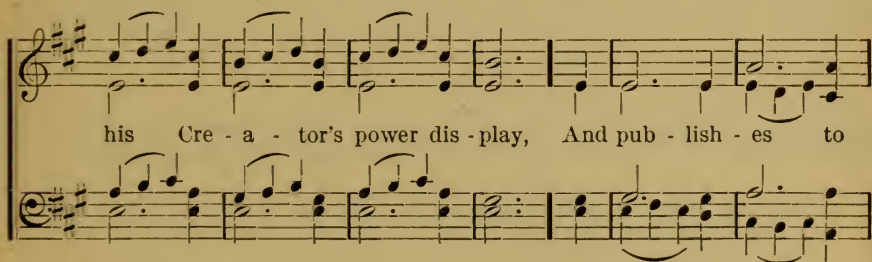
Franz Josef Haydn, (1732-1809) 1798.



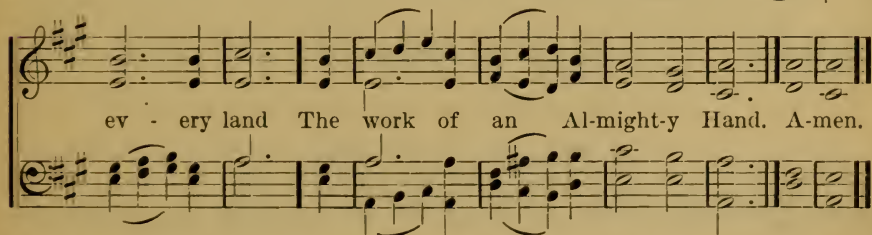
1. { The spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -  
And spangled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i -



the - real sky, } Th'un-wea-ried sun, from day to day, Does  
nal pro - claim. }



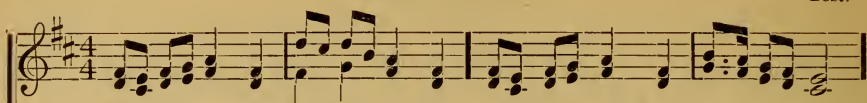
his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to



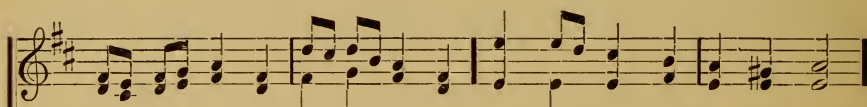
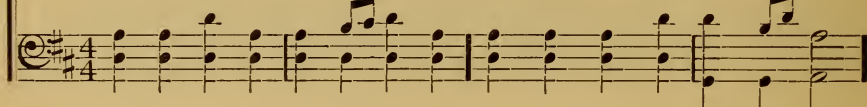
ev - ery land The work of an Al-might-y Hand. A-men.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine:  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

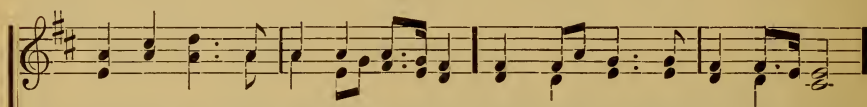
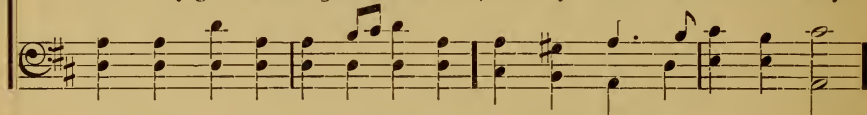




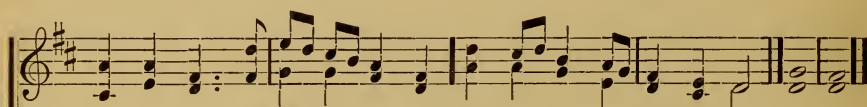
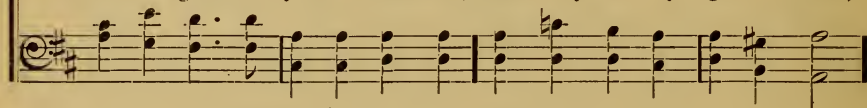
1. All Thy works, O Heavenly Father, What Thou biddest them, ful - fill,
2. Lord, 'tis of Thy lov-ing kindness That Thy gos - pel I have known;
3. Since my time is like an ar - row, Hastening on with-out de - lay;



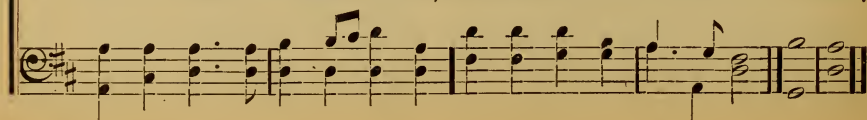
Shall not I, Thy child, much rather Sing Thy praise and do Thy will?  
 Else I might have sat in blindness, Bow-ing down to wood and stone.  
 And Thy gate is straight and narrow, Ver - y nar - row is the way.



Hith-er - to Thy hand hath led me, And hath brought me on my way;  
 To Thy font my parents brought me, Ere Thy ten - der love I knew;  
 Thou who gavest Thy Son to save me, Send Thy Ho - ly Spir - it down;



Thou hast clothed me, Thou hast fed me, Thou hast blest me every day.  
 And Thy min - is-ter has taught me, What to flee and what to do.  
 Make me do as Thou wouldst have me, Make me more and more Thine own! A-men.

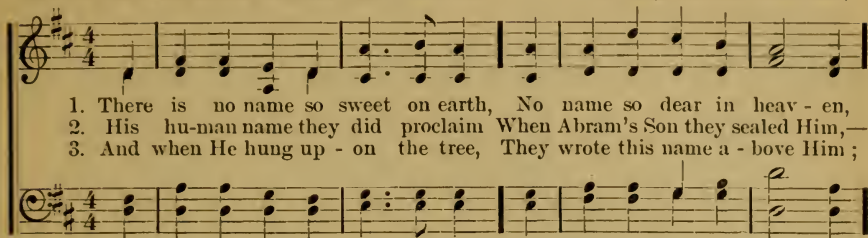


## THERE IS NO NAME SO SWEET ON EARTH.

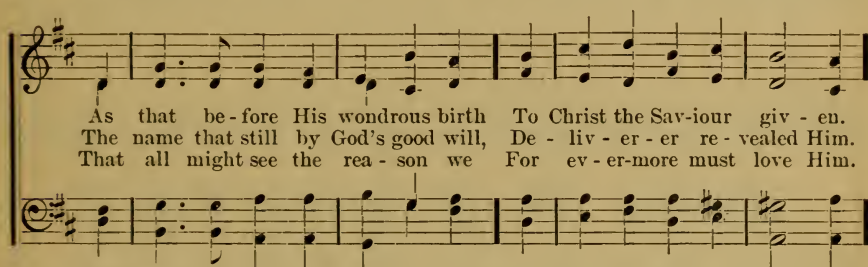
"The Blessed Name." 8. 7. 8. 7. D. ( *With Chorus.* )

REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE, (1805—1862 ) 1858.

Sir Joseph Barnby, (1838—1896 )

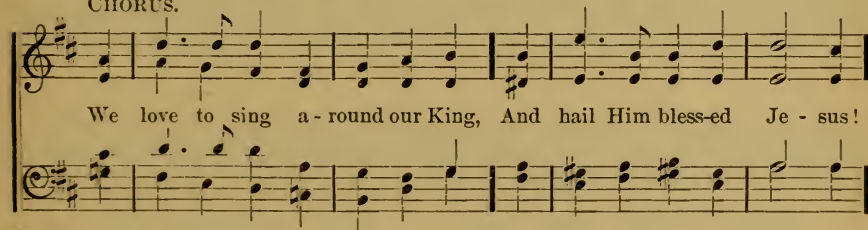


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en,  
 2. His hu-man name they did proclaim When Abram's Son they sealed Him,—  
 3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him ;

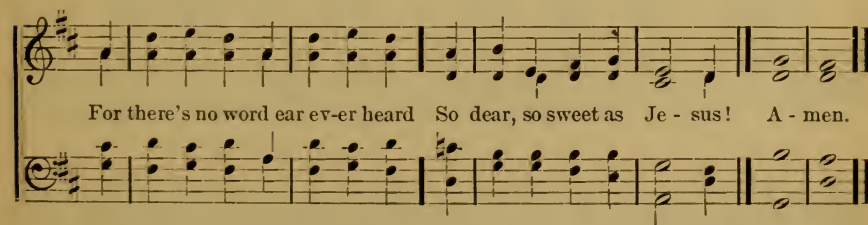


As that be - fore His wondrous birth To Christ the Sav-iour giv - en.  
 The name that still by God's good will, De - liv - er - er re - vealed Him.  
 That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er - more must love Him.

## CHORUS.



We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus !



For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus ! A - men.

4 So now, upon His Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,  
 The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—CHO.

6 O Jesus, by that matchless name,  
 Thy grace shall fail us never ;  
 To-day as yesterday the same,  
 Thou art the same for ever.—CHO

5 To Jesus every knee shall bow,  
 And every tongue confess Him,  
 And we unite with saints in light,  
 Our only Lord to bless Him.—CHO.

CHORUS.—*For last Verse.*  
 Then let us sing around our King,  
 The faithful, precious Jesus,  
 For there's no word ear ever heard  
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus !

## PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

"Integer Vitæ." 11s. &amp; 5s.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES, (1828—1896)

Friedrich Ferdinand Fleming, (1778—1813) 1810.

1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kind - ness,  
 2. Praise ye the Sav - iour! great is His com - pas - sion,  
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares He for His err - ing chil - dren;  
 Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen peo - ple;  
 Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us;

Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the  
 Young men and maid - ens, ye old men and  
 Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly

heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - - vah!  
 chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - - iour!  
 Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God. A - men.

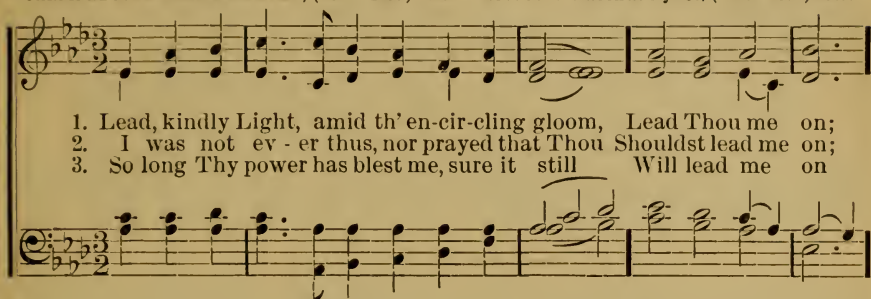
# PETITION.

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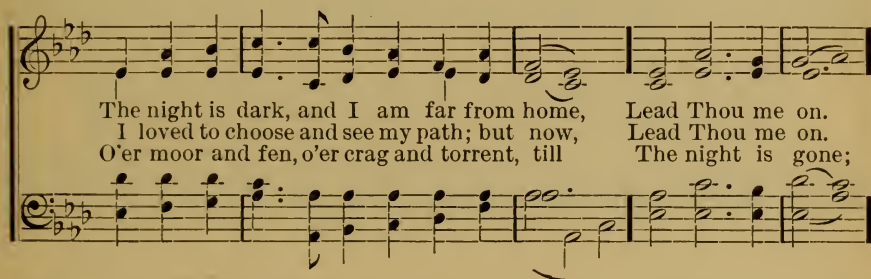
## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

"Lux Benigna." 10s. & 4s. 10s.

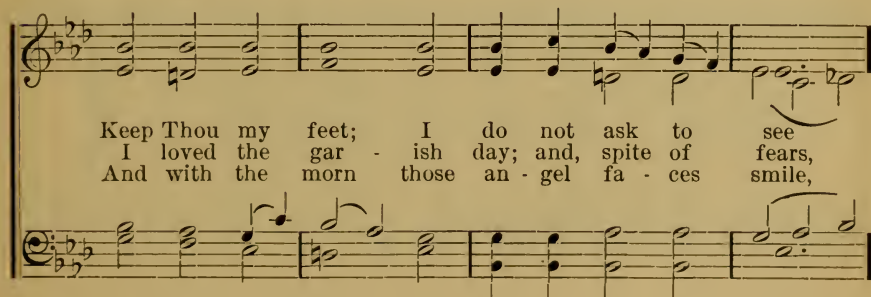
CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, (1801—1890) 1833. Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.



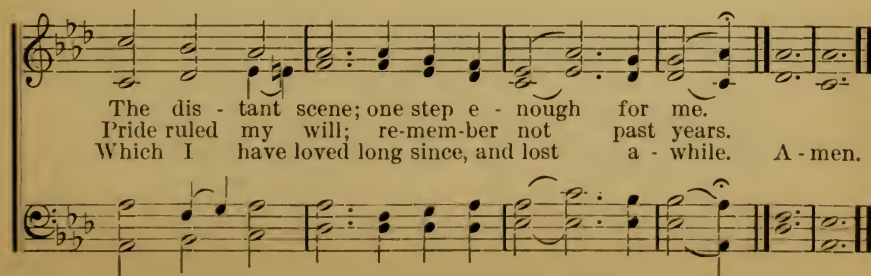
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;  
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;  
 3. So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now, Lead Thou me on.  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone;



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 I loved the gar-ish day; and, spite of fears,  
 And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile,



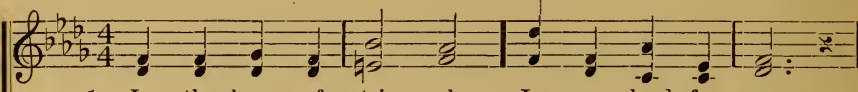
The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.  
 Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while. A-men.



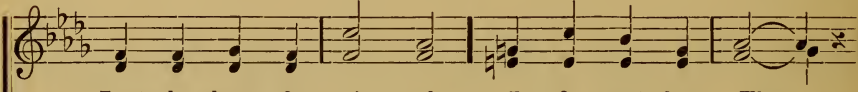
"Penitence." 6. 5. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854) 1834.

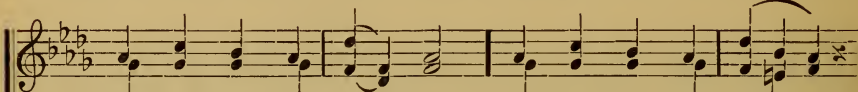
Spencer Lane, ( ) 1879.



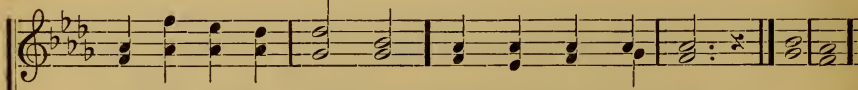
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;  
 2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm;  
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;  
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,



Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee;  
 Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;  
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;  
 When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;

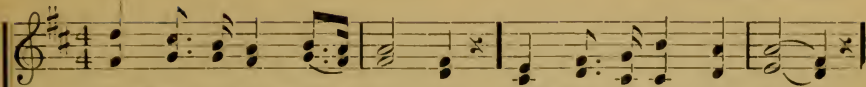


When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call,  
 Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,  
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;  
 On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Through that mor - tal strife,

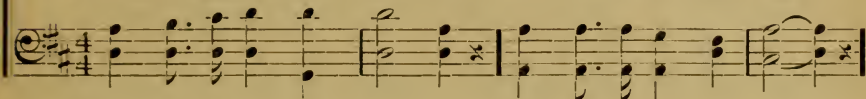
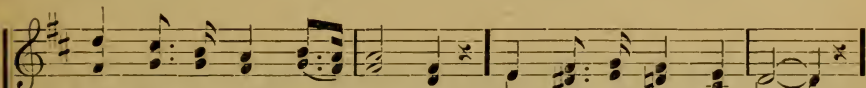


Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.  
 Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.  
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.  
 Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. Amen.

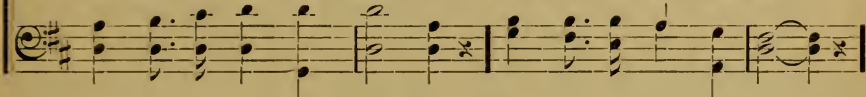
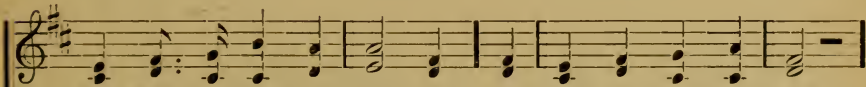
Thomas Gardiner.



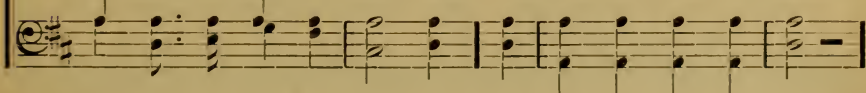
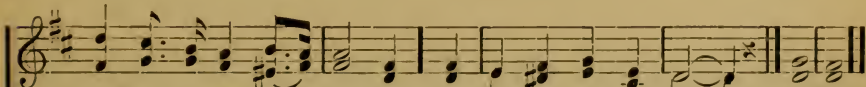
1. Go when the morning shin - eth, Go when the noon is bright;  
 2. Re - member all who love thee; All who are loved by thee;  
 3. But if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray,  
 4. When'e'er thou pinest in sick - ness, Be - fore His foot-stool fall;

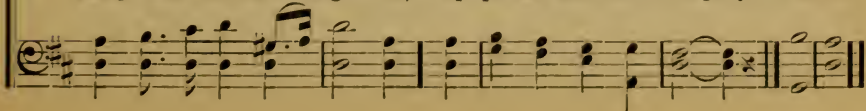
Go when the day de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;  
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be.  
 Should ho - ly thoughts come o'er thee, When friends are round thy way—  
 Re - mem - ber in thy glad - ness, His love Who gave thee all.

Go with pure heart and feel - ing, Cast earth - ly thoughts a - way,  
 Then for thy - self, in meek - ness, A bless - ing hum - bly claim;  
 E'en then, in si - lence breathing, The spir - it, raised a - bove,  
 Oh! not a joy or bless - ing With this we can com - pare,

And in thy chamber kneeling, Do thou in se - cret pray.  
 And link with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Redeemer's Name.  
 Will reach the throne of glo - ry, Of mer - cy, truth, and love.  
 The power which He has giv - en, T'ap - proach His throne of prayer. Amen.



MARTHA J. LANKTON.

Georgia Guiney Berkly.

1. Dwell in me, O bless-ed Spir - it, How I need Thy help di - vine!  
 2. Let me feel Thy sa - cred pres - ence, Then my faith will ne'er de - cline;  
 3. Round the cross where Thou hast led me, Let my pur - est feel - ings twine;  
 4. Dwell in me, O bless - ed Spir - it, Gracious Teacher, Friend di - vine;

In the way of life e - ter - nal, Keep, oh, keep this heart of mine.  
 Comfort Thou and help me on - ward, Fill with love this heart of mine.  
 With the blood from sin that cleansed me, Seal a - new this heart of mine.  
 For the home of bliss that waits me, Oh, pre - pare this heart of mine.

## CHORUS.

Dwell in me, oh, dwell in me; Hear and grant my prayer to Thee;

Spir - it, now from heaven descending, Come, oh, come and dwell in me.

## I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

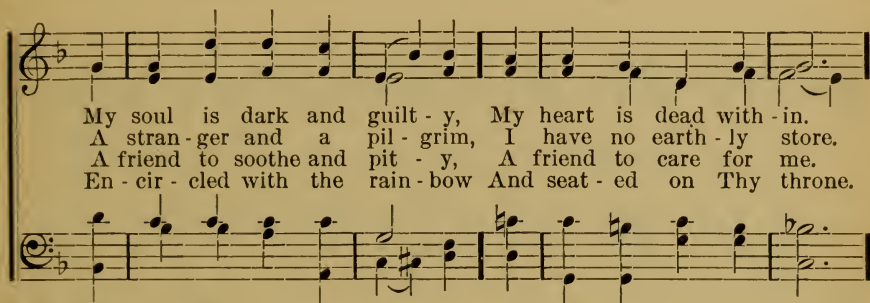
"Savoy Chapel." 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

REV. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, (1829— ) 1855.

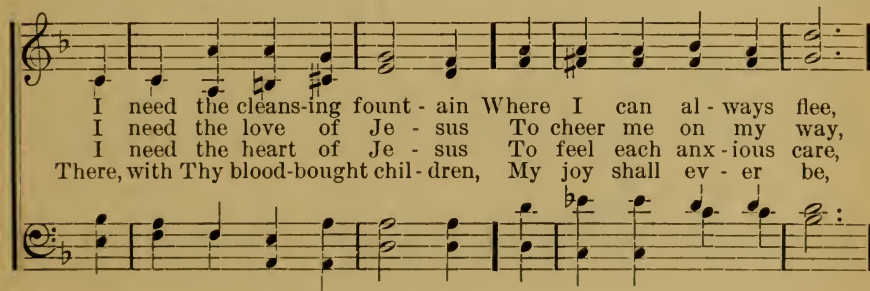
John Baptiste Calkin, (1827— ) 1870.



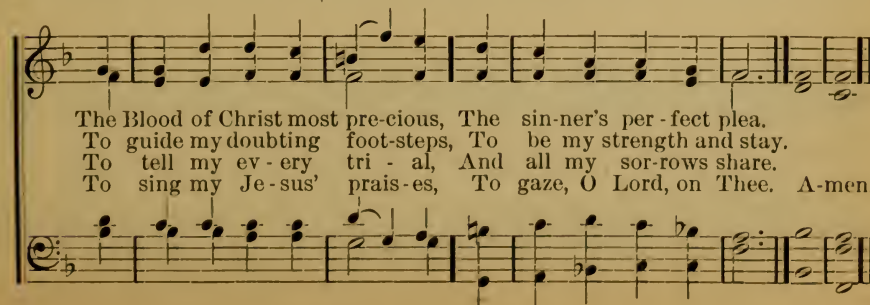
1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;  
 2. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;  
 3. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee,  
 4. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,



My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in.  
 A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.  
 A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me.  
 En - cir - cled with the rain - bow And seat - ed on Thy throne.



I need the cleans - ing fount - ain Where I can al - ways flee,  
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,  
 I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,  
 There, with Thy blood - bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be,



The Blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.  
 To guide my doubting foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.  
 To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.  
 To sing my Je - sus' prais - es, To gaze, O Lord, on Thee. A - men.

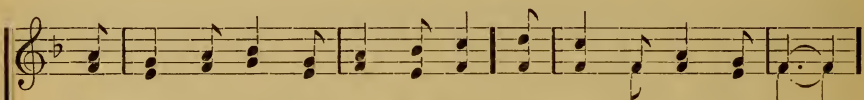
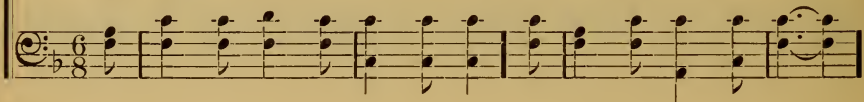


F. M. D.

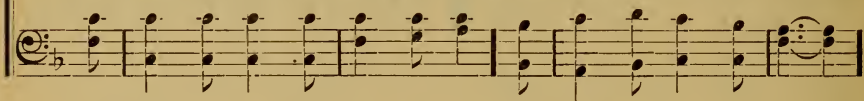
Frank M. Davis, (1839—1897)



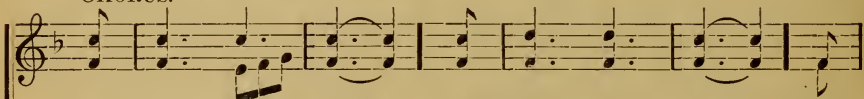
1. When wear-y with the ills of life, Its bur-dens and its cares,
2. When tempt-ed by the power of sin, That would the soul en - snare,
3. There's grace to help in time of need, A full sup-ply is there,
4. When doubts a - rise and faith is weak, And cross-es hard to bear,



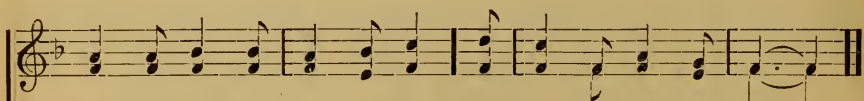
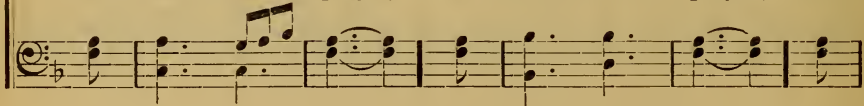
There is a balm, a sa - cred joy, 'Tis found a - lone in prayer.  
 There is a sure, a safe re-treat, 'Tis found a - lone in prayer.  
 Go find it at the Mas - ter's feet, In hum - ble, heart-felt prayer.  
 Then seek the Fa - ther at His throne, And find re - lief in prayer.



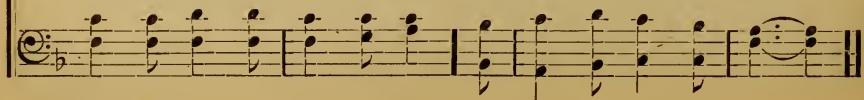
## CHORUS.



A - lone in prayer, A - lone in prayer; There



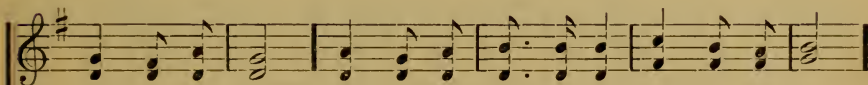
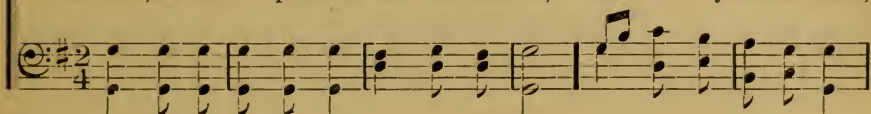
is a balm, a sa - cred joy, 'Tis found a - lone in prayer.



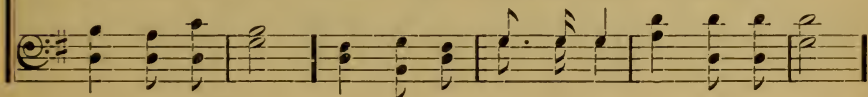
MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823— ) William James Kirkpatrick, (1838— ) 1885.



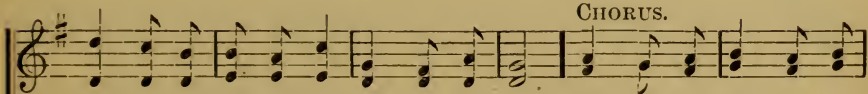
1. Out on the midnight deep Hear Thou my cry, Come to my res-cue, Lord,  
 2. Hope of the des - o - late, Light of the soul, Now of my lone - ly bark  
 3. Lord, at the o - pen door Let me come in, Heal Thou my broken heart,



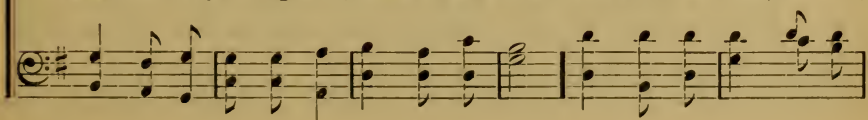
Save, or I die. Let not the storm - y waves Break o - ver me,  
 Take Thou con-trol. Yon - der the Ark of Grace Dim - ly I see,  
 Wea - ry of sin. Close to Thy bleed-ing side Still would I be,



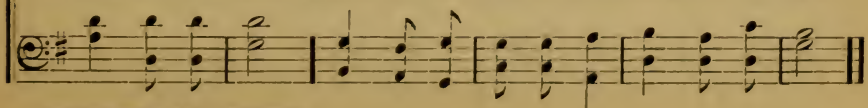
# CHORUS.



Reach out Thy loving arm, Draw me to Thee. Draw me to Thee, Saviour,

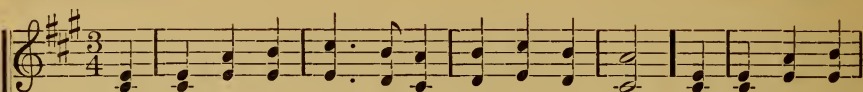


Draw me to Thee, Reach out Thy lov-ing arm, Draw me to Thee.

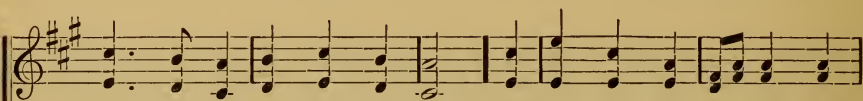


JAMES NICHOLSON.

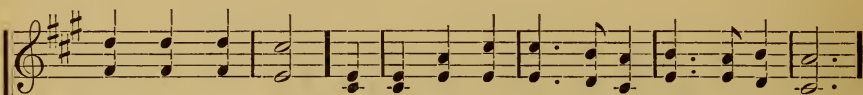
Wm. G. Fischer.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, blessed  
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

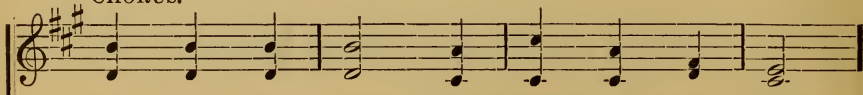


ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast  
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -  
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I  
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou



out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 nev - er saidst No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

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JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

"Pilot." 7s. 6 lines.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, (1818—1888) 1871.

John Edgar Gould, (1822—1875) 1871.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hi-ding rock and treacherous shoal;  
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayest to them "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Won-drous Sov-ereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



"Melita." L. M. 6 lines.

WILLIAM WHITING, (1825—1878) 1860.

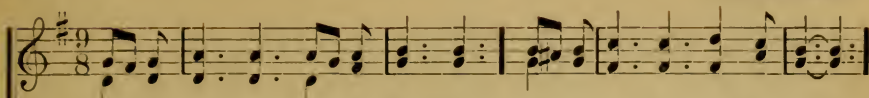
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the  
 2. O Christ! Whose voice the wa - ters heard! And hushed their ra - ging  
 3. Most Ho - ly Spir - it! Who didst brood Up - on the cha - os  
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power! Our breth - ren shield in


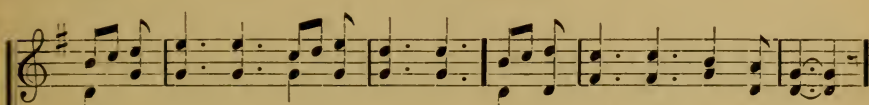
rest - less wave, Who bid'st the might - y o - cean deep Its  
 at Thy word, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And  
 dark and rude, And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And  
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -

own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O hear us when we  
 calm a - midst its rage did sleep; O hear us when we  
 give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace; O hear us when we  
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; Thus ev - er - more shall

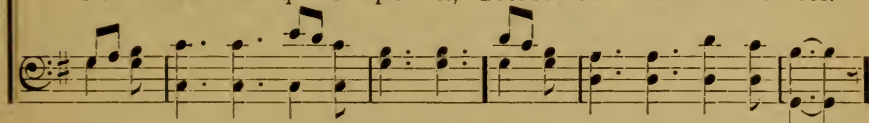
cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea.  
 cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea.  
 cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea.  
 rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea! A - men.



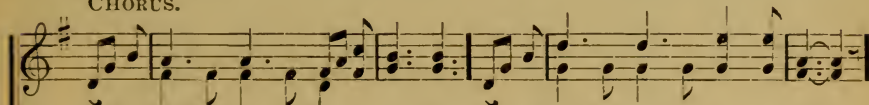
1. Lord, my heart is rest-ed, strengthened, By this qui-et hour with Thee;—  
 2. Here Thy peacelike mu-sic steal-ing, Stills all dis-cord, tumult, strife,—  
 3. For more per-fect self-sur-ren-der, For a clos-er walk with Thee!

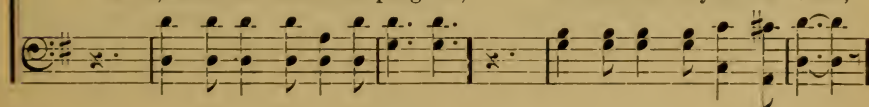
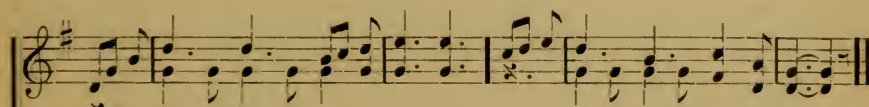
In the sun-shine of Thy pres-ence, Earthly gloom and shad-ows flee.  
 Fills the heart with ten-der yearnings For a no-bler, sweet-er life.  
 For a meek and qui-et spir-it, From all car-nal sins set free.



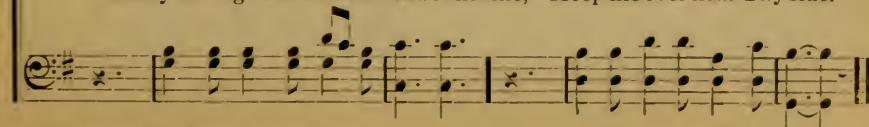
## CHORUS.



Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a-bide;  
 Lord, while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a-bide;

Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ev-er near Thy side.  
 Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ever near Thy side.



WILL L. THOMPSON.

Will L. Thompson.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;  
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall - en to rise.  
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;

His love;  
 to rise;  
 and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.  
 Giv - ing a hand, Bid-ding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.  
 Lead-ing the way, Brightening the day, Help - ing the lame and blind.

Je - sus came loving and cheer-ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food,  
 Cheer-ing the bro - ken heart - ed, Wi - ping a - way their tears,  
 Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er - come,

the hun - gry  
 a - way their  
 them sin o'er -

Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.  
 Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish-ing doubts and fears.  
 Res - cu - ing per - ish - ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way - ward home.

food,  
 tears,  
 come,  
 Help-ing the need - y,  
 Com-fort-ing sor - row,  
 Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove ;

Nev - er cease trying, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work - ing for God and love.

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HEAVENLY FATHER, I WOULD PRAY.

"Heavenly Father." 7s. & 5s.

J. H. Kurzenkuabe.

1. Heavenly Fa - ther, I would pray, Come Thou near to me,  
 2. Bless - ed Je - sus, I would ask For a gen - tle will ;  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, lov - ing Guide ! Lead me day by day ;

Teach me what to do and say, How to hon - or Thee.  
 Help Thou me my ev - ery task Faith - ful to ful - fill.  
 Guard my steps on ev - ery side, Lest I go a - stray.

Per. J. H. Kurzenkuabe.



LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

Adam Geibel, (1855— ) 1899.

1. Take my mo-ments, blessed Je - sus, Keep them for me ev - ery day,  
 2. Keep them for Thy use, dear Sav-iour, As they pass so swift - ly by;  
 3. Just the mo-ments, but they may be Touched with God's e - lec - tric love,

Till they glow with life and beau - ty; Fill them with Thy praise al - way.  
 Let them shine through years of ser - vice, With a glo - ry from on high.  
 Till they bear some flam - ing mes - sage From the mer - cy - seat a - bove.

## CHORUS.

Take my mo - - - ments keep them ev - er,  
 Take my mo - ments

Con - se - cra - - - ted, Lord, to Thee, Use them,  
 Con - se - cra - ted

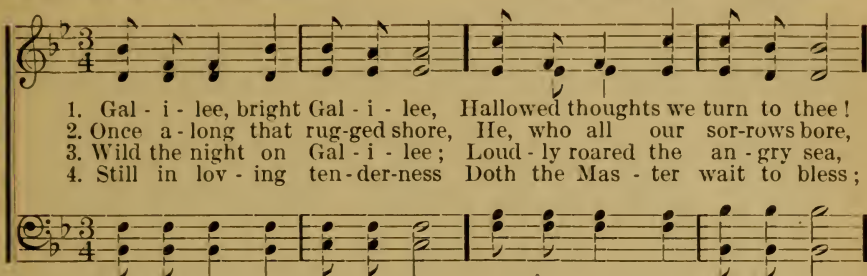
make each one a bless - ing Garnered for e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Use them, make each

## GALILEE, BRIGHT GALILEE.

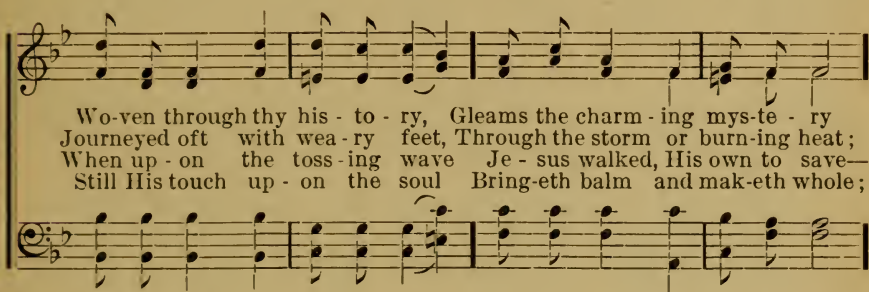
"Galilee."

WILLIAM FISK SHERWIN, (1826-1888)

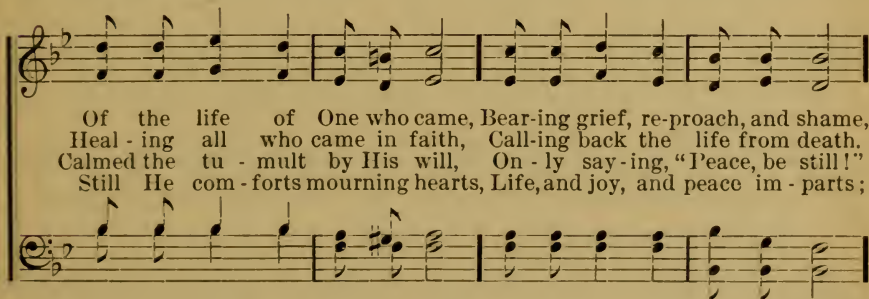
William Fisk Sherwin, (1826-1888)



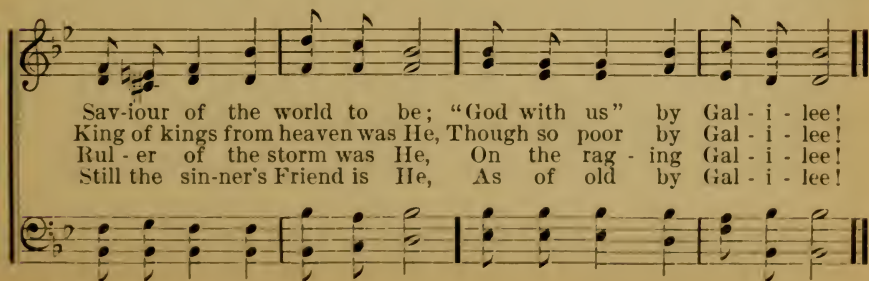
1. Gal - i - lee, bright Gal - i - lee, Hallowed thoughts we turn to thee !  
 2. Once a - long that rug - ged shore, He, who all our sor - rows bore,  
 3. Wild the night on Gal - i - lee ; Loud - ly roared the an - gry sea,  
 4. Still in lov - ing ten - der - ness Doth the Mas - ter wait to bless ;



Wo - ven through thy his - to - ry, Gleams the charm - ing mys - te - ry  
 Journeyed oft with wea - ry feet, Through the storm or burn - ing heat ;  
 When up - on the toss - ing wave Je - sus walked, His own to save—  
 Still His touch up - on the soul Bring - eth balm and mak - eth whole ;



Of the life of One who came, Bear - ing grief, re - proach, and shame,  
 Heal - ing all who came in faith, Call - ing back the life from death.  
 Calmed the tu - mult by His will, On - ly say - ing, "Peace, be still!"  
 Still He com - forts mourning hearts, Life, and joy, and peace im - parts ;

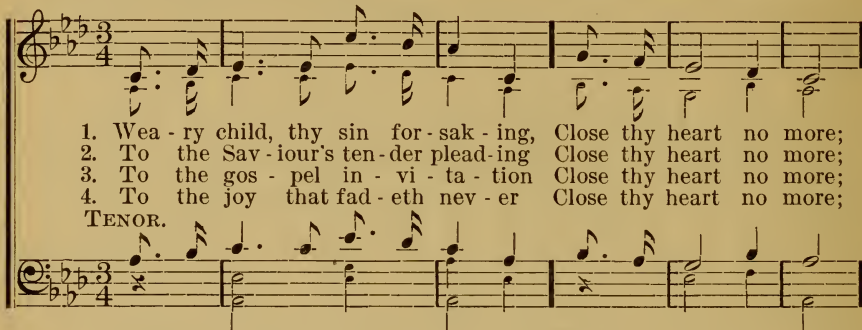


Sav - iour of the world to be ; "God with us" by Gal - i - lee !  
 King of kings from heaven was He, Though so poor by Gal - i - lee !  
 Rul - er of the storm was He, On the rag - ing Gal - i - lee !  
 Still the sin - ner's Friend is He, As of old by Gal - i - lee !

MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823— )

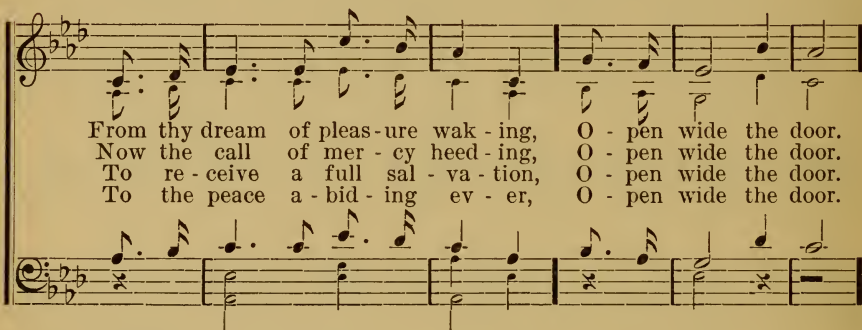
John R. Sweney, (1835—1899) 1892.

DUET. ALTO AND TENOR.



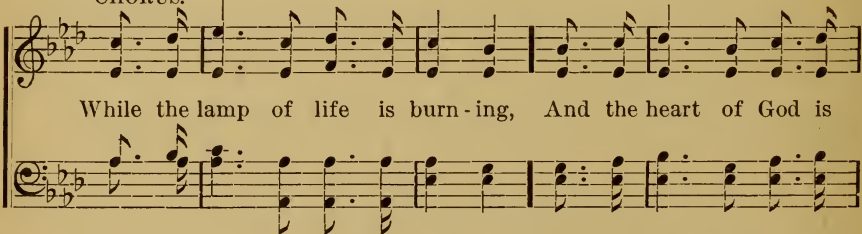
1. Wea - ry child, thy sin for - sak - ing, Close thy heart no more;  
 2. To the Sav - iour's ten - der plead - ing, Close thy heart no more;  
 3. To the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion Close thy heart no more;  
 4. To the joy that fad - eth nev - er Close thy heart no more;

TENOR.

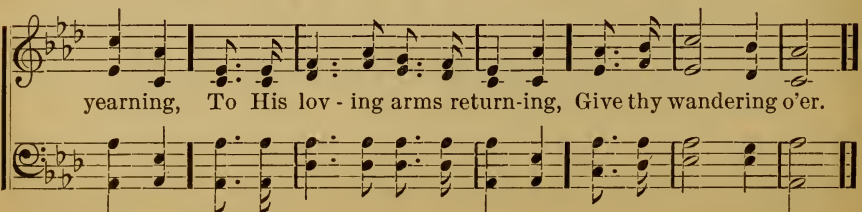


From thy dream of pleas - ure wak - ing, O - pen wide the door.  
 Now the call of mer - cy heed - ing, O - pen wide the door.  
 To re - ceive a full sal - va - tion, O - pen wide the door.  
 To the peace a - bid - ing ev - er, O - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.



While the lamp of life is burn - ing, And the heart of God is



yearning, To His lov - ing arms return - ing, Give thy wandering o'er.

# INVITATION

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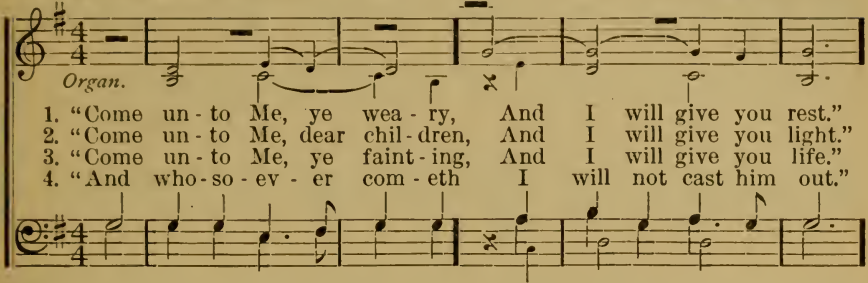
COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY.

"Vox Jesu." 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

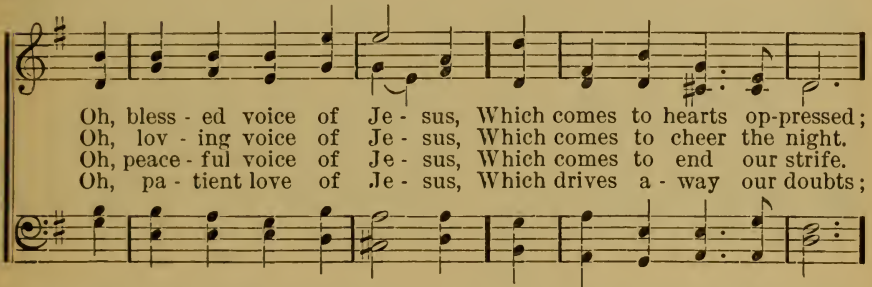
WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, (1837— ) 1867.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1875.

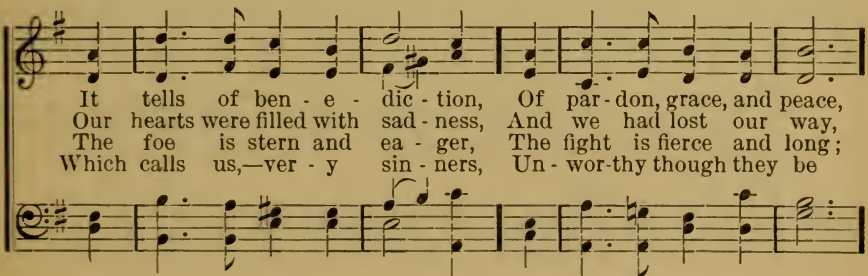
*Organ.*



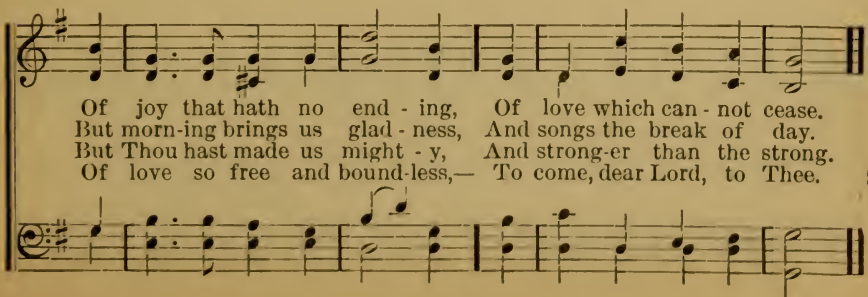
1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un - to Me, dear chil - dren, And I will give you light."
3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out."



Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - pressed;  
 Oh, lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night.  
 Oh, peace - ful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife.  
 Oh, pa - tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubts;



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,  
 Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,  
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;  
 Which calls us,—ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy though they be



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.  
 But morn - ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.  
 But Thou hast made us might - y, And strong - er than the strong.  
 Of love so free and bound - less,— To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

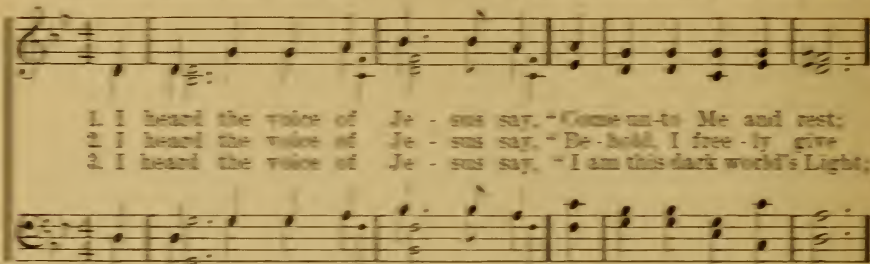


## I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

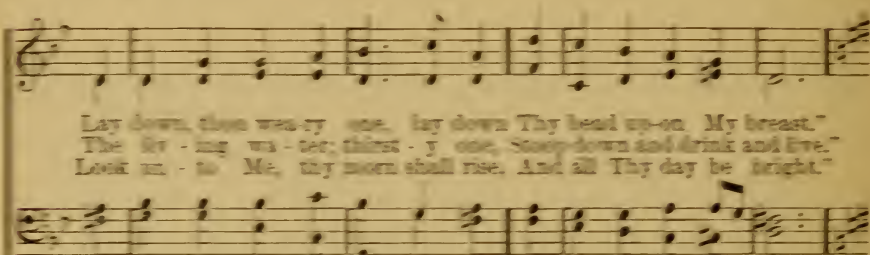
"Vox Delicti." C. M. D.

REV. CHARLES BONAL, 1846-1898 1846

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1821-1878 1864

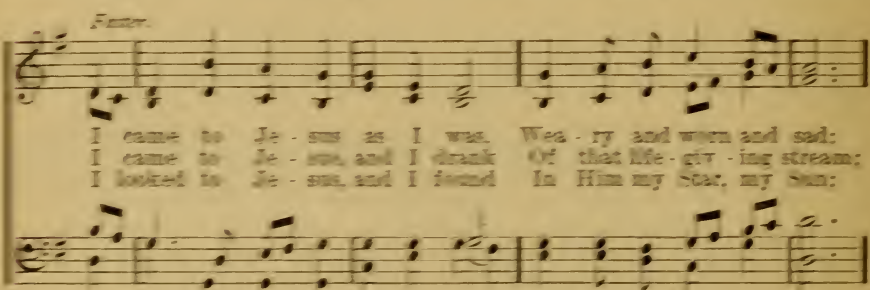


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

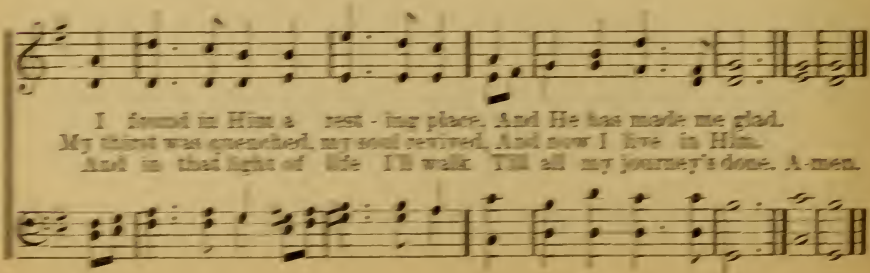


Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."  
 The liv-ing wa-ter; thirst-y one, Scoop-down and drink and live."  
 Look un-to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all Thy day be bright."

*Faster.*



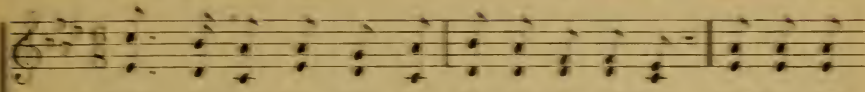
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Son;



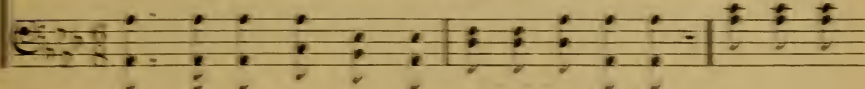
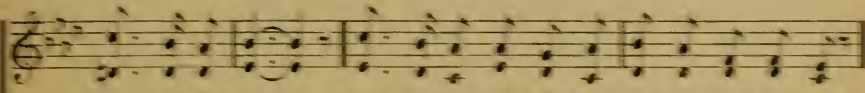
I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done. A-men.

WILL L. THOMPSON, 1891— 1900

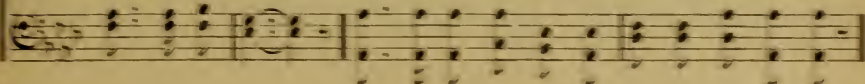
WILL L. THOMPSON, 1891— 1900



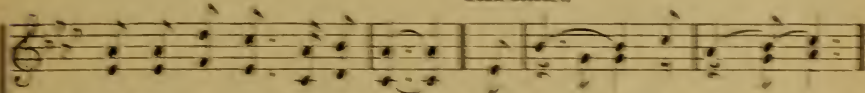
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing. Call - ing for  
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing. Plead - ing for  
 3. O for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised. Prom - ised for

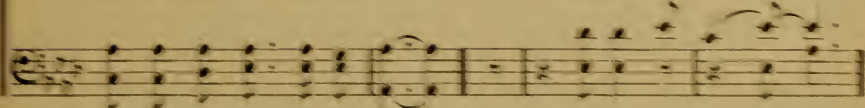

you and for me; See! at the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing.  
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mer - cies.  
 you and for me; Though we have sinned He has mer - cy and par - don.



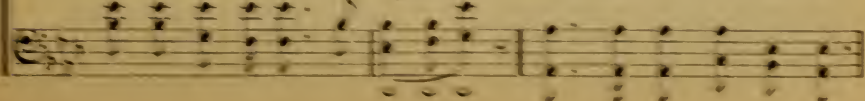
## REFRAIN.



Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home... Come home, ....  
 Mer - cies for you and for me. Come home, Come home,  
 Par - don for you and for me.

Ye who are wea - ry come home; Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly



Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, "O sin-ner come home!" A-men.

By per. Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

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# GOD CALLING YET! SHALL I NOT HEAR?

"Clolata."

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, (1697—1769) 1735.

TR. BY MRS. SARAH FINDLATER, née BORTHWICK, (1823— ) 1855.

W. St. Clair Palmer, 1893.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasure shall I  
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing  
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the

still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly,  
 voice de - spise, And base - ly His kind care re - pay?  
 clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing to re - ceive,

And still my soul in slum - bers lie?  
 He calls me still; can I de - lay?  
 And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve? A - men.

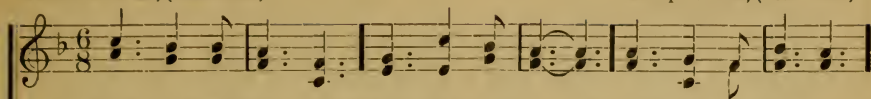
4 God calling yet! and shall I give  
 No heed, but still in bondage live?  
 I wait, but He does not forsake;  
 He calls me still; my heart awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
 My heart I yield without delay;  
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
 The voice of God hath reached my heart.

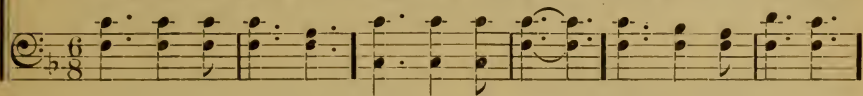


PHILIP P. BLISS, (1838—1876)

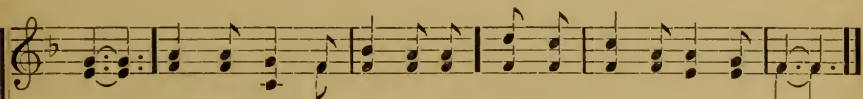
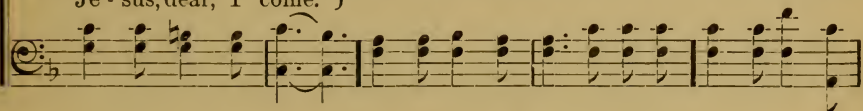
Philip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)



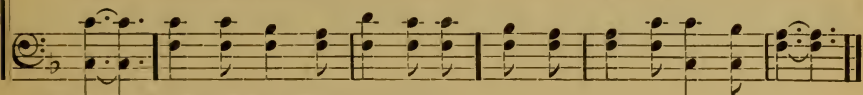
1. This lov-ing Sav-iour Stands pa-tient-ly; Though oft re-ject-ed,  
 2. Oh, boundless mer-cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er-ror,  
 3. Though all un-wor-thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while He's waiting,



Calls a-gain for thee.  
 Heed the ten-der call. } Call-ing now for thee, pro-di-gal, Call-ing now for  
 "Je-sus, dear, I come."



thee; Thou hast wandered far a-way, But He's call-ing now for thee.



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"Stephanos." 8. 5. 8. 3.

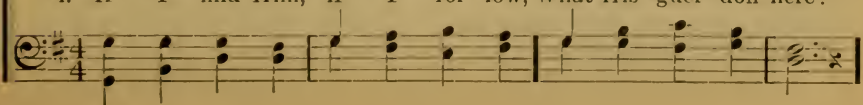
ST. STEPHEN, THE SABAITE, (725—794)

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, (1821—1877) 1860.

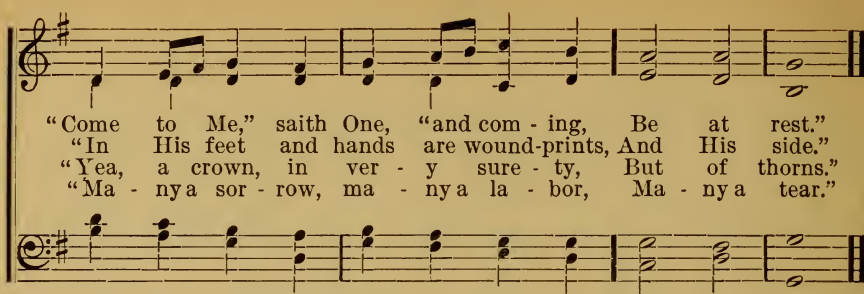
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1862. Ar. by William Henry Monk, (1823—1889) 1861.



1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tressed?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?—  
 3. Is there di-a-dem as mon-arch, That His brow a-dorns?  
 4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guer-don here?







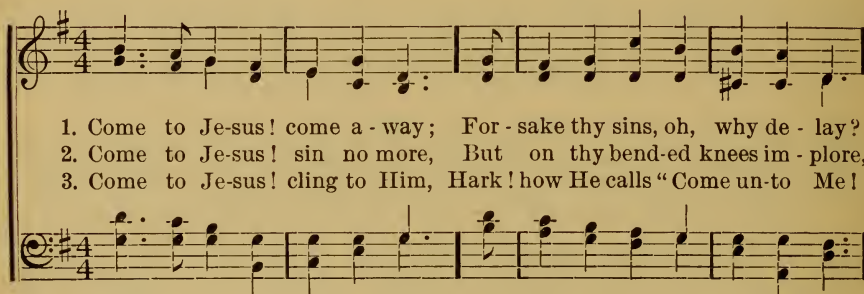
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."  
 "Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."  
 "Ma - nya sor - row, ma - nya la - bor, Ma - nya a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan passed."

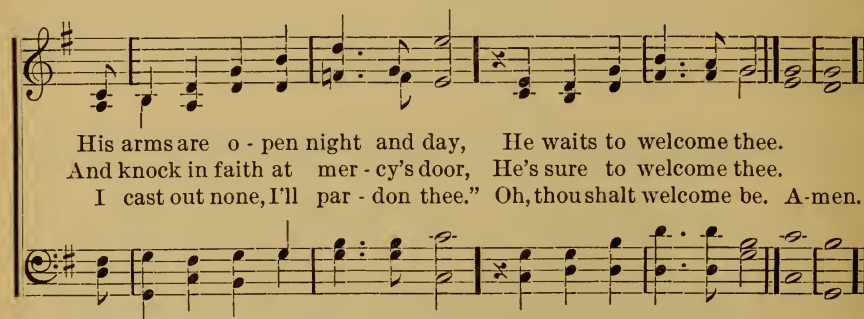
6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?—  
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

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COME TO JESUS.



1. Come to Je-sus! come a - way; For - sake thy sins, oh, why de - lay?  
 2. Come to Je-sus! sin no more, But on thy bend-ed knees im - plore,  
 3. Come to Je-sus! cling to Him, Hark! how He calls "Come un-to Me!



His arms are o - pen night and day, He waits to welcome thee.  
 And knock in faith at mer - cy's door, He's sure to welcome thee.  
 I cast out none, I'll par - don thee." Oh, thou shalt welcome be. A-men.

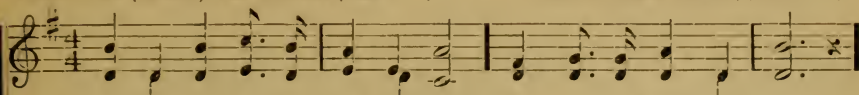
4 Come to Jesus! cling to Him,  
 He'll keep thee far from paths of sin,  
 Thou shalt at last the victory win;  
 And He will welcome Thee.

5 Come to Jesus! Lord, I come:  
 Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,  
 But with my Saviour be at home;  
 I know He'll welcome me.

## "Tirysus."

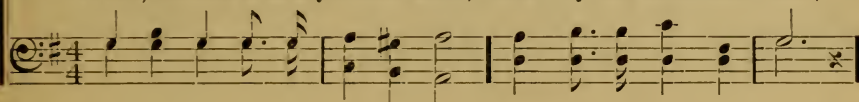
FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE (1823— )

Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831— )

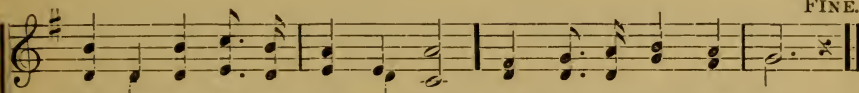


1. Come, oh, come with thy brok-en heart, Wea - ry and worn with care;
2. Firm - ly cling to the bless-ed cross, There shall thy ref - uge be;
3. Come and taste of the pre-cious feast, Feast of e - ter - nal love;

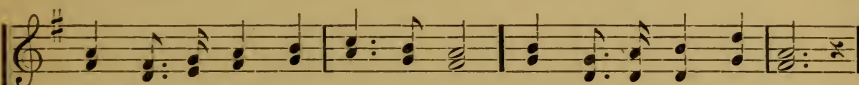
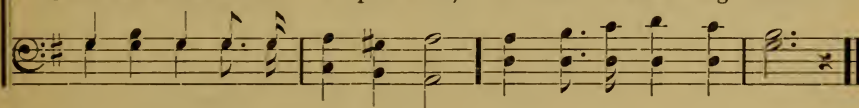
*D. C.*—Come, oh come with thy broken heart, Wea - ry and worn with care;



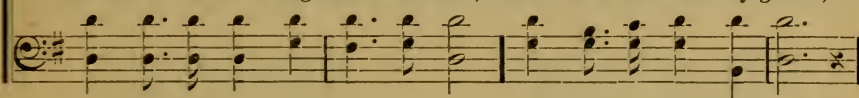
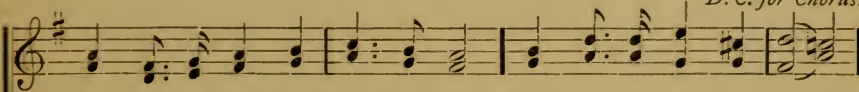
FINE.



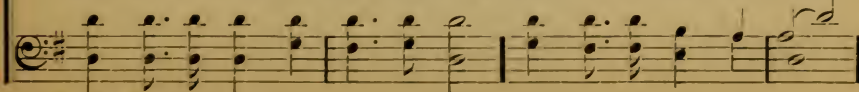
Come and kneel at the o - pen door, Je - sus is wait - ing there;  
 Wash thee now in the crim-son fount, Flow-ing so pure for thee;  
 Think of joys that for - ev - er bloom, Bright in the life a - bove;  
 Come and kneel at the o - pen door, Je - sus is wait - ing there.



Wait - ing to heal thy wound-ed soul, Wait - ing to give thee rest;  
 List to the gen - tle warn - ing voice, List to the ear - nest call,  
 Come with a trust - ing heart to God, Come and be saved by grace;

*D. C. for Chorus.*

Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? Come to His lov - ing breast.  
 Leave at the cross thy bur - den now, Je - sus will bear it all.  
 Come, for He loves to clasp thee now, Close in His dear em - brace.

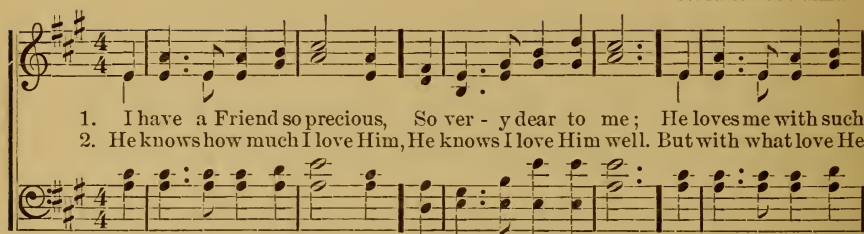


# ASSURANCE AND TRUST.

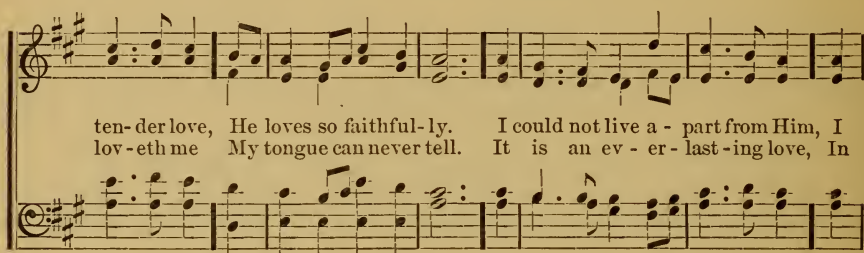
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MY LORD AND I.

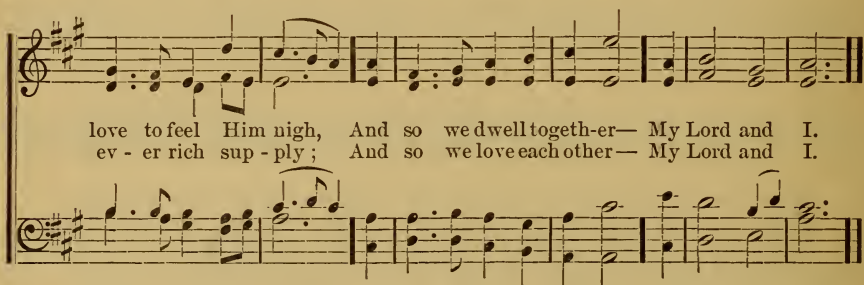
Rev. Antonius Darms.



1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me; He loves me with such  
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well. But with what love He



ten - der love, He loves so faithful - ly. I could not live a - part from Him, I  
lov - eth me My tongue can never tell. It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In



love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell togeth - er— My Lord and I.  
ev - er rich sup - ply; And so we love each other— My Lord and I.

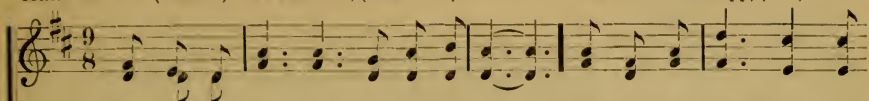
3 Sometimes I'm faint and weary,  
He knows that I am weak,  
And so He bids me lean on Him,  
His help I gladly seek.  
He leads me in the paths of light,  
Beneath a sunny sky,  
And so we walk together—  
My Lord and I.

4 I tell Him all my sorrows,  
I tell Him all my joys;  
I tell Him all that pleases me,  
I tell Him what annoys.  
He tells me what I ought to do,  
He tells me what to try,  
And so we talk together—  
My Lord and I.

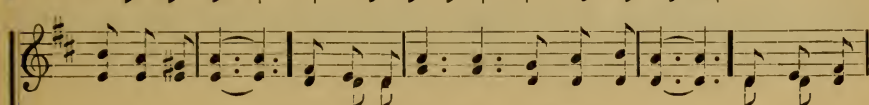
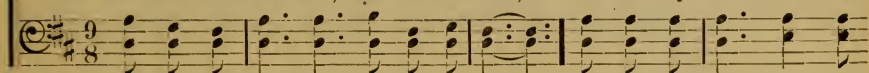
5 He knows how I am longing  
Some weary soul to win,  
And so He bids me go and speak  
A loving word for Him;  
He bids me tell His wondrous love,  
And why He came to die;  
And so we work together—  
My Lord and I.

MRS. FANNY J. (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823— )

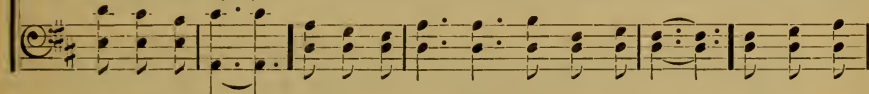
Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, ( ) 1873.



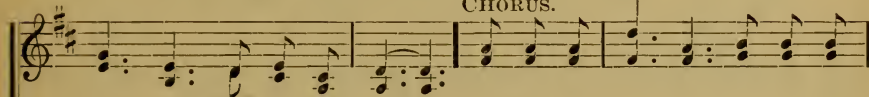
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



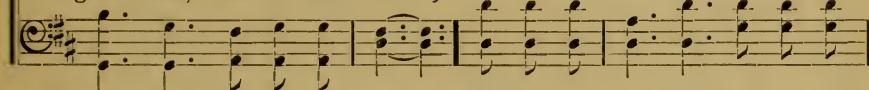
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight; An-gels descend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of  
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His



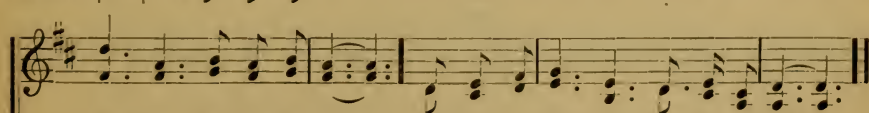
## CHORUS.



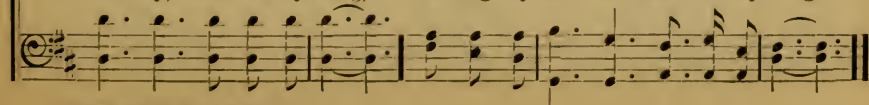
Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
 mer-cy, whispers of love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my  
 good-ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



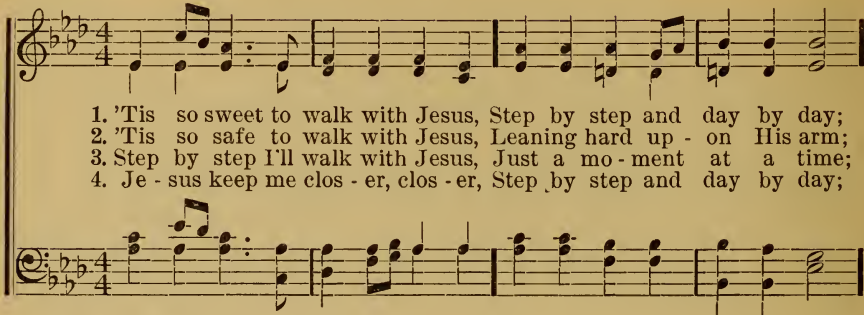
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



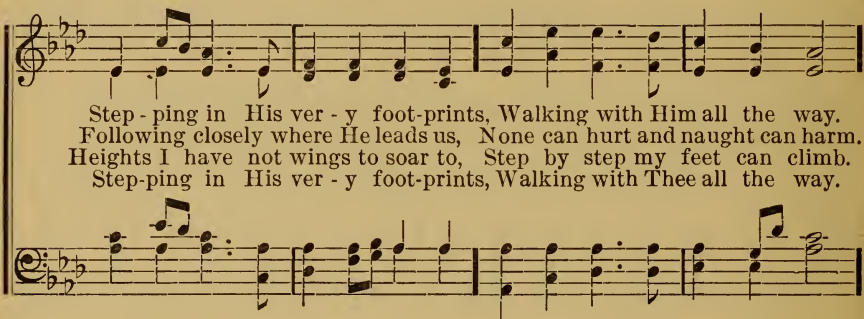


REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

Rev. Antonius Darms.

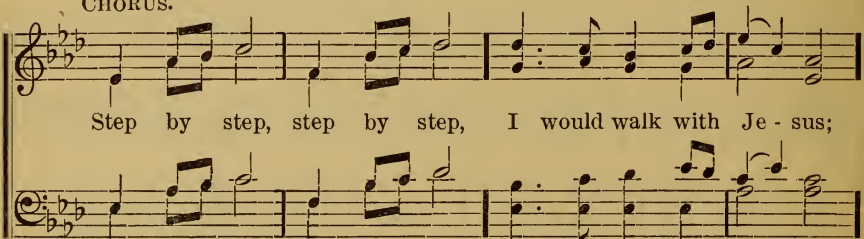


1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Jesus, Step by step and day by day;  
 2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Jesus, Leaning hard up - on His arm;  
 3. Step by step I'll walk with Jesus, Just a mo - ment at a time;  
 4. Je - sus keep me clos - er, clos - er, Step by step and day by day;

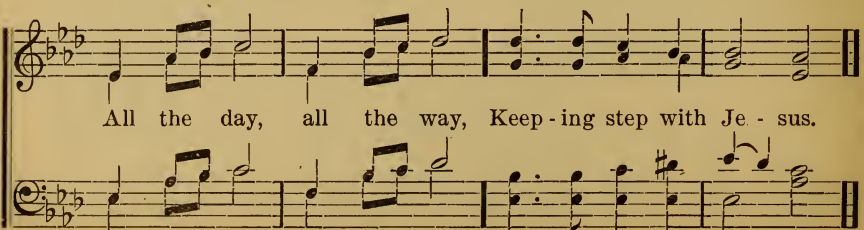


Step - ping in His ver - y foot-prints, Walking with Him all the way.  
 Following closely where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.  
 Heights I have not wings to soar to, Step by step my feet can climb.  
 Step - ping in His ver - y foot-prints, Walking with Thee all the way.

## CHORUS.



Step by step, step by step, I would walk with Je - sus;



All the day, all the way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus.

## "Vox Salvatoris."

REV. ROBERT F. SEMPLE.

Beardsley Van De Water.

1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin-sick soul re-joice;  
 2. When weary with my load of guilt, I'll not for-get that "Christ is all;"  
 3. My soul is troub-led like the sea, The surg-ing bil-lows roll a-round;

The same was heard in Sa-lem's street, And in the mountain's cool retreat,  
 For me His precious blood was spilt; He sweetly says, "Come, if thou wilt;"  
 But He who calmed far Ga - li - lee Doth kind-ly say, "Peace be to thee;"

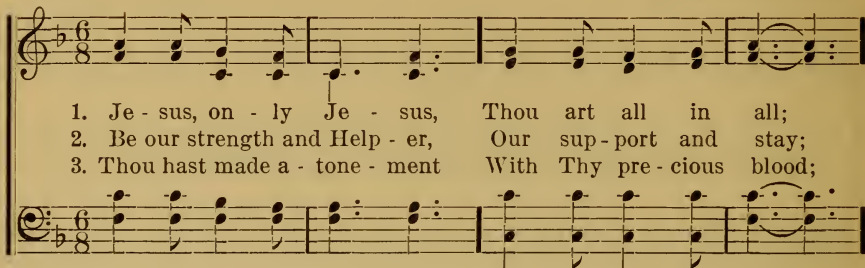
CHORUS.

My Sav-iour's voice. }  
 How glad the call! } Sweeter than chim-ing bells, Softer than evening  
 How blest the sound! }

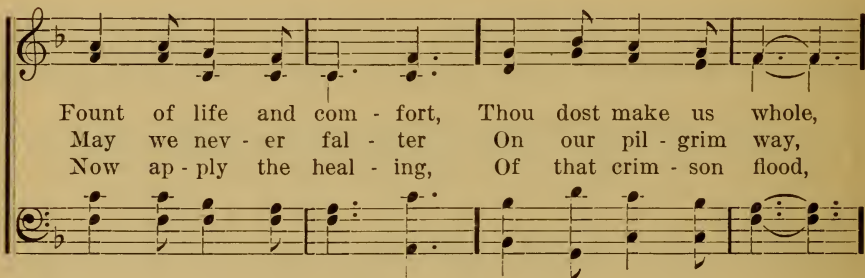
rills, The voice that tells of par - don— par-don, peace and heaven.

W. H. S.

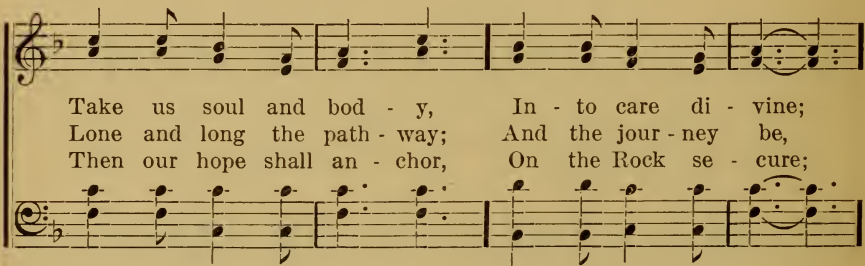
Rev. William H. Shults.



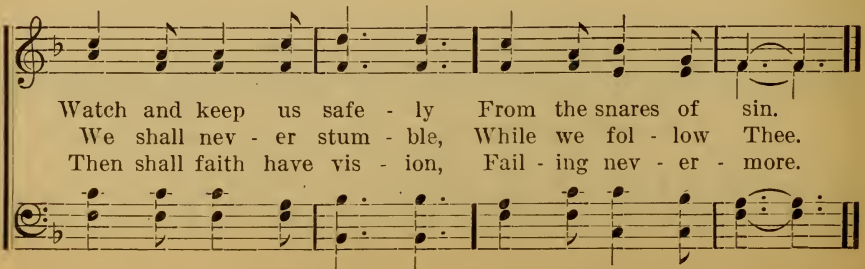
1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Thou art all in all;  
 2. Be our strength and Help - er, Our sup - port and stay;  
 3. Thou hast made a - tone - ment With Thy pre - cious blood;



Fount of life and com - fort, Thou dost make us whole,  
 May we nev - er fal - ter On our pil - grim way,  
 Now ap - ply the heal - ing, Of that crim - son flood,



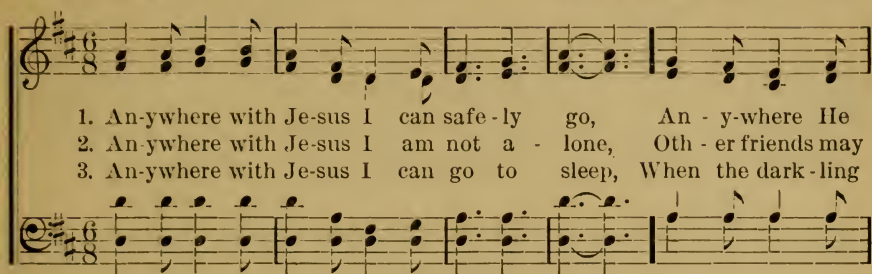
Take us soul and bod - y, In - to care di - vine;  
 Lone and long the path - way; And the jour - ney be,  
 Then our hope shall an - chor, On the Rock se - cure;



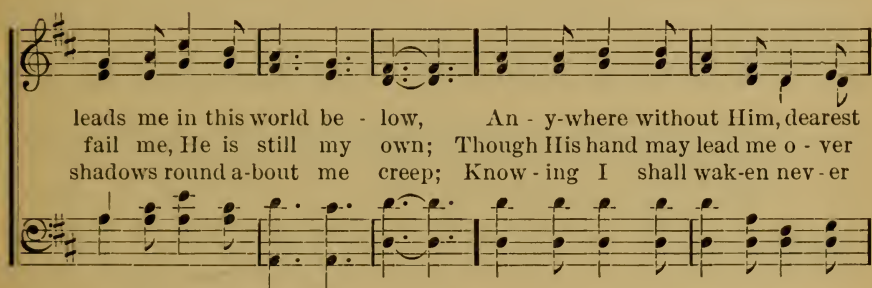
Watch and keep us safe - ly From the snares of sin.  
 We shall nev - er stum - ble, While we fol - low Thee.  
 Then shall faith have vis - ion, Fail - ing nev - er - more.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

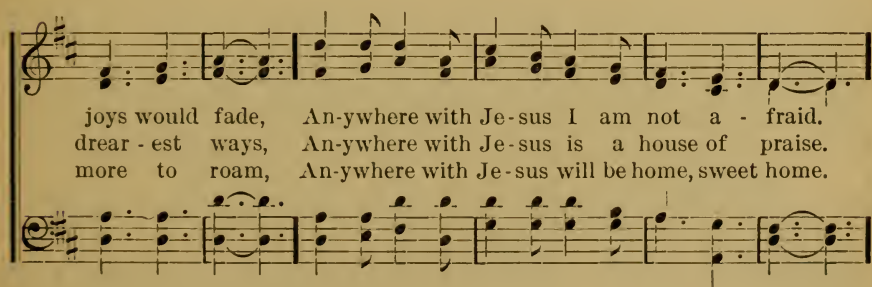
Daniel B. Towner, (1850— ) 1887.



1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-y-where He  
2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may  
3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark-ling

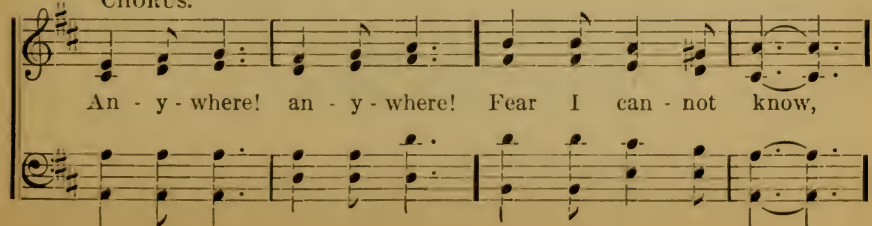


leads me in this world be-low, An-y-where without Him, dearest  
fail me, He is still my own; Though His hand may lead me o-ver  
shadows round a-bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak-en nev-er



joys would fade, An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid,  
drear-est ways, An-ywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise,  
more to roam, An-ywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

## CHORUS.



An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know,



An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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WE MAY NOT CLIMB THE HEAVENLY STEEPS.

"Serenity."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, (1807—1892).

Arr. fr. William Vincent Wallace, (1814—1865).

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;  
 2. But warm, sweet, tender, ev - en yet A present help is He;  
 3. The heal - ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain;

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.  
 And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.  
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.

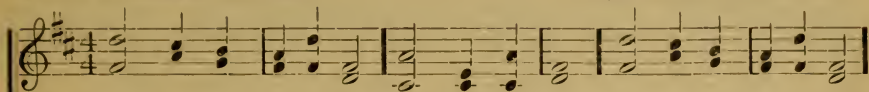
4 Through Him the first fond prayers are said  
 Our lips of childhood frame;  
 The last low whispers of our dead  
 Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,  
 Whate'er our name or sign,  
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
 We test our lives by Thine!

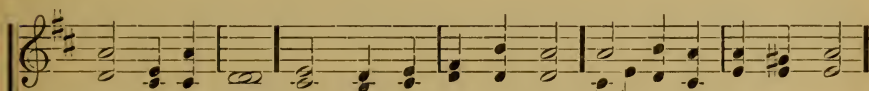
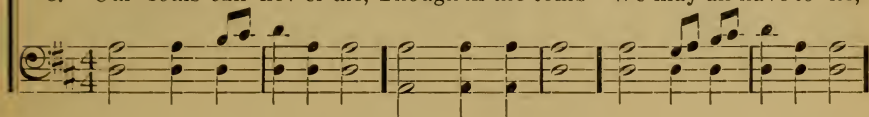
"Clifton."

ABIGAIL HUTCHINSON, (1821—1892)

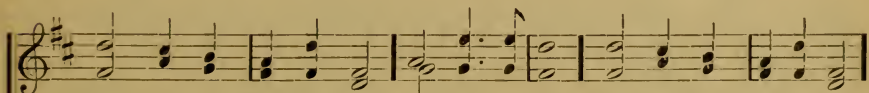
Abigail Hutchinson, (1821—1892)



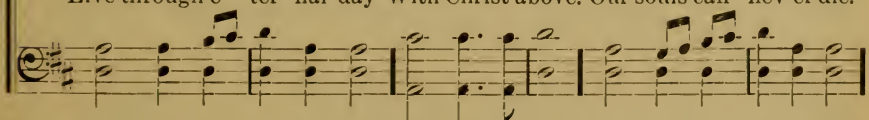
1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cher-ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet thoughts can nev-er die, Though, like the flowers, Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie,



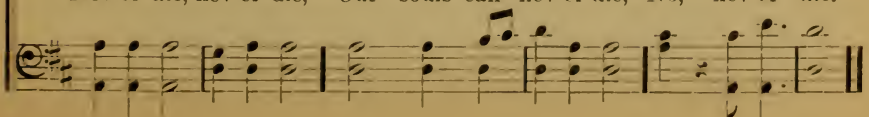
Stored in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,  
 In wintry hours. But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,  
 Wrapped in its gloom. What though the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a-way,



Ay, in all years and climes Distant and near. Kind words can never die,  
 With many an ad-ded hue They bloom again. Sweet thoughts can nev-er die,  
 Live through e-ter-nal day With Christ above. Our souls can nev-er die.



Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.  
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet thoughts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.  
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.



REV. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

*p*

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus :  
 2. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb ! I now be - lieve in Je - sus ;  
 3. " The chil - dren too both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus,

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.  
 I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.  
 May now ac - cept the gra - cious call To work and live for Je - sus."

CHORUS.

"Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

*rit.*

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus :  
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
 The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 And when to that bright world above,  
 We rise to see our Jesus,  
 We'll sing around the throne of love  
 His name, the name of Jesus.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

Philip P. Bliss, (1838—1876)

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor - rows, like  
 2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let this blest as -

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
 - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -

CHORUS.  
 It is well,.....

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is  
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

..... with my soul,.....

well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

- 3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—  
 My sin—not in part but the whole,  
 Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
- 4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
 The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
 The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
 "Even so"—it is well with my soul.



MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

John R. Sweney, (1838—1899) 1887.

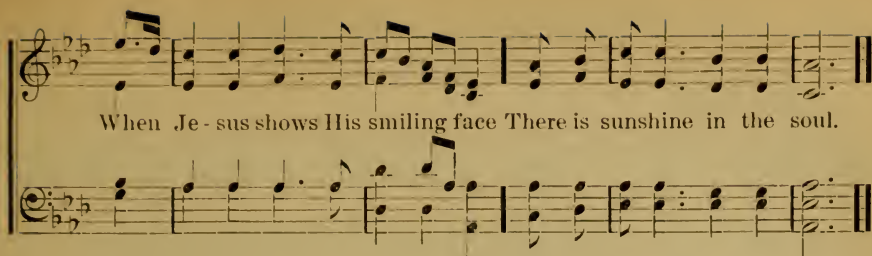
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright  
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,  
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near  
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Thanglows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.  
 And Je-sus list-en-ing can hear The songs I can-not sing.  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.  
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid" up a-bove.

## REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - shine,  
 sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;  
 hap-py mo-ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.

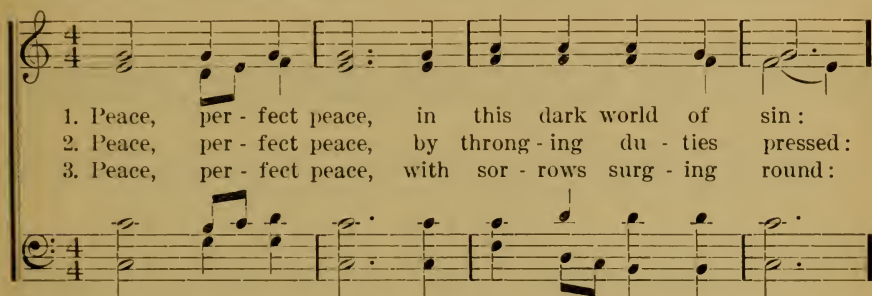
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PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

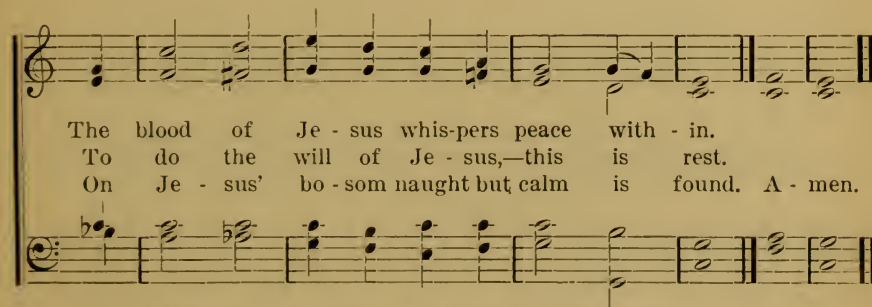
"Pax Tecum."

BP. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, (1825— ) 1875.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877.



1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin :  
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed :  
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round :



The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.  
 To do the will of Je - sus,—this is rest.  
 On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found. A - men.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away :  
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown :  
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours :  
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
 And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace.

## "Homeward Bound."

REV. WM. F. WARREN.

C. S. Harrington.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it soars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
 3. In - to the harbor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;

Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Look! yonder lie the bright heaven-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode,  
 Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale;  
 Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are o'er; Safe - ly we stand on the ra - di - ant shore,

Prom - ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

M. D. JAMES.

William James Kirkpatrick, (1838— )

1. Out a - mid the waves of o - cean, Rag-ing oft in wild com-mo - tion,  
 2. What though darkness now surround me? What though winds be howling round me,  
 3. With my Sav-iour, what can harm me? Sa-tan's hosts can - not a - larni me!  
 4. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion! With in - creas - ing ad - o - ra - tion,

Kept se - cure - ly I am sing-ing, For to Christ my soul is clinging, Safe when  
 Threatening me with des - o - la - tion? Christ the Rock is my sal - va - tion! Calm a -  
 Je - sus' night-y arms en-clos-ing, Sweetly is my soul re - pos-ing, Sheltered  
 Laud and bless His name for ev - er, From whose love no force can sever! Saved, we

CHORUS.

comes the tempest's shock, Resting on the sol-id Rock.  
 mid the wildest shock, On the ev - erlast-ing Rock. } On the Rock, on the Rock,  
 from the fiercest shock, By the ev - er-blessed Rock.  
 wait the fi - nal shock On the strong eter-nal Rock.

Resting safely on the Rock; On the Rock, the solid Rock, Resting safely on the Rock.



## I WILL SING OF MY REDEEMER.

"My Redeemer."

James McGranahan, (1840—)

1. I will sing of my Redeem - er And His wondrous love to me;  
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, How my lost es - tate to save,  
 3. I will praise my dear Redeem - er, His tri - um - phant power I'll tell,  
 4. I will sing of my Redeem - er, And His heav - en - ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.  
 In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.  
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.  
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing..... of my Redeem - er, With His  
 Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem - er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeem - er, With His

blood..... He purchased me..... On the cross..... He sealed my  
 blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the

*Repeat pp after last verse.*

par - don, Paid the debt,..... And made me free.....  
 cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt, and made me free, and made me free.

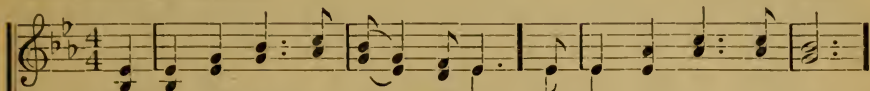
## LOVE AND FAITH.

GOD LOVED THE WORLD OF SINNERS LOST.

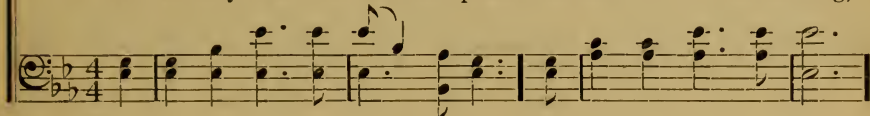
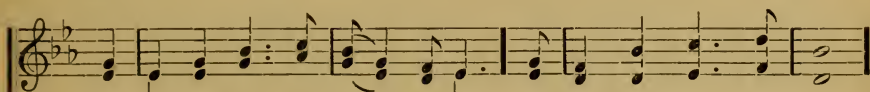
"Wondrous Love."

MRS. MARTHA M. STOCKTON.

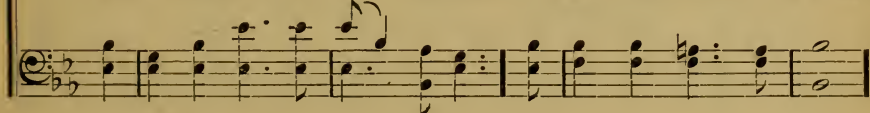
Wm. G. Fischer.



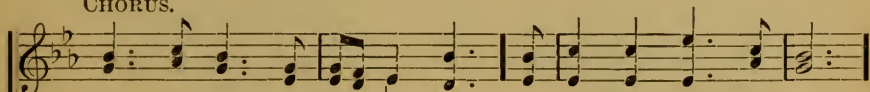
1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;  
 2. Even now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;  
 3. Love brings the glorious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known  
 4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be given  
 5. Of vic - tory now o'er Sa - tan's power Let all the ran - somed sing,

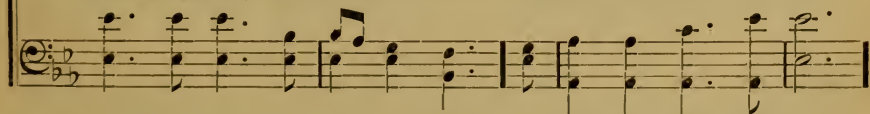

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
 Re - demption by His death I find, And cleansing through the blood.  
 The blessed rest from in - bred sin, Through faith in Christ a - lone.  
 A glo - rious foretaste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heaven.  
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Through Christ the Lord our King.



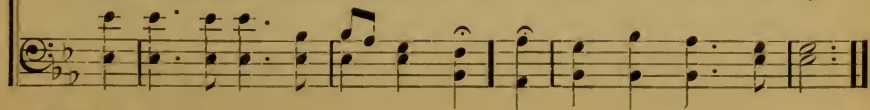
## CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;

It brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.



## BEAUTIFUL SAVIOUR.

"Crusader's Hymn." P. M.

GERMAN, 1677.

TR. BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (1819— ) 1850. Arr. by Richard Storrs Willis, (1819— ) 1850.

1. Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour, King of cre - a - tion, Son of  
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er the wood - lands, Robed in

God and Son of man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd  
 flowers of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is

serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.  
 pur - er, He makes our sor - rowing spir - its sing. A - men.

3 Fair is the sunshine,  
 Fairer the moonlight,  
 And the sparkling stars on high;  
 Jesus shines brighter,  
 Jesus shines purer,  
 Than all the angels in the sky.

4 Beautiful Saviour,  
 Lord of the nations,  
 Son of God and Son of man!  
 Glory and honor,  
 Praise, adoration,  
 Now and for evermore be Thine.

## MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST!

"More Love." Gs. &amp; 4s.

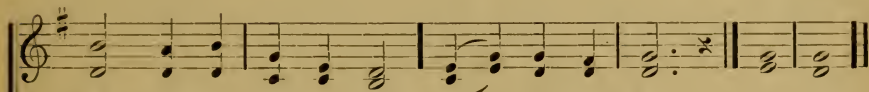
MRS. ELIZABETH (PAYSON) PRENTISS, (1818—1878) 1869. Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831— ) 1875.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make,  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a - lone I seek,  
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers,  
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whisper Thy praise; This be the part - ing cry

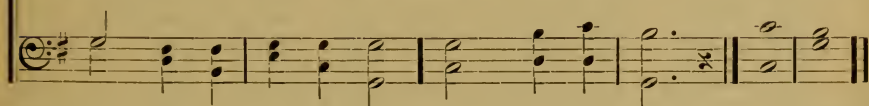




On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea— More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me, More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee,



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee. A - men.



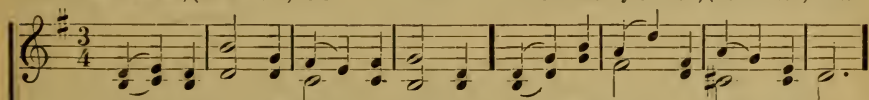
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### GOD IS LOVE.

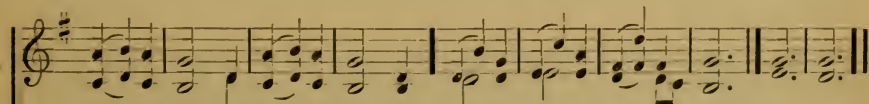
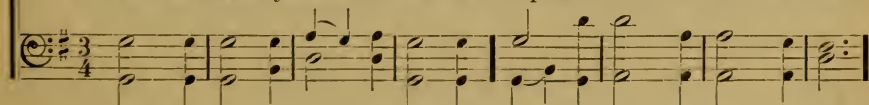
"Agape."

SIR JOHN BOWRING, (1792—1872) 1825.

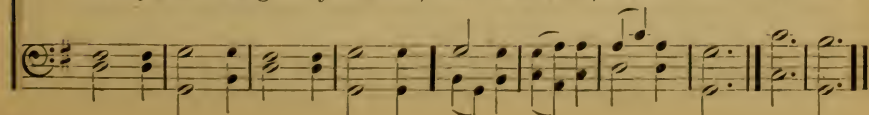
John Henry Cornell, (1828—1894) 1865.



1. God is love: His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;  
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;  
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will His changeless good-ness prove;  
 4. He with earth-ly cares en - twin-eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:



Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.  
 But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wisdom, God is love.  
 From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.  
 Ev-erywhere His glo - ry shin-eth; God is wisdom, God is love. A - men.





REV. SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, (1816—1895) 1862.

Rev. Robert Lowry, (1826— )

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I  
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble  
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to Thee— That each de -  
 4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free— In joy, in

aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,  
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,  
 part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,  
 grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
 Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.  
 Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wanderers sought and won, Something for Thee.  
 My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

By permission.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I will love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight, I'll ev - er a -

By permission.

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thornson Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

## 206 JESUS! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET!

"Canonbury."

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, (1091—1153)

Tr. by REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1866. abr.

Robert Schumann, (1810—1856)

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet! In that dear Name all heart - joys meet;  
 2. No word is sung more sweet than this, No Name is heard more full of bliss,  
 3. No tongue of mor - tal can ex - press, No let - ters write the bless - ed - ness,  
 4. Remain with us, O Lord to - day, In ev - ery heart Thy grace dis - play,

But oh! than hon - ey sweet - er far, The glimpses of His pres - ence are.  
 No thought brings sweeter com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God Most High.  
 A - lone, who hath Thee in his heart Knows, love of Je - sus, what Thou art.  
 That now, the shades of night are fled, On Thee our spir - its may be fed.

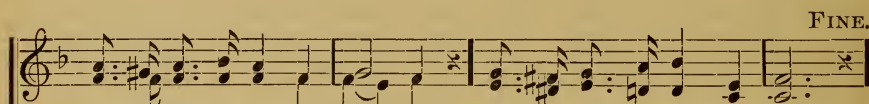
"Quies."

J. R. Murray.




1. Sweetly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;  
 2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears,  
 3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus, Let us lean up - on His arm;  
*D.C.*—Sweetly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me;

FINE.




Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free.  
 As we think how—walking humbly This low earth for wea - ry years,  
 If He loves us, what can grieve us? If He keeps us, what can harm?  
 Heaven's light is not more cheering, Heaven's dews are not more free.



As a child, in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in His moth - er's breast,  
 With - out rich - es, with - out dwelling, Wound - ed sore by foe and friend,  
 Still He lays His hand in bless - ing On each up - turned seek - ing face,

*D. C.*

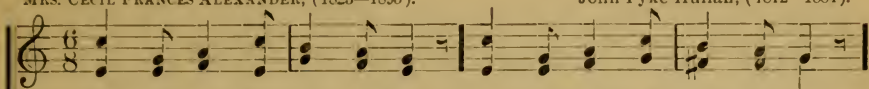


As a sail - or seeks the ha - ven,—We would come to Him for rest.  
 In the Gar - den, and in dy - ing—Je - sus loved us to the end.  
 And in heaven His children's angels Near the throne have al - ways place.

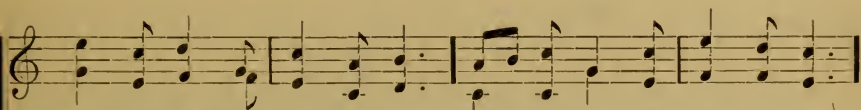


MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, (1823—1895).

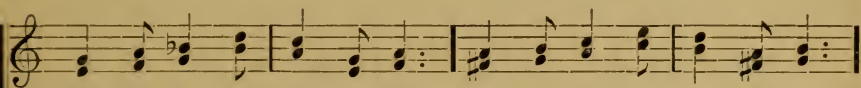
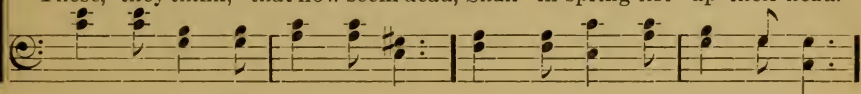
John Pyke Hullah, (1812—1884).



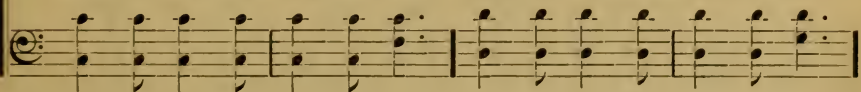
1. Bless-ed are the pure in heart, They have loved the bet-ter part;
2. When the sun be-gins to rise, Spreading brightness through the skies,
3. When the leaves in au-tumn die, Fall-ing fast and si-lent-ly,



When life's jour-ney they have trod, They shall go to see their God.  
 They will love to praise and bless Christ, the Son of Righteousness.  
 "These," they think, "that now seem dead, Shall in spring lift up their head."

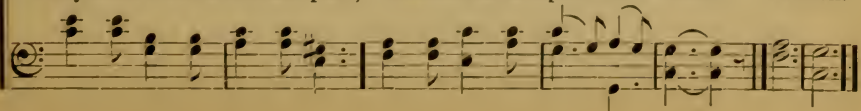


Till in glo-ry they ap-pear, They shall oft-en see Him here;  
 In the watches of the night, When the stars are clear and bright,  
 God in ev-ery thing they see; First in all their thoughts is He;



And His grace shall learn to know In His glorious works be-low.  
 "Thus the just shall shine" they say, "In the Resur-rec-tion-day."

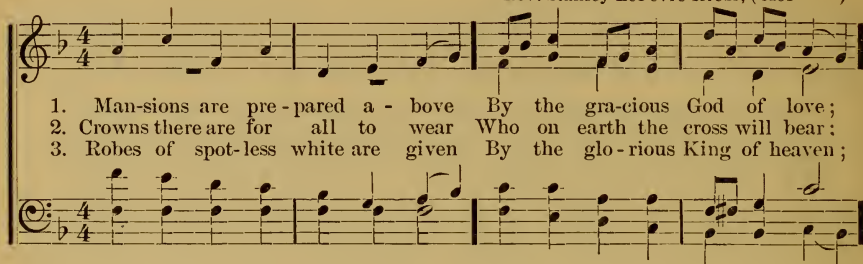
They have loved the better part;—Bless-ed are the pure in heart! Amen.



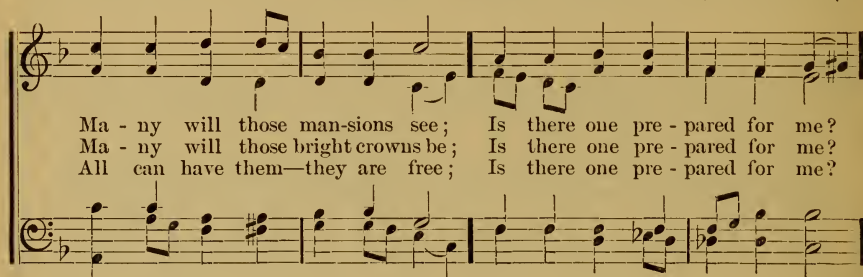


## IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864— )

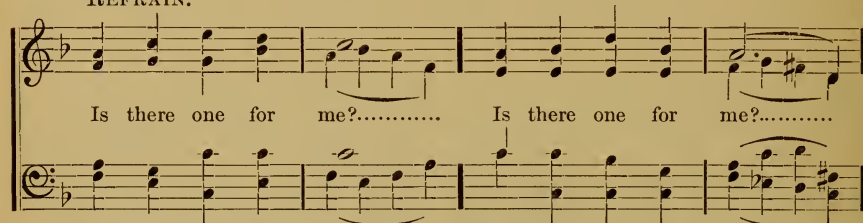


1. Man-sions are pre-pared a - bove By the gra-cious God of love;  
 2. Crowns there are for all to wear Who on earth the cross will bear;  
 3. Robes of spot-less white are given By the glo-rious King of heaven;

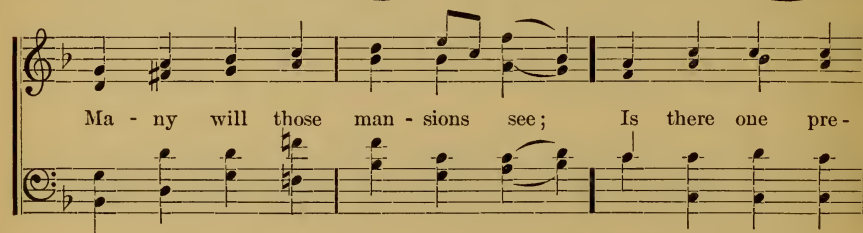


Ma - ny will those man-sions see; Is there one pre - pared for me?  
 Ma - ny will those bright crowns be; Is there one pre - pared for me?  
 All can have them—they are free; Is there one pre - pared for me?

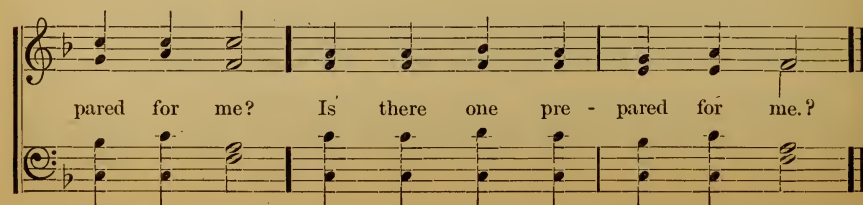
## REFRAIN.



Is there one for me?..... Is there one for me?.....



Ma - ny will those man - sions see; Is there one pre -



pared for me? Is there one pre - pared for me.?

## BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

L. M.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, (c. 1720—1768) 1865.

Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864— ) 1899.

1. Be - hold a stran - ger at the door: He  
 2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With

gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore; Has wait - ed long, is  
 melt - ing heart and o - pen hands: Oh, match - less kind - ness!

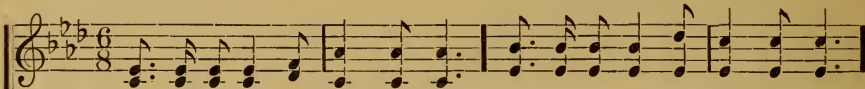
wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.  
 and He shows This match - less kind - ness to His foes!

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine  
 Turn out His enemy and thine;  
 Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,  
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

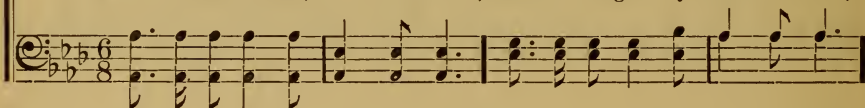
4 Oh, welcome Him, the Prince of Peace!  
 Now may His gentle reign increase!  
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
 And be His empire all mankind.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

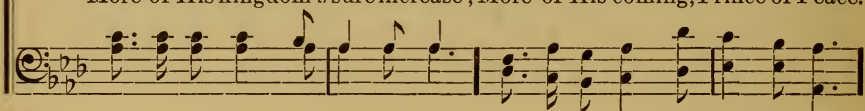
John R. Sweney, (1831—1899) 1887.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show ;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern ;
3. More about Je-sus ; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord ;
4. More about Je-sus ; on His throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all His own ;



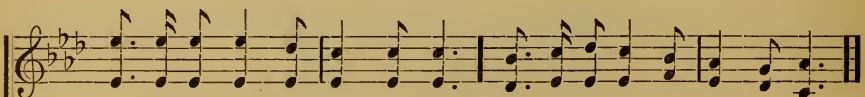
More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.  
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.  
 Hear - ing His voice in ev - ery line, Mak - ing each faithful say - ing mine.  
 More of His kingdom's sure increase ; More of His coming, Prince of Peace.



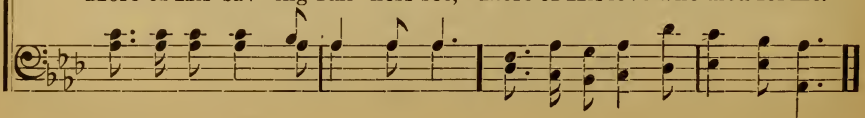
## REFRAIN.



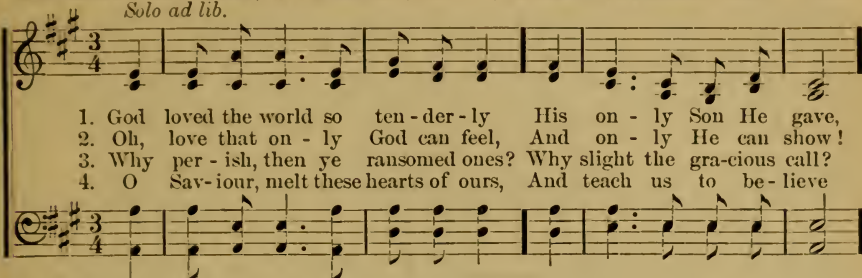
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus ;



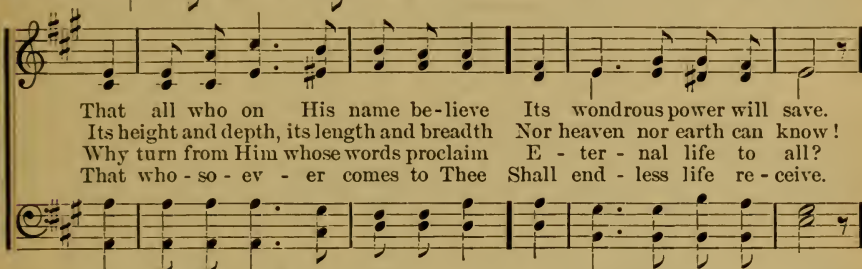
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.



MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823— ) William J. Kirkpatrick, (1838— ) 1886.  
*Solo ad lib.*

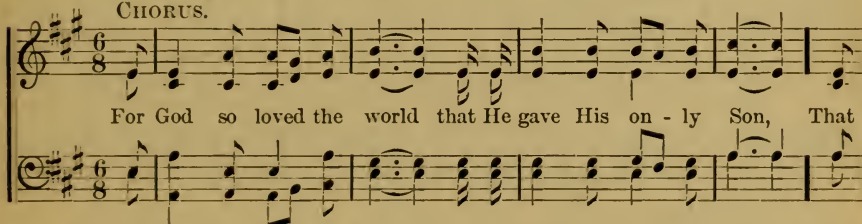


1. God loved the world so ten-der-ly His on-ly Son He gave,  
 2. Oh, love that on-ly God can feel, And on-ly He can show!  
 3. Why per-ish, then ye ransomed ones? Why slight the gra-cious call?  
 4. O Sav-our, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to be-lieve

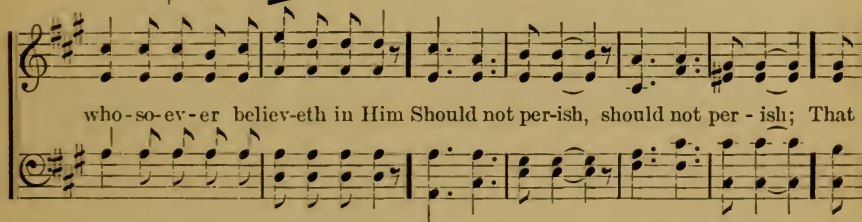


That all who on His name be-lieve Its wondrous power will save.  
 Its height and depth, its length and breadth Nor heaven nor earth can know!  
 Why turn from Him whose words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?  
 That who-so-ev-er comes to Thee Shall end-less life re-ceive.

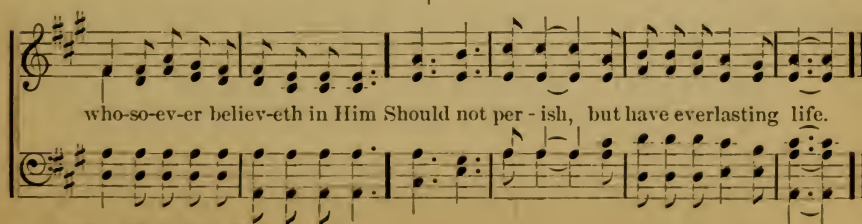
CHORUS.



For God so loved the world that He gave His on-ly Son, That



who-so-ev-er believ-eth in Him Should not per-ish, should not per-ish; That



who-so-ev-er believ-eth in Him Should not per-ish, but have everlasting life.



MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

Frank M. Davis, (1839— )

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold ; I would make sure of  
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my  
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heav - en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its  
 Sav - iour! Is suf - fic - ient for me ; For Thy promise is writ - ten, In bright  
 be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?  
 let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."  
 spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

## CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?  
 Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair,  
 Yes, my name's writ - ten there, On the page white and fair,

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?  
 In the book of Thy king - dom; Yes, my name's writ - ten there.  
 In the book of Thy king - dom; Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

# TEMPERANCE.

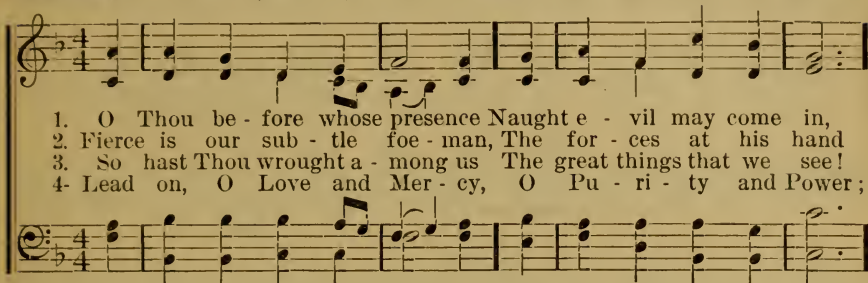
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O THOU, BEFORE WHOSE PRESENCE.

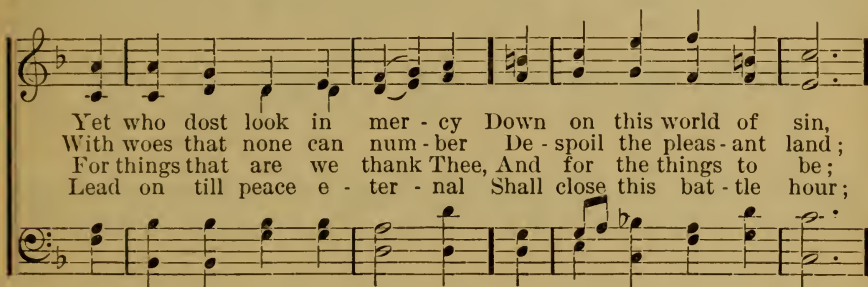
"Jesu, Magister Bone." 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

REV. SAMUEL JOHN STONE, (1839— ) 1889.

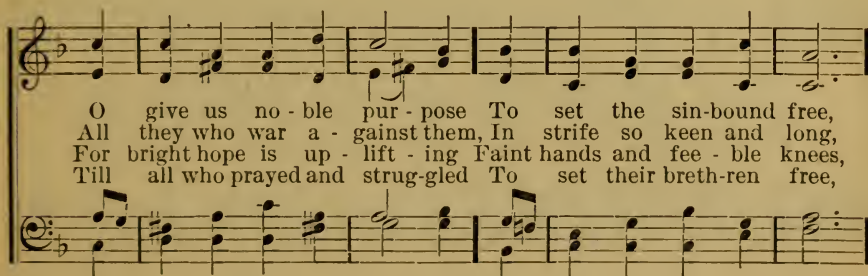
Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1875.



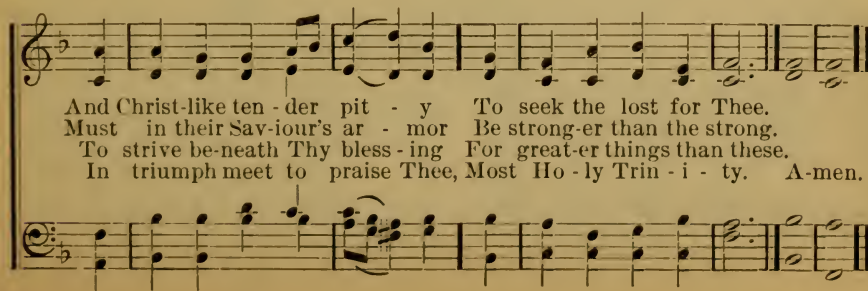
1. O Thou be - fore whose presence Naught e - vil may come in,  
 2. Fierce is our sub - tle foe - man, The for - ces at his hand  
 3. So hast Thou wrought a - mong us The great things that we see!  
 4. Lead on, O Love and Mer - cy, O Pu - ri - ty and Power;



Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin,  
 With woes that none can num - ber De - spoil the pleas - ant land;  
 For things that are we thank Thee, And for the things to be;  
 Lead on till peace e - ter - nal Shall close this bat - tle hour;



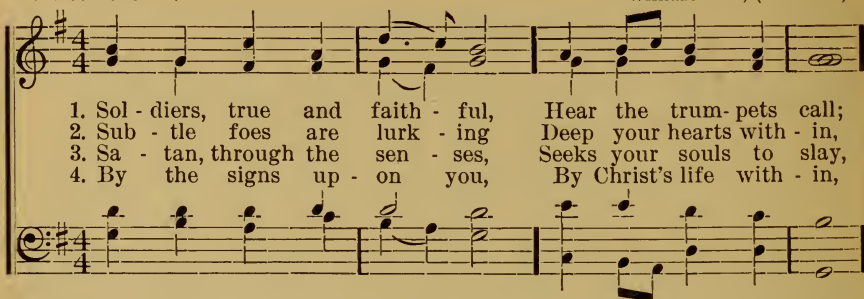
O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin-bound free,  
 All they who war a - gainst them, In strife so keen and long,  
 For bright hope is up - lift - ing Faint hands and fee - ble knees,  
 Till all who prayed and strug-gled To set their breth-ren free,



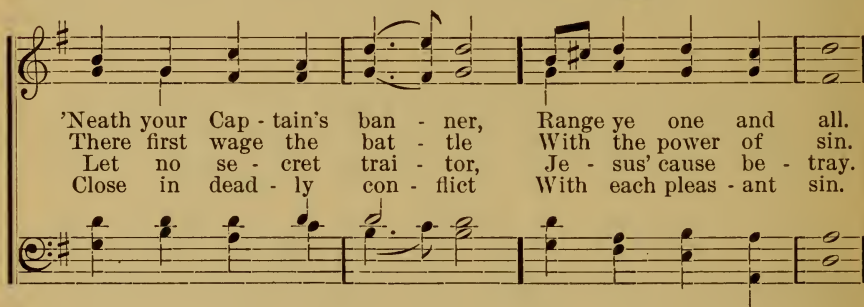
And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee.  
 Must in their Sav-iour's ar - mor Be strong-er than the strong.  
 To strive be-neath Thy bless-ing For great-er things than these.  
 In triumph meet to praise Thee, Most Ho - ly Trin - i - ty. A-men.

E. WIGGLESWORTH.

William Pitts, (1829— )



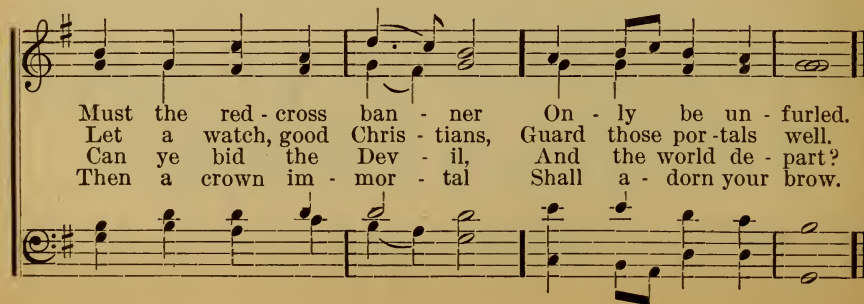
1. Sol - diers, true and faith - ful, Hear the trum - pets call;  
 2. Sub - tle foes are lurk - ing Deep your hearts with - in,  
 3. Sa - tan, through the sen - ses, Seeks your souls to slay,  
 4. By the signs up - on you, By Christ's life with - in,



'Neath your Cap - tain's ban - ner, Range ye one and all.  
 There first wage the bat - tle With the power of sin.  
 Let no se - cret trai - tor, Je - sus' cause be - tray.  
 Close in dead - ly con - flict With each pleas - ant sin.



Not a - gainst the Dev - il, Not a - gainst the world,  
 O'er the sight and hear - ing, Touch, and taste, and smell,  
 If to lusts en - tic - ing Ye be - tray your heart,  
 Je - sus' eye is on you, Keep your sol - emn vow;



Must the red - cross ban - ner On - ly be un - furled.  
 Let a watch, good Chris - tians, Guard those por - tals well.  
 Can ye bid the Dev - il, And the world de - part?  
 Then a crown im - mor - tal Shall a - dorn your brow.



"Hamburg." L. M.

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, (1792—1872).

1. Bon - dage and death the cup con - tains, Dash to the  
 2. Ho - san - nas, Lord, to Thee we sing, Whose power the  
 3. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed, Nor leave the  
 4. Spare, Lord, the thought-less, guide the blind, Till man no

earth the pois - oned bowl! Soft - er than silk are  
 gi - ant fiend o - beys; What count-less thou - sands  
 bro - ken heart un - bound; The wife re - gains a  
 more shall deem it just To live, by for - ging

i - ron chains, Compared with those that chafe the soul.  
 trib - ute bring, For hap - pier home and bright - er days!  
 hus - band freed! The or - phan clasps a fa - ther found!  
 chains to bind His weak - er broth - er in the dust. Amen.

REV. WILLIAM BENGOLLYER, (1782—1854) 1812,

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>         And seek an injured Father's face;<br/>         Those warm desires, that in thee burn,<br/>         Were kindled by reclaiming grace.</p> <p>2 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>         And seek a Father's melting heart;<br/>         His pitying eyes thy grief discern,<br/>         His hand shall heal thine inward<br/>         smart.</p> | <p>3 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>         Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;<br/>         Go to His bleeding feet, and learn<br/>         How freely Jesus can forgive.</p> <p>4 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>         And wipe away the falling tear:<br/>         'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn."<br/>         'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.</p> |
|---|--|



# GIVING.

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## LORD, TEACH US THE LESSON OF LOVING.

E. C. Zartman.

1. Lord, teach us the les - son of lov - ing, The ver - y first  
 2. Lord, teach us the les - son of giv - ing; For this is the

les - son of all. O Thou who dost love lit - tle chil - dren, How  
 ver - y next thing, Our love al - ways ought to be show - ing, What

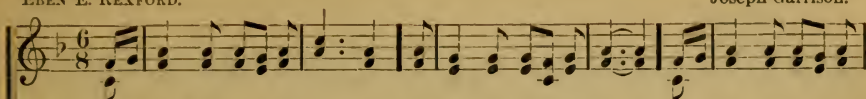
ten - der and sweet is Thy call! Now help us to hear it and  
 of - ferings and fruit it can bring, There are ma - ny who know not Thy

give Thee, The love Thou art ask - ing to - day— Then  
 mer - cy, There are mill - ions in dark - ness and woe— Our

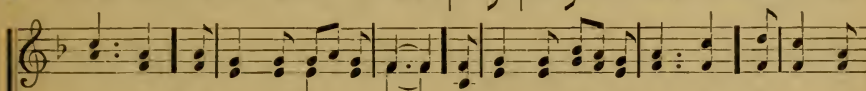
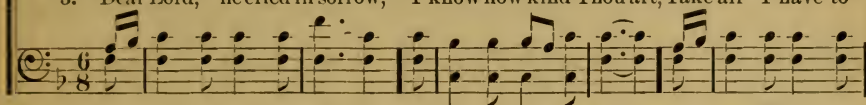
help us to love one an - oth - er, For this we most earnest - ly pray.  
 prayers and our gifts are all need - ed, And all can do something we know.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

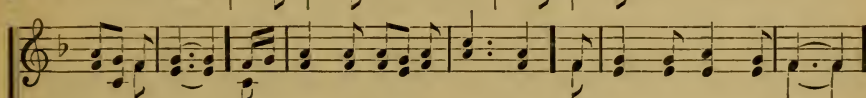
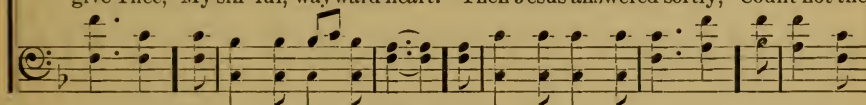
Joseph Garrison.



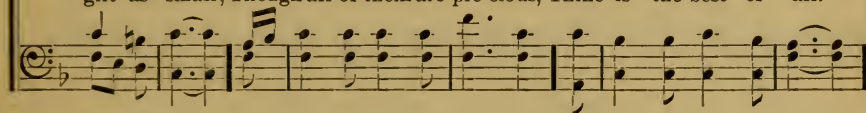
1. They brought their gifts to Jesus, And laid them at His feet, And love for this dear
2. A - part from oth-er giv - ers, A poor way-far-er stood; He saw the gifts they
3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sorrow, "I know how kind Thou art, Take all I have to



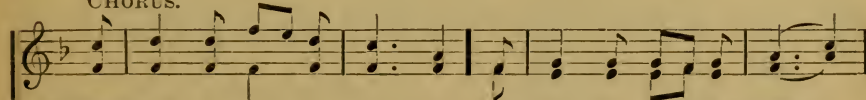
Sav-iour, Made ev-ery offering sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the of-fered, The poorest counted good. And he was filled with longing, A gift, though give Thee, My sin-ful, wayward heart." Then Jesus answered softly, "Count not the



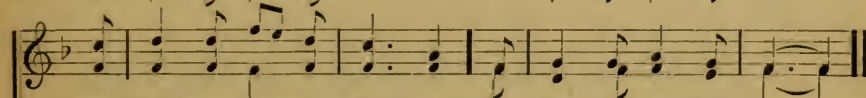
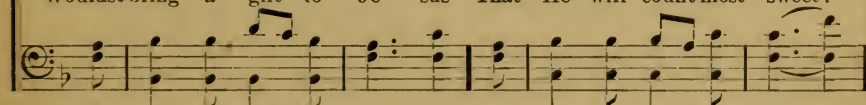
poor of earth, And not a gift a-mong them, Was thought of lit-tle worth. poor, to bring; A - las! all empty hand-ed He stood be-fore the King. gift as small; Though all of them are pre-cious, Thine is the best of all."



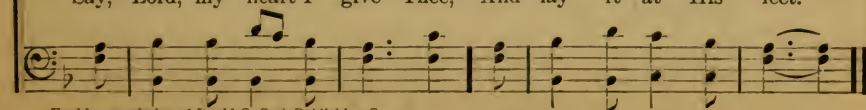
## CHORUS.



Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus That He will count most sweet?

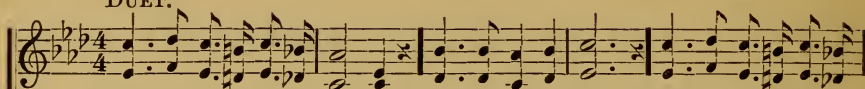


Say, "Lord, my heart I give Thee," And lay it at His feet.

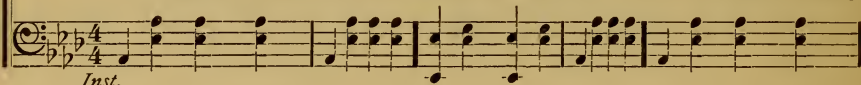
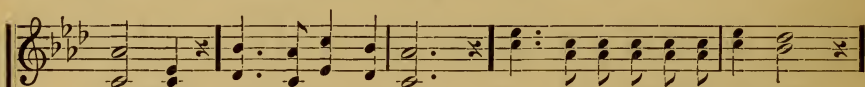


IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.  
DUET.

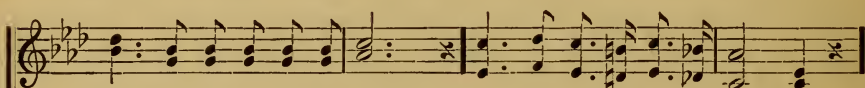
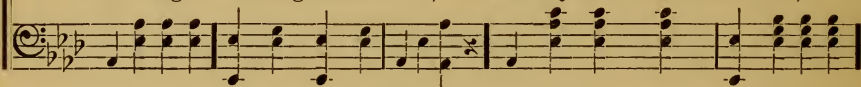
W. J. C. Thiel.



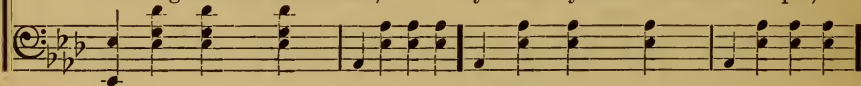
1. Bring your loving gifts to Je-sus, Will-ing let it be, Once for you His life He
2. In the name of Jesus on - ly, Give with lavish hand; Seek your Master's cause to
3. Aid to spread His holy gos-pel, Send the news abroad, Tell the world the heavenly

*Inst.*

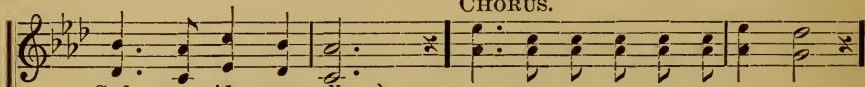
of-fered,—Died on Cal - va - ry; Turn not from His gentle pleadings,  
hon - or, This is His command; Come, oh, come, ye sons of Zi - on,  
ti - dings—Win-ning souls for God; Wear - y not in faithful ser-vice,



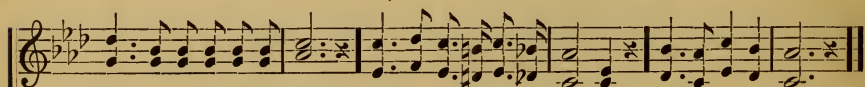
Though perhaps your store is small, From His great and wondrous boun-ty  
Bring your offerings to the Lord, Yield your treasure to His keep - ing,  
Toil - ing on from sun to sun, By and by shall Je - sus whis - per,



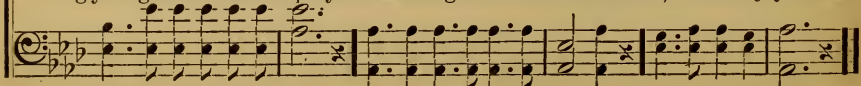
## CHORUS.



God pro-vides your all. } Come with songs of glad re-joic - ing,  
Ask - ing no re - ward. }  
"Thou hast no - bly done." }



Bring your gift with earnest prayer—Waiting for the blessed harvest, Fruits of joy to bear.



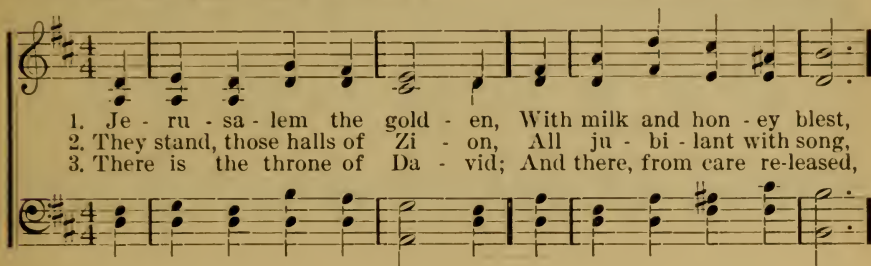


# HEAVEN. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

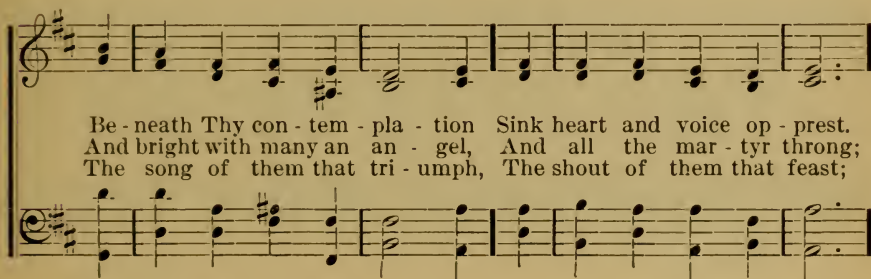
"Ewing." 7s. & 6s. D.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, (1120— ) 1150.  
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1851.

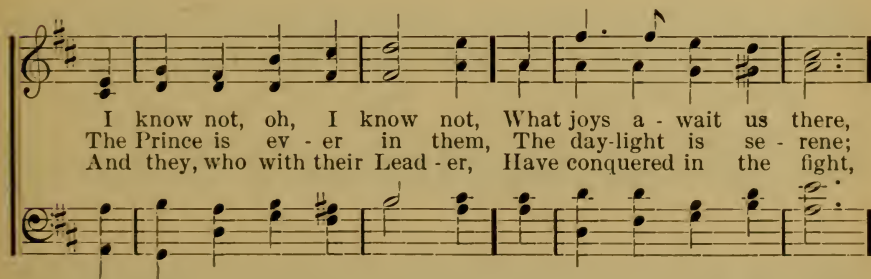
Alexander Ewing, (1830—1895) 1853.



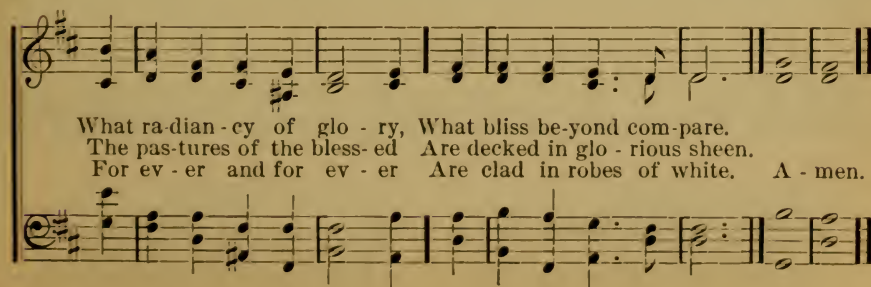
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,  
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,



Be - neath Thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;  
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene;  
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,

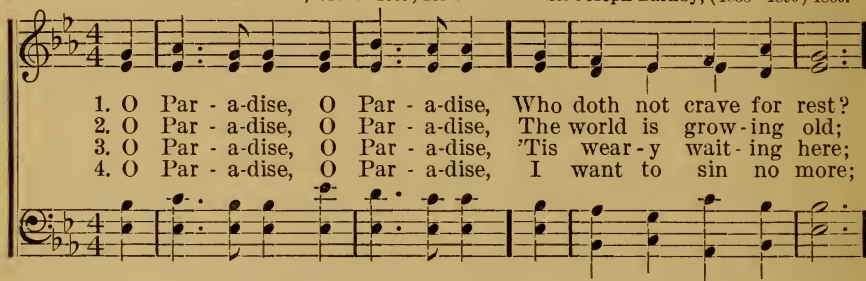


What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.  
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white, A - men.

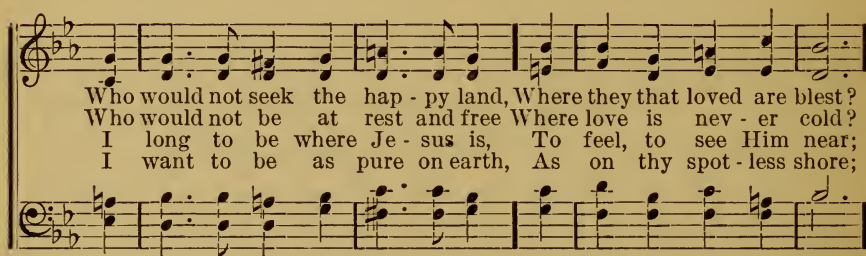


REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

Sir Joseph Barnby, (1838—1896) 1866.



1. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest?  
 2. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, The world is grow - ing old;  
 3. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, 'Tis wear - y wait - ing here;  
 4. O Par - a-dise, O Par - a-dise, I want to sin no more;

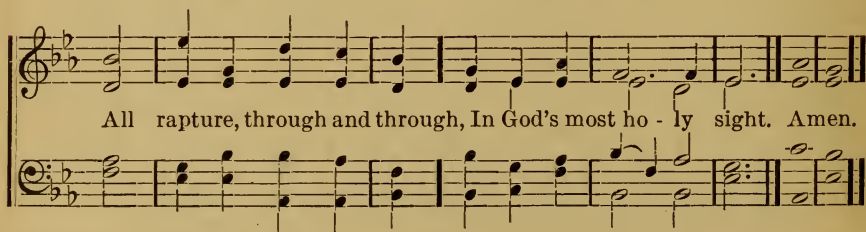


Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?  
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?  
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;  
 I want to be as pure on earth, As on thy spot - less shore;

## REFRAIN.



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,



All rapture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. Amen.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 Is destining for me;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

6 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I feel 'twill not be long;  
 Patience! I almost think I hear  
 Faint fragments of thy song;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

## O PARADISE, O PARADISE.

"Hopkins." P. M. (*Second Tune*.)

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1868.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?  
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old;  
 3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wear - y wait - ing here;  
 4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more;

Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that loved are blest?  
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?  
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;  
 I want to be as pure on earth, As on thy spot - less shore;

## CHORUS.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rapture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. Amen.

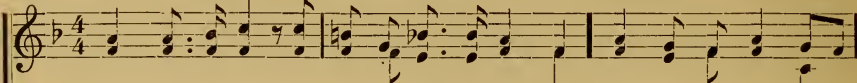
5 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 Is destining for me;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

6 O Paradise, O Paradise!  
 I feel 'twill not be long;  
 Patience! I almost think I hear  
 Faint fragments of thy song;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

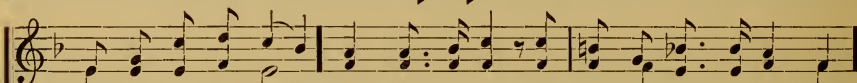
"Angelica." 11s. 10s. & 9. (*First Tune.*)

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

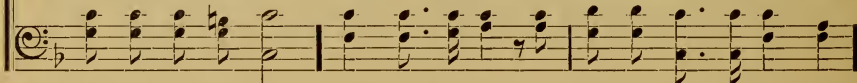
Arr. by J. M. Armstrong.



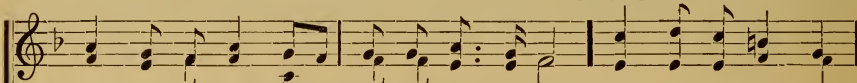
1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus



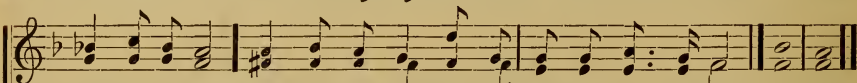
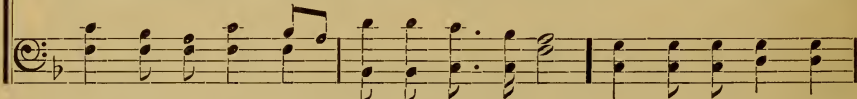
o - cean's wave - beat shore. How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing  
 Je - sus bids you come;" And, through the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,



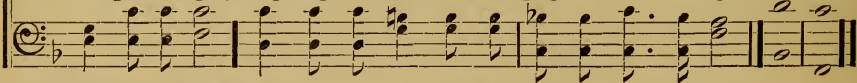
## CHORUS.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home. } An - gels of Je - sus,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wear - y steps to Thee. }



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night. A - men.



Used by per. from "The Helper."

- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—CHO.

- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—CHO.

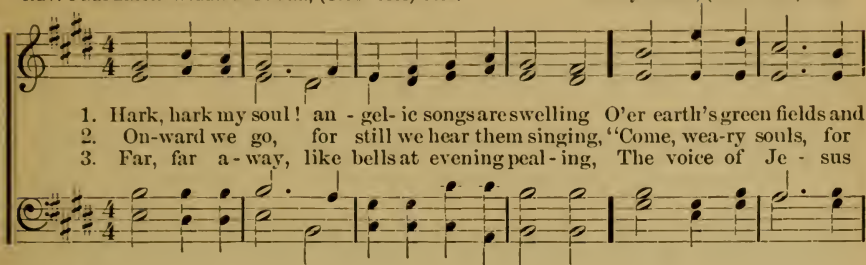


## HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

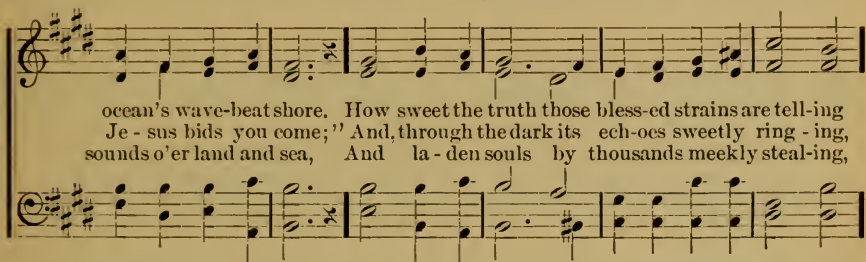
"Pilgrims." 11s. 10s. & 9. (*Second Tune.*)

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1854.

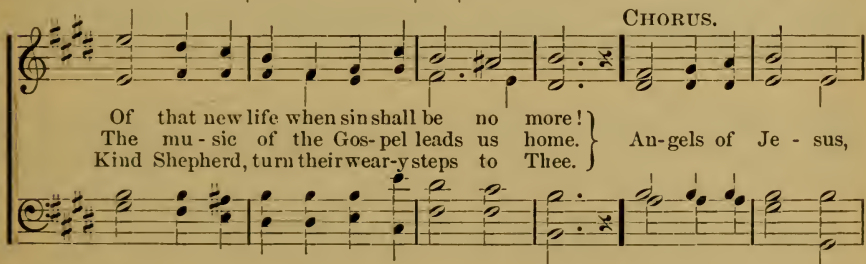
Henry Smart, (1813—1879) 1868.



1. Hark, hark my soul! an - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and  
 2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for  
 3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus

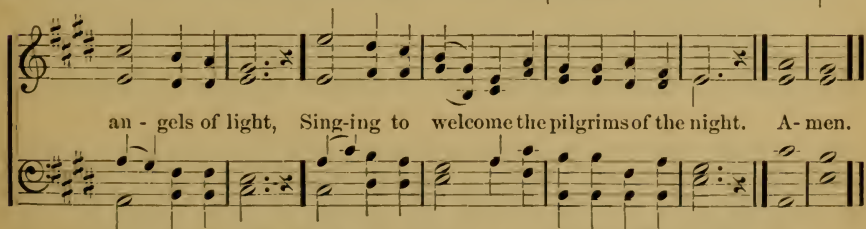


ocean's wave-beat shore. How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing  
 Je - sus bids you come;" And, through the dark its ech-oes sweetly ring-ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la-den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,



CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 The mu-sic of the Gos-pel leads us home. } An-gels of Je - sus,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee. }



an - gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. A-men.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—CHO.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—CHO.

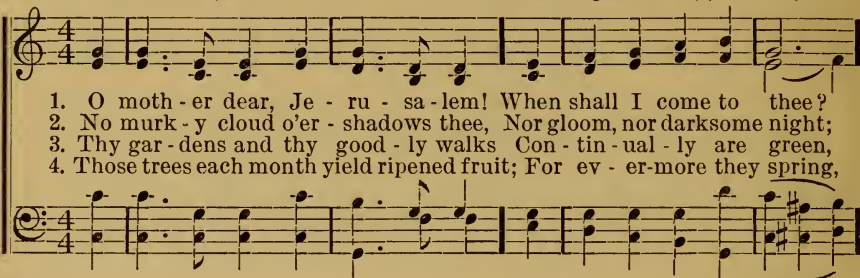


## O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM!

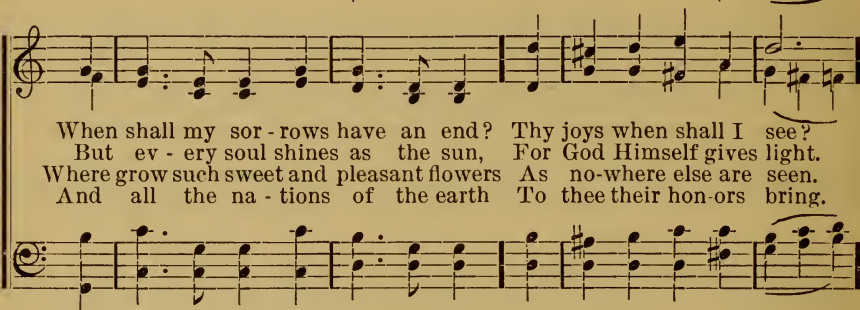
"The Holy City."

FRANCIS BAKER, c. 1616, alt.

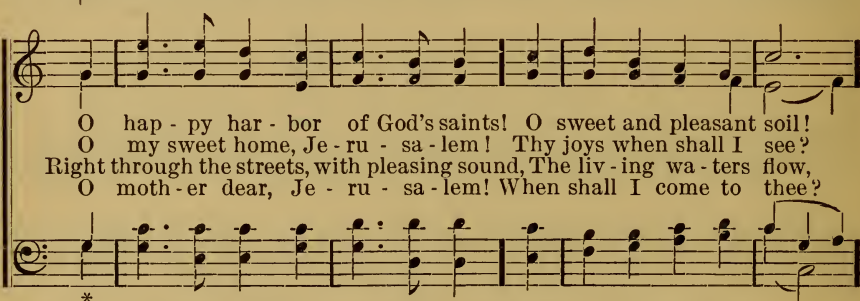
Samuel Augustus Ward, (1847— ) 1882.



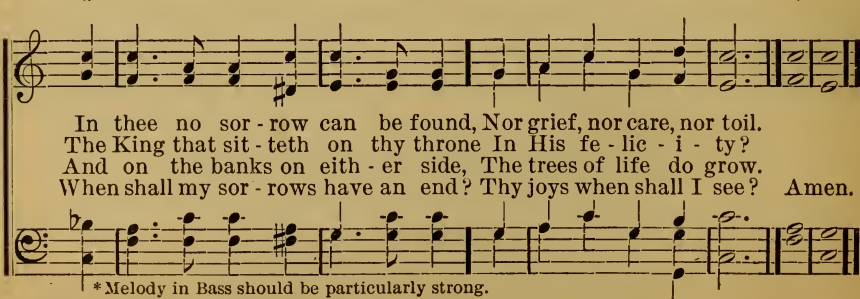
1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?  
 2. No murk - y cloud o'er - shadows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
 3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,  
 4. Those trees each month yield ripened fruit; For ev - er - more they spring,



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
 But ev - ery soul shines as the sun, For God Himself gives light.  
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers As no - where else are seen.  
 And all the na - tions of the earth To thee their hon - ors bring.



O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!  
 O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem! Thy joys when shall I see?  
 Right through the streets, with pleasing sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,  
 O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?



In thee no sor - row can be found, Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.  
 The King that sit - teth on thy throne In His fe - lic - i - ty?  
 And on the banks on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.  
 When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? Amen.

\* Melody in Bass should be particularly strong.

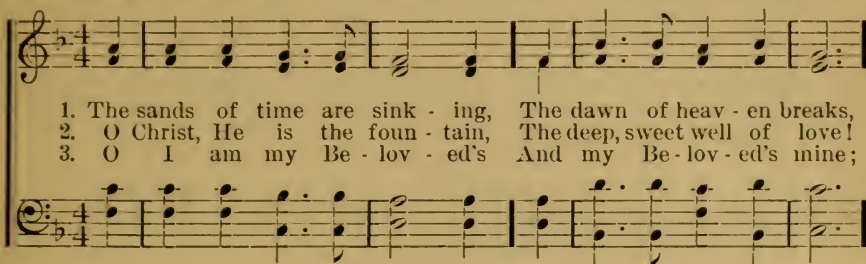
From Hutchin's S. S. Hymnal and Service Book, by per.

## THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING.

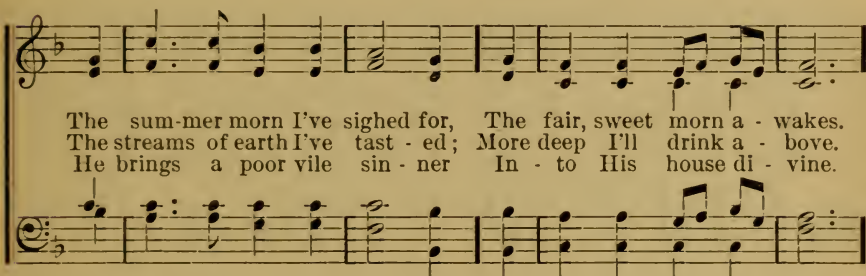
"Rutherford."

Mrs. ANNE ROSS COUSIN, (1824— ) 1857. Harmonized by Edward F. Rimbault, (1816—1876) 1867.

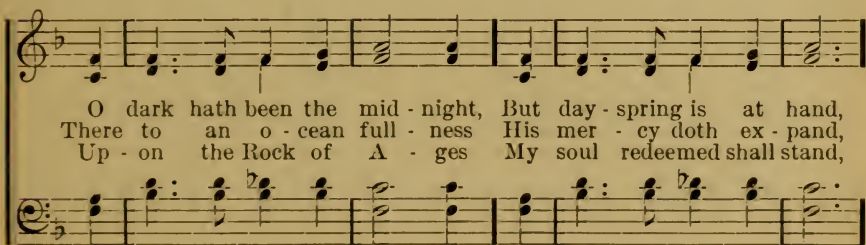
Chretien D'Urhan, (1788—1845) 1834.



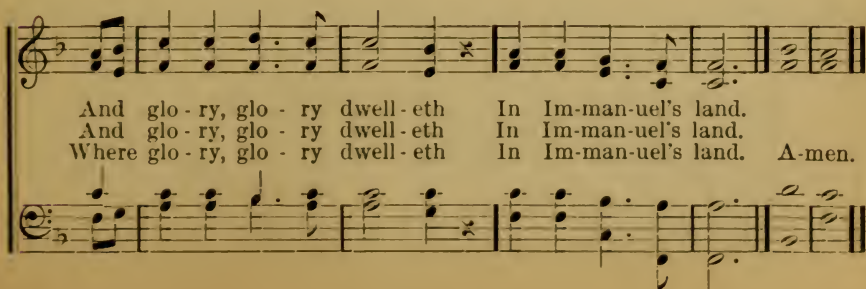
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,  
 2. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!  
 3. O I am my Be - lov - ed's And my Be - lov - ed's mine;



The sum-mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.  
 The streams of earth I've tast - ed; More deep I'll drink a - bove.  
 He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His house di - vine.



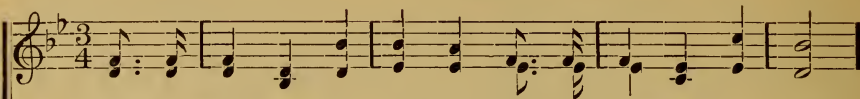
O dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,  
 There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,  
 Up - on the Rock of A - ges My soul redeemed shall stand,



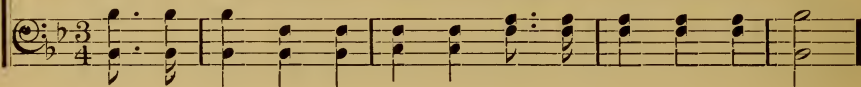
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.  
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land.  
 Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-man-uel's land. A-men.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

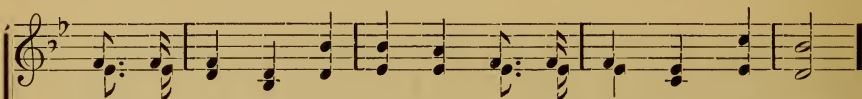
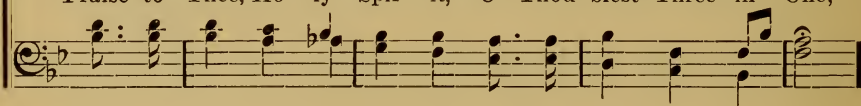
William James Kirkpatrick, (1838— ) 1895.



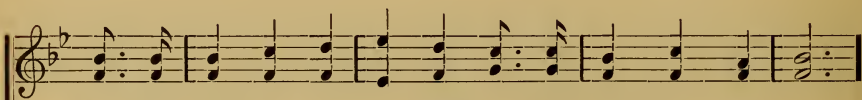
1. There's a won - der - ful Tem - ple, where the songs nev - er cease,
2. O the ju - bi - lant an - thems swell-ing there ev - er - more,
3. Help us do Thy good pleas - ure, help us hon - or Thee now,
4. Praise to Thee, God our Fa - ther, praise to Thee, gra - cious Son,



In the cit - y of Zi - on, in the king - dom of peace;  
 Like the sound of great wa - ters as they break on the shore;  
 Till we stand in Thy pres - ence, with Thy name on each brow;  
 Praise to Thee, Ho - ly Spir - it, O Thou blest Three in One;



'Tis ef - ful - gent with glo - ry for the Lamb is its light  
 Sweet ho - san - nas re - ech - o to the Lamb who was slain,  
 We shall wear Thy blest like - ness in that Tem - ple a - bove,  
 Thine, all power and do - min - ion, Thine, all bless - ing and might,



And the saints of all a - ges in His prais - es u - nite.  
 Un - to Him who hath loved us, and hath washed ev - ery stain.  
 And no sor - row shall min - gle with its serv - ice of love.  
 In the land ev - er - last - ing, in the Tem - ple of light.



CHORUS.

Won - der - ful Heavenly Tem - ple, Beau - ti - ful, bright, and fair;

Won - der - ful Heaven - ly Tem - ple, Gath - er us, Sav - iour, there.

Copyright 1895 by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

227

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Mrs PHOEBE CARY, (1824—1871) 1852.

Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte, (1811—1857) 1857.

1. One *sweetly* sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
 2. *Nearer* my Fa - ther's house, Where the *many* man - sions be;  
 3. *Nearer* the bound of life, Where we *lay* our bur - dens down;  
 4. But *lying* darkly be - tween, Winding *down* through the night,  
 5. *Oh*, if my mor - tal feet Have *almost* gained the brink;  
 6. *Father* perfect my trust, Let my *spirit* feel in death

I am *nearer* home to - day Than I *ever* have been be - fore.  
*Nearer* the great white throne, *Nearer* the crys - tal sea;  
*Nearer* leaving the cross, *Nearer* gaining the crown.  
Is the *silent*, unknown stream, That *leads* at last to the light.  
If it be I am near - er home Even to - day than I think:  
That her *feet* are firm - ly set On the *rock* of a liv - ing faith. A - men.



## 228

## SAFE HOME, SAFE HOME IN PORT!

## "Safe Home."

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, (9TH CENTURY.)  
TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1862.

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, (1842— )

1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cor-dage, shattered deck, Torn  
 2. The prize, the prize se - cure! The ath - lete near - ly fell, Bare  
 3. The lamb is in the fold, In per - fect safe - ty penned; The  
 4. The ex - ile is at Home! O nights and days of tears, O

sails, pro - visions short, And on - ly not a wreck: But O! the joy up -  
 all he could en - dure, And bare not al - ways well. But he may smile at  
 li - on once had hold, And thought to make an end: But One came by with  
 longings not to roam, O sins, and doubts and fears—What mat - ter now (when

on the shore To tell our voy - age - per - ils o'er.  
 trou - bles gone, Who sets the vic - tor - gar - land on!  
 wound - ed side, And for the sheep the Shep - herd died.  
 so men say) The King has wiped these tears a - way? A - men.

## 229

## THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

## "Happy Land."

ANDREW YOUNG, (1807— ) 1843.

Indian air.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,  
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubting stand,  
 3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - ery eye: Kept by a Father's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our  
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and  
 Love can - not die. Oh, then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and

Sav - iour King," Lord let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!  
 King-dom won, And bright, a - bove the sun, We'll reign for aye!

230

COME UNTO ME WHEN SHADOWS DARKLY GATHER.

"Henley." 11s. & 10s.

MRS. CATHARINE HARRISON ESLING, (1812— ) 1839.

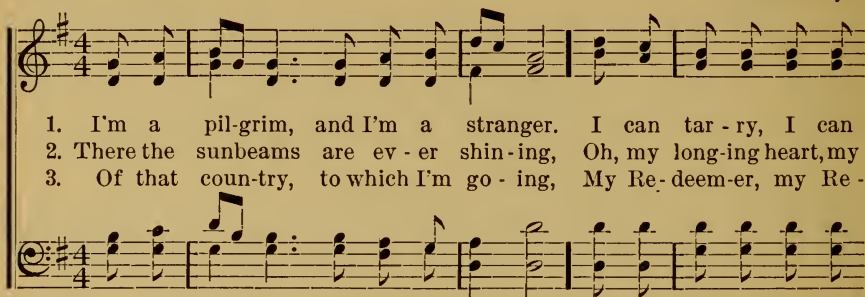
Lowell Mason, (1792—1872) 1854.

1. Come un - to Me when shadows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad heart is  
*D. S.*—Come un - to Me, and

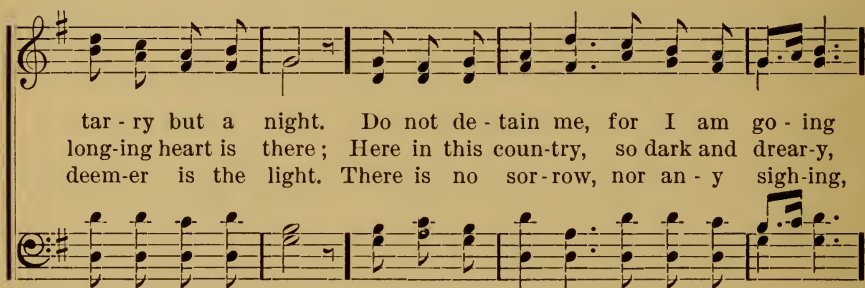
*FINE.* *D. S.*  
 wear-y and distressed, Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father. A - men.  
 I will give you rest.

Per. O. Dilton & Co.

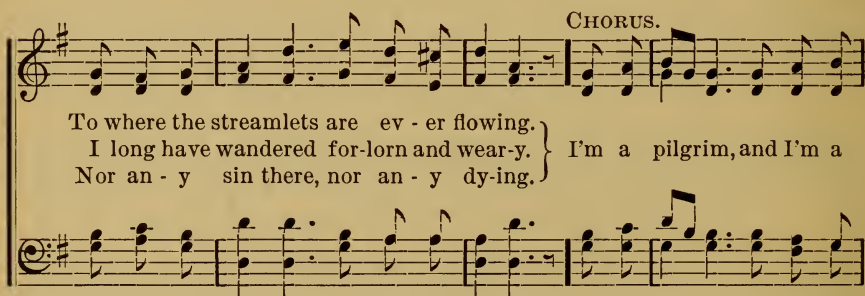
- 2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,  
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;  
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed :  
 Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
 Come unto Me, and I will give you rest !



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger. I can tar-ry, I can  
 2. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing, Oh, my long-ing heart, my  
 3. Of that coun-try, to which I'm go-ing, My Re-deem-er, my Re-



tar-ry but a night. Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing  
 long-ing heart is there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y,  
 deem-er is the light. There is no sor-row, nor an-y sigh-ing,



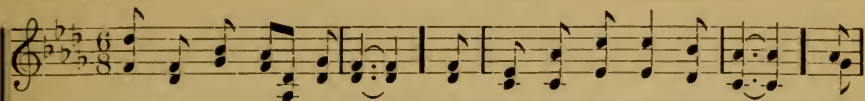
CHORUS.  
 To where the streamlets are ev-er flowing.  
 I long have wandered for-lorn and wear-y. } I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a  
 Nor an-y sin there, nor an-y dy-ing. }



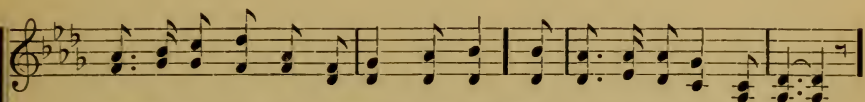
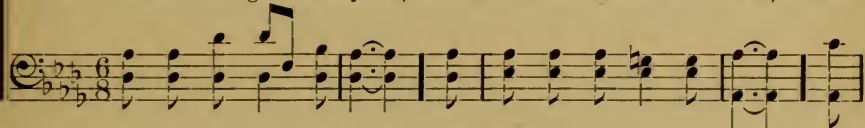
stran-ger. I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

SALLIE MARTIN.

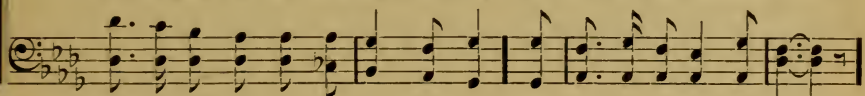
William James Kirkpatrick, (1838— ) 1886.



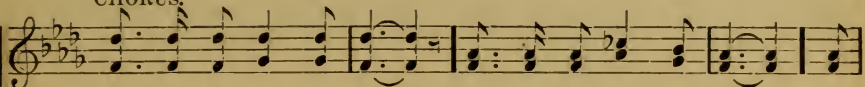
1. In - to the great be - yond, Fair land of the morning bright, Where
2. In - to the great be - yond, Whose gates are of pearl and gold. Where
3. In - to the great be - yond, Where summer e - ter - nal reigns, And
4. In - to the great be - yond, Where voi - ces I love so well, Sweet



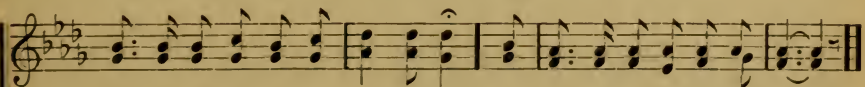
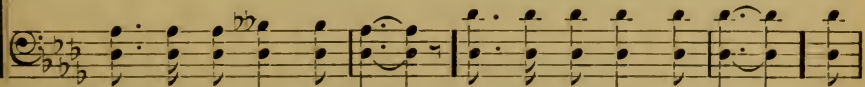
ris-eth the glo - ry of God most high O'er shadowless realms of light.  
 murmur the wa-ters of life so clear, That sparkle with joy un - told.  
 cov-ers with lil - ies of fade-less bloom The beau-ti-ful smiling plains.  
 voi-ces that car - ol the glad new song, Are call-ing me home to dwell.



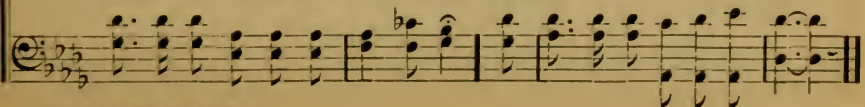
## CHORUS.



In - to the great be - yond, O - ver a wave - less sea, Bright



an-gels will car-ry my soul a-way With Je-sus for ev-er to be.





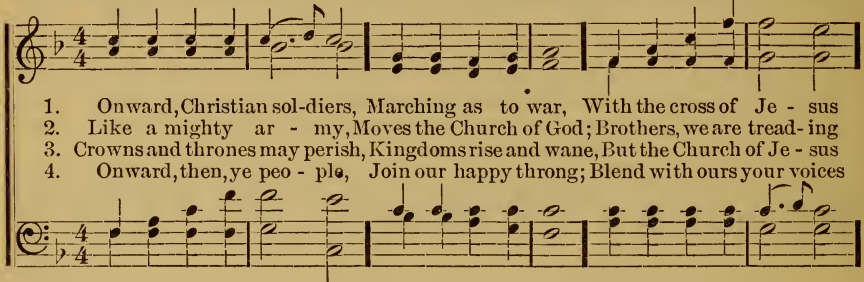
# PROCESSIONAL.

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## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"St. Gertrude." 6s. & 5s.

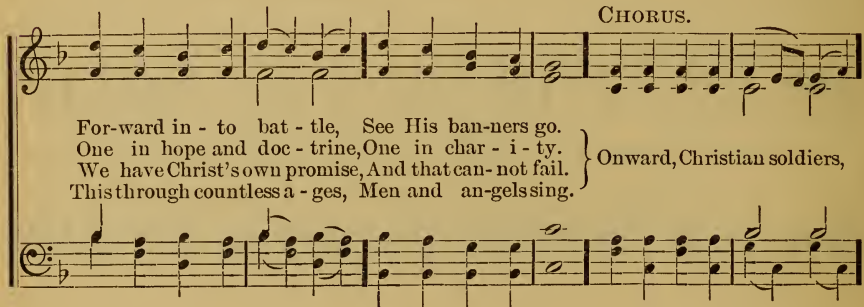
REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, (1834— ) 1865. Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842— ) 1872.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

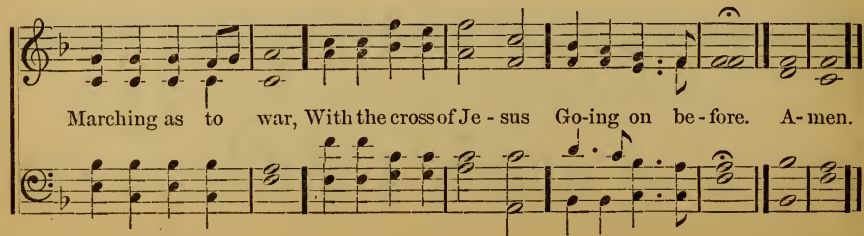


Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
 Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;



CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail. } Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 This through countless a - ges, Men and an - gel - ssing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

Adam Geibel, (1855— ) 1897.

1. Praise to Thee, our Fa - ther, In life's bloom-ing hours; Bright-er than the  
 2. Praise to Thee, dear Sav - iour; Thou hast been a child; Full of grace and  
 3. Praise, O Ho - ly Spir - it! Help us while we sing; For Thy ten - der  
 4. Prais-es, hap - py prais - es To the God of Love! Hon - or, might and

sun - shine, Mer - cy's gold - en show-ers; Joys, like sum-mer blos - soms,  
 wis - dom, Lov - ing, meek, and mild. From Thy throne in glo - ry,  
 guid - ance, Grate - ful thanks we bring. Teach us more of Je - sus,  
 bless - ing, An - gels sing a - bove. Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it,

Clus - ter 'round our way; May our lov - ing ser - vice, Thank Thee ev - ery day.  
 All Thy chil - dren see; Grant - ing us Thy bless - ing, Make us more like Thee.  
 Teach us through Thy Word, Let Thy gen - tle whis - per In our hearts be heard.  
 Ho - ly Trin - i - ty, One in power and glo - ry, We will wor - ship Thee.

## CHORUS.

Prais - es, hap - py prais - es, As we march a - long;  
 Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing, Glad tri - um - phant song.

COLIN STERNE, 1898.

H. Ernest Nichol, 1898.

1. Hark to the sound of voi - ces! Hark to the tramp of feet!  
 2. On, then, ye gal - lant sol - diers, On to your home a - bove!

Is it a might - y arm - y Tread - ing the bus - y street?  
 Yours is the truth and glo - ry, Yours is the power and love.

Near - er it comes and near - er, Sing - ing a glad re - frain;  
 Here are ye trained for he - roes, Yon - der ye serve the King;

List what they say as they haste a-way To the sound of a martial strain:—  
 March to the light 'neath the banner white, With the song that ye love to sing:—

CHORUS. *Unison.*

"Marching beneath the ban - ner, Fight - ing beneath the cross,

Trusting in Him who saves us, Ne'er shall we suf - fer loss;

Sing - ing the songs of home - land, Loud - ly the cho - rus rings;

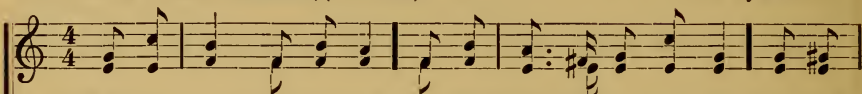
We march to fight in our armor bright, At the call of the King of kings."



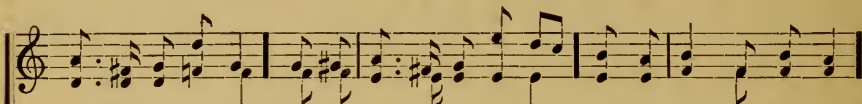
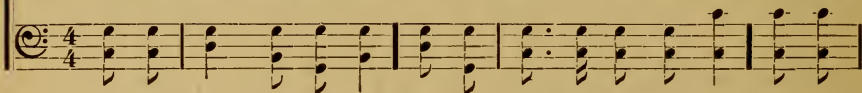
## "Soldaten."

REV. CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, (1829—1899)

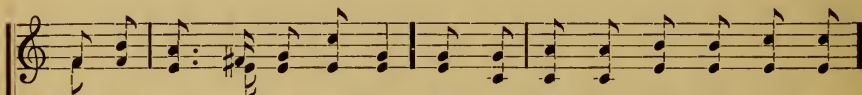
Arr. by Emmelar.



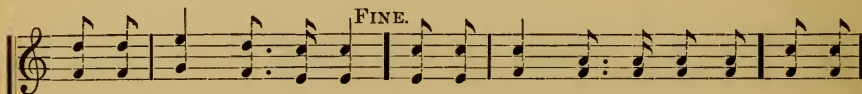
1. Marching on! marching on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Through the
  2. For-ward go! for-ward go! As did Is - ra - el of old; Where they
  3. Trust in God! trust in God! When the calls to du - ty come; He will
- D. C.*—Marching on! march-ing on! In the ranks of Christ, our King; Through the



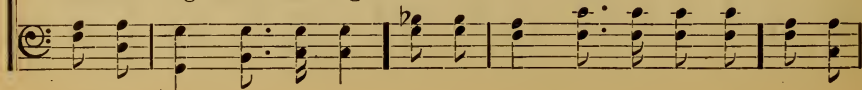
fears and time of tears—Through the endless chime of years—Through the night into light  
 trod, be-liev-ing God, Waves were parted with a rod; Manna bright, full and white,  
 see for you and me Paths shall o - pen safe and free. Nev - er fear, God is near,  
 fears and time of tears—Through the endless chime of years—Through the night into light



Where the skies are ev - er bright—Wave your ban - ners, lift ho - san - nas,  
 Fell a - round them in the night: Prayers as - cen - ded, rocks were rend - ed—  
 Faith-ful souls to Him are dear. Christ will meet you; He will greet you,—  
 Where the skies are ev - er bright—Wave your ban - ners, lift ho - san - nas,



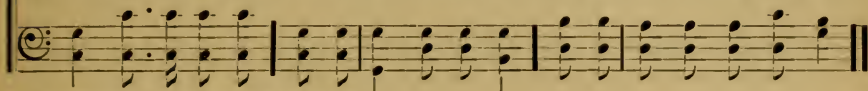
Shout and sing! shout and sing! For the toil is a - bat - ing, And the  
 Love was bold, grace un - told! Still our Lord is command - ing, "For-ward  
 "Child, come home! child, come home!" Far a - bove earth - ly val - leys Gold - en  
 Shout and sing! shout and sing!



D. C.\*



crowns are now waiting, We are glad to be known When the Lord makes up His own!  
go!" notwithstanding Mountains rise in the way; For the hills His will o - bey!  
gleams heaven's pal-ace, And we see Je-sus there At the por-tal shin-ing fair!

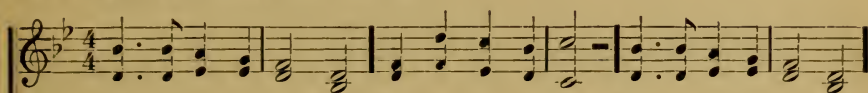


\* Repeat first eight lines of each stanza.

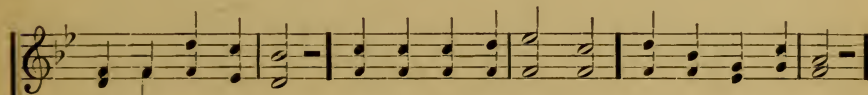
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## BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

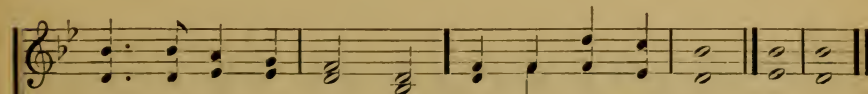
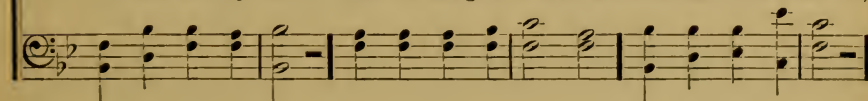
REV. THOMAS JOSEPH POTTER, (1827—1873) 1860.



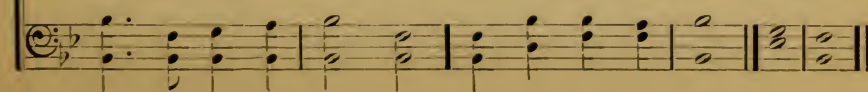
1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers onward
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious



To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,  
See Thy children meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a-stray;  
O - ver ev - ery foe: Bid Thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower,



And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heavenward way.  
Keep us, might - y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.  
Par - don Thou and save us In the last dread hour. A - men.



MRS. FANNY JANE (CROSBY) VAN ALSTYNE, (1823— )

Horatio Richmond Palmer, (1834— )

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy-ful-ly shout ho - san - na! Praise the Lord with  
 2. Praise we the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal; Glo - ry be to

glad ac - claim; Lift up our hearts un-to His throne with gladness,  
 God on high! Praise we the Lord, tell of His lov-ing kind-ness,

Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name. Marching a - long un - der His  
 Join the cho - rus of the sky. Still marching on, cheer - i - ly

ban - ner bright, Trust-ing in His mer - cy as we go, (trusting we go),  
 march-ing on, In the ranks of Je - sus we will go, (ev-er we'll go),

His light di-vine ten-der-ly o'er us will shine; We shall be  
Home to our rest, joy-ful-ly home, where the blest Gath-er and

CHORUS.

guid-ed by His hand now and for-ev-er. } Stead-i-ly marching on,  
praise the Saviour's name, praise Him for-ev-er.

With our ban-ner wav-ing o'er us, Stead-i-ly marching on, while we

sing the joy-ful cho-rus; Stead-i-ly march-ing on, pil-lar and

cloud go-ing before us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.



"Ancient of Days."

1. BP. WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, (1832— ) 1886.

J. A. Jeffery.

*Maestoso.* *f* *In Unison.*

1. Ancient of days, Who sit-test, throned in glo - ry;  
2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, Who hast led Thy chil - dren

To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has blessed the  
In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud, Through seas dry-shod; through

*ff rit.*

wide world's wondrous story, With light and lifesince Eden's dawning day.  
weary wastes bewildering; ToThee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed. A-men.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,  
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,  
Stillling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,  
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,  
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase:  
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,  
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,  
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;  
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring  
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1864— ) 1897.

1. Lord, we come in glad-ness to a-dore Thee, Tri-umph swells in  
 2. Christ, the powers of e - vil did en-fold Thee, But, though strong and  
 3. For Thy love, O God, in Je - sus send - ing, Thy great love to

ev - ery heart be-fore Thee, For our Sav - iour and His wondrous-glo-ry,  
 dread, they could not hold Thee, Of Thy strength the half has ne'er been told me,  
 us in Him commend- ing, Wondrous power in death's dark barriers rending,

## REFRAIN.

At Thy feet, O Je-sus! we a-dore.  
 Let me see Thee clear-er, I implore. } While Thy praises this glad hour re-  
 Thee we love, yea, love Thee more and more.

sound-ing Thrill our hearts, with "grace for grace" abounding, And we have th'al-

might - y arm surround-ing, Let Thy love steal all our spir - its o'er.

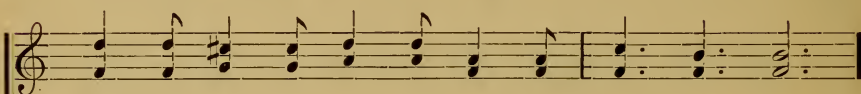
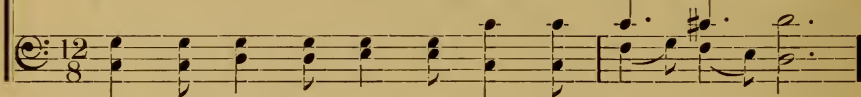
"Rally."

REV. STANLEY LEFEVRE KREBS, (1864— )

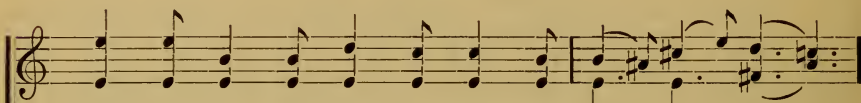
Rev. Stanley LeFevre Krebs, (1861— )



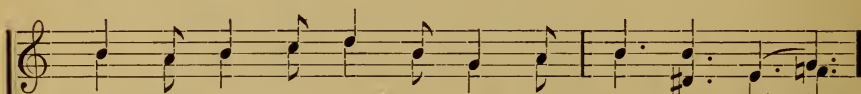
1. Come we now our bless - ed Sav - iour to a - dore;  
 2. Like a might - y ar - my let us march a - long,



Bless - ings on our prayers and songs from Him im - plore.  
 Dai - ly seek - ing oth - ers for our hap - py throng;



Je - sus, in our hearts the light of love re - store!  
 Lead - ing them from er - ror and the paths of wrong



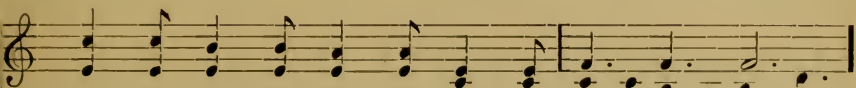
Draw us clos - er than we've ev - er been be - fore.  
 To the feet of Je - sus, where we all be - long.



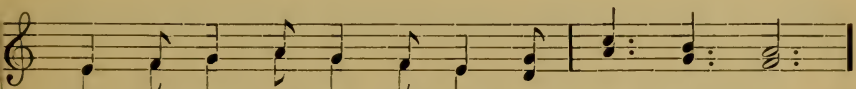
CHORUS.



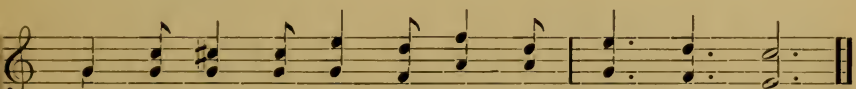
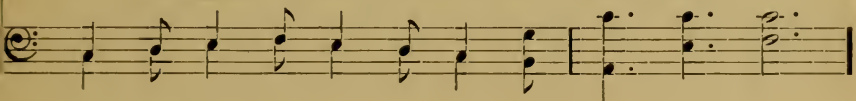
Ral - ly in the name of Je - sus, one and all!  
Ral - ly one and all!



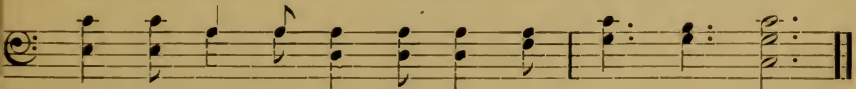
Ral - ly round our glo - rious Cap - tain, at His call!  
Ral - ly at His call!



Let the tread of gath - ering sol - diers, great and small,



Be the an - swer sent to Him our hearts ex - tol.



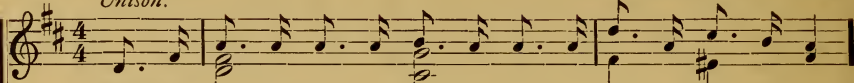
3 Jesus calls the glad ones and the sad ones too,  
Rich and poor, the high and low, the false and true;  
Brother! sister! harken, and lay hold anew  
For He has a work that's suited just to you.—CHOR.

4 Sinner, comes there not a call to you, to-day?  
Don't you hear a tender voice within you say,  
"Come to Me, and there abide, both now and aye?"  
When you hear, God help you come, without delay.—CHOR.





MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.  
*Unison.*

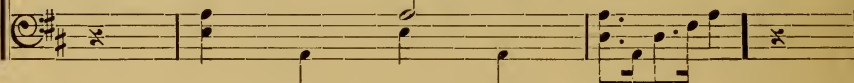
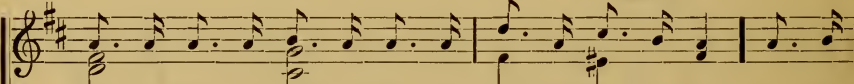
Adam Geibel, (1855— ) 1896.




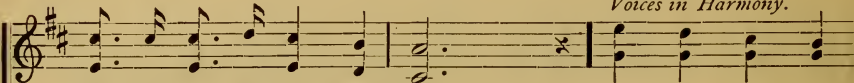
1. Wel-come, roy - al-heart - ed Sum-mer, crowned with beauty, light and flowers,  
2. Thanks to Thee, O God our Fa-ther, for the bless-ings of the year,  
3. So we come a-gain with glad-ness to our Fa-ther's house to-day,



Scattering ros - es, blush-ing ros - es, by the way; And we  
More in num - ber than the sands a-long the shore; Ev - ery  
Sing - ing car - ols like the mer - ry birds of Spring; Hith - er -

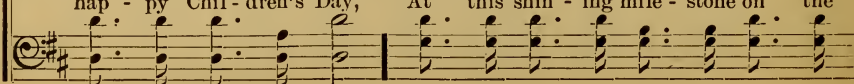
pray that grace unmeasur-ed shall at - tune these hearts of ours, To the  
need - ful good pro - vid - ed, Love and Mer - cy bend-ing near, May we  
to the Lord hath led us; still He'll guide us on our way, To the


CHORUS.  
*Voices in Harmony.*


sun-shine of the Chil-dren's Day. } Wel - come, wel - come,  
ren - der prais - es ev - er - more.  
Tem - ple of our Sav - iour - King. }

hap - py Chil - dren's Day, At this shin - ing mile - stone on the





pil - grim way, Let us gath - er with re - joic - ing, and with  
hearts and voi - ces say, Praise God, praise God, praise God.

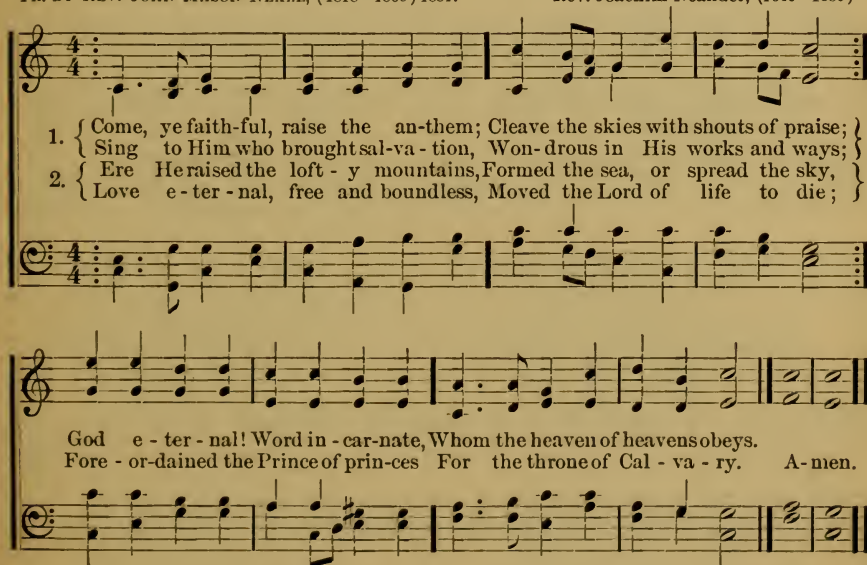
## 243 COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE ANTHEM.

"Neander." 8s. & 7s. 6 lines.

REV. JOB HUPTON, (1762—1849) 1806.

TR. BY REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, (1818—1866) 1851.

Rev. Joachim Neander, (1640—1680)



1. { Come, ye faith - ful, raise the an - them; Cleave the skies with shouts of praise; }  
2. { Sing to Him who brought sal - va - tion, Won - drous in His works and ways; }  
3. { Ere He raised the loft - y mountains, Formed the sea, or spread the sky, }  
4. { Love e - ter - nal, free and boundless, Moved the Lord of life to die; }

God e - ter - nal! Word in - car - nate, Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.  
Fore - or - dained the Prince of prin - ces For the throne of Cal - va - ry. A - men.

3 Now above the sapphire pavement,  
High in unapproachèd light,  
Lo! He lives and reigns for ever,  
Victor after hard-won fight,  
Where the song of the redeemed  
Rings unceasing day and night.

4 Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims;  
Who shall pluck you from His hand?  
Pledged He stands for your salvation,  
Pledged to give the promised land,  
Where among the ransomed nations  
Ye too round His throne shall stand.

DEAN HENRY ALFORD, (1810-1871)

6s. &amp; 5s.

Henry Smart, (1813-1879)

1. Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things be-  
 2. Forward, flock to Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, 'Till each yearning  
 3. Glo-ries up-on glo-ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that

fore us, Not a look be-hind: Burns the fie-ry pil-lar  
 pur-pose Spring to glo-rious birth: Sick, they ask for heal-ing,  
 love Him One day to be shared; Eye hath not be-held them,

At our ar-my's head; Who shall dream of shrink-ing,  
 Blind, they grope for day; Pour up-on the na-tions  
 Ear hath nev-er heard; Nor of these hath ut-tered

By Je-ho-vah led? Forward through the des-ert, Through the toil and fight;  
 Wisdom's lov-ing ray; Forward, out of er-ror, Leave be-hind the night;  
 Thought or speech a word; Forward, marching east-ward Where the heaven is bright,

Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Zi-on beams with light.  
 For-ward through the dark-ness, For-ward in-to light!  
 Till the veil be lift-ed, Till our faith be sight.



# NATIONAL AND THANKSGIVING.

## MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

"America." 6s. & 4s.

245

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, (1808—1895) 1832.

Henry Carey, (1685—1743) 1743.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my  
2. My native country, thee—Land of the no-ble free—Thy name I love: I love thy

fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above. A-men.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song!  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong!

4 Our father's God! to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

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## GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND!

REV. JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT, (1812—1893) 1844.

1 God bless our native land,  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On Him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State!

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## PRAISE YE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

REV. WILLIAM GOODE, (1762—1816) 1811.

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name;  
Praise through His courts proclaim;  
Rise and adore;  
High o'er the heavens above,  
Sound His great acts of love,  
While His rich grace we prove,  
Vast as His power.

There let the harp be found;  
Organs, with solemn sound,  
Roll your deep notes around,  
Filled with His name.

2 Now let the trumpet raise  
Sounds of triumphant praise,  
Wide as His fame;

3 While His high praise you sing,  
Shake every sounding string;  
Sweet the accord!  
He vital breath bestows;  
Let every breath that flows,  
His noblest fame disclose.  
Praise ye the Lord.



## "National Hymn."

REV. DANIEL C. ROBERTS, (1841— ) 1876.

George William Warren, (1828— )

*Voices alone.*

*ff* *Trumpets (before each verse).* 1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might - y  
*f* 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the  
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pest - i -  
 4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some

*March time ♩ = 60.*

*With organ.*

hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star-ry band  
 past, In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
 lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de-fence;  
 way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

*cres.*

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,  
 Be Thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and stay,  
 Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,  
 Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

*Slargando.*

*ff* Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.  
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.  
 Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.  
 And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. Amen.

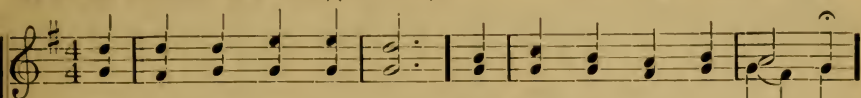
## NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

"Nun Danket." P. M.

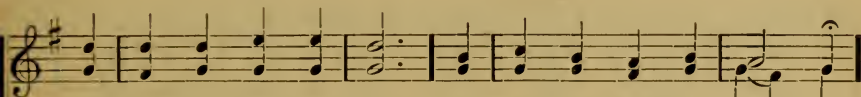
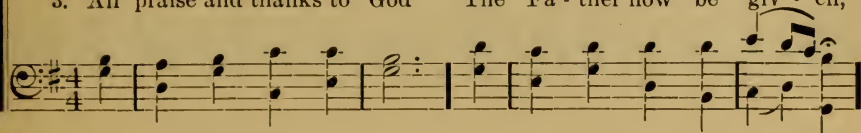
REV. MARTIN RINKART, (1586-1649) 1644.

TR. BY MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH, (1829-1878) 1858.

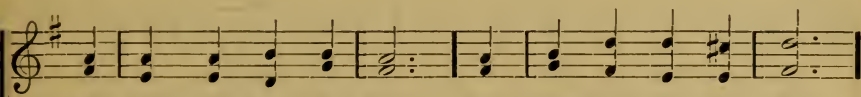
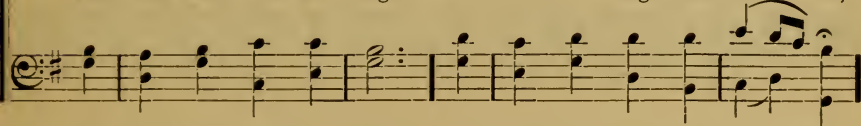
Johann Crüger, (1598-1662) 1649.



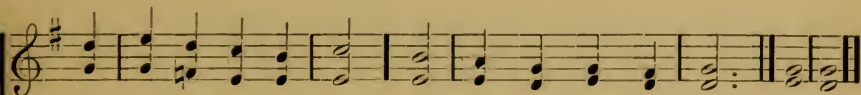
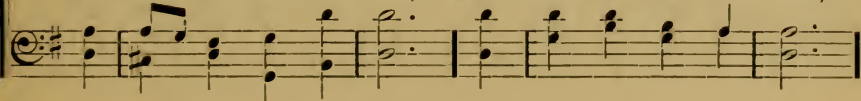
1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,  
 2. Oh, may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us,  
 3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,



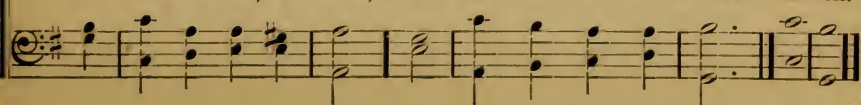
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joice - es;  
 With ev - er - joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us,  
 The Son and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,



Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way  
 And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,  
 The one e - ter - nal God, Whom heaven and earth a - dore,



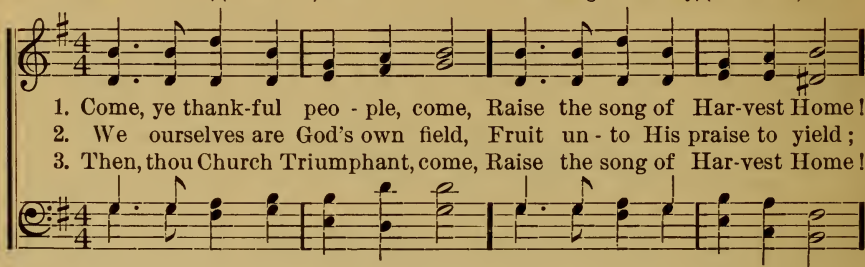
With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next.  
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. Amen.



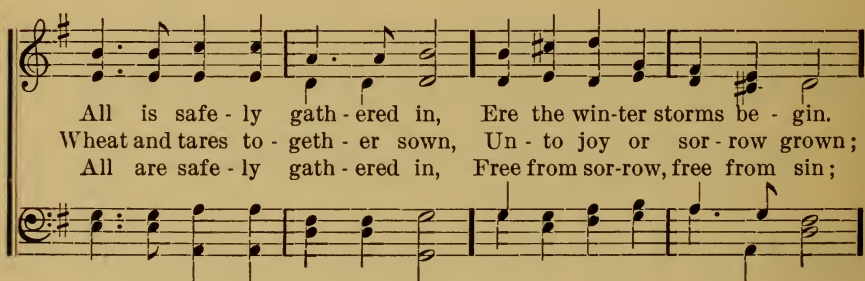
## "St. George's, Windsor."

DEAN HENRY ALFORD, (1810—1871) 1845.

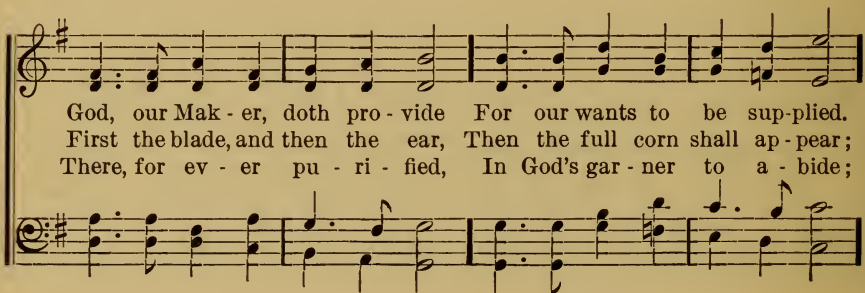
Sir George Job Elvey, (1816—1893) 1858.



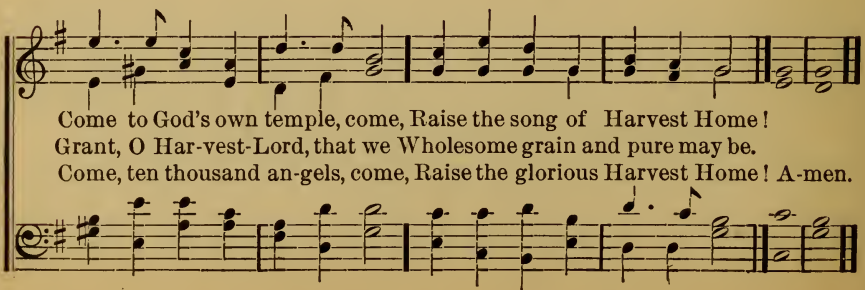
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest Home!  
 2. We ourselves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;  
 3. Then, thou Church Triumphant, come, Raise the song of Har-vest Home!



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be - gin.  
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;  
 All are safe - ly gath - ered in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup-plied.  
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;  
 There, for ev - er pu - ri - fied, In God's gar - ner to a - bide;



Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest Home!  
 Grant, O Har-vest-Lord, that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
 Come, ten thousand an-gels, come, Raise the glorious Harvest Home! A-men.

## SUMMER SUNS ARE GLOWING.

"Ruth."

BP. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, (1823-1897) 1864.

Samuel Smith, (1821-1873)

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea,  
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world,  
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness, Thy pure ra - diance pour;  
 4. We will nev - er doubt Thee; Though Thou veil Thy light;

Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free.  
 And His ban - ner gleam - eth Ev - ery - where un - furled.  
 For Thy lov - ing - kind - ness Make us love Thee more.  
 Life is dark with - out Thee; Death with Thee is bright.

Ev - ery - thing re - joice - es In the mel - low rays,  
 Broad and deep and glo - rious As the heaven a - bove,  
 And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross our sky,  
 Light of Light! shine o'er us On our pil - grim way,

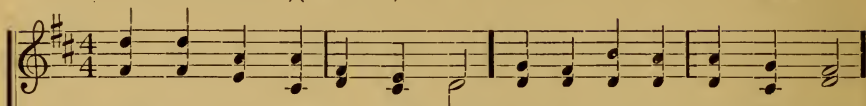
All earth's thousand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise.  
 Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.  
 Then the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.  
 Go Thou still be - fore us To the end - less day.



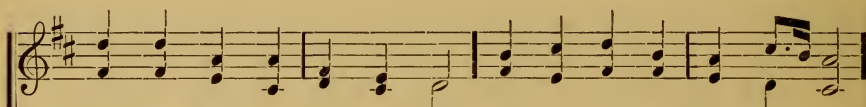
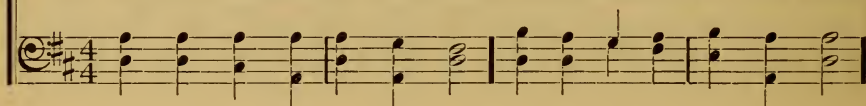
"Day-Spring." 7s. 6 lines.

MRS. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, (1743—1825) 1772.

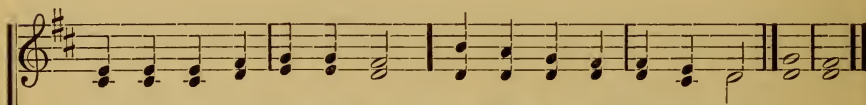
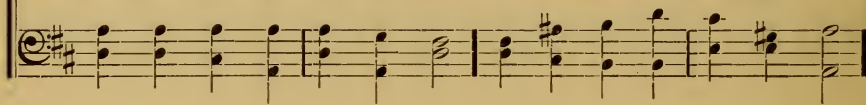
Prussian Air.



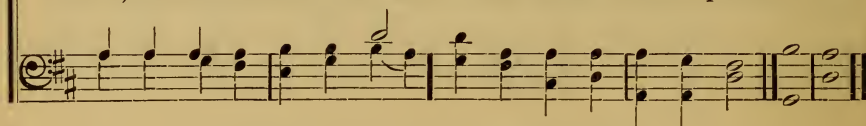
1. Praise to God, im-mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days ;  
 2. All the bless - ings of the fields, All the stores the gar - den yields,



- Bounteous Source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ ;  
 Flocks that whit - en all the plain, Yel-low sheaves of ri - pened grain ;



- All to Thee, O God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow.  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise. A-men.



- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
 All the plenty summer pours,  
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
 Private bliss, and public wealth,  
 Knowledge with its gladdening streams,  
 Pure religion's holier beams :  
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

## PRAISE TO THE LORD! HE IS KING.

"Lobe den Herren." P. M.

REV. JOACHIM NEANDER, (1640-1680)  
TR. BY THOMAS C. PORTER.Peter Sohren, 1660.  
Arr by F. C. Moyer.

1. Praise to the Lord! He is King o - ver all cre - a -  
 2. Praise thou the Lord, who in glo - ri - ous ma - jes - ty  
 3. Praise thou the Lord, who with hon - or and bless - ing hath  
 4. Praise to the Lord, and let all that is in me a -

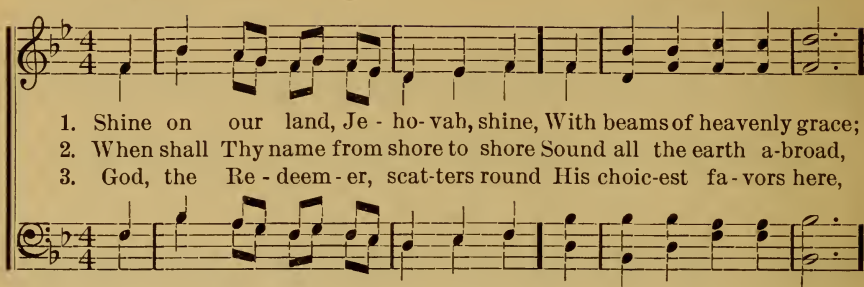
a - tion; Praise, O my soul, with the an - gels, the  
 reign - ing, Guid - eth thee on - ward, in ev - er - y  
 crowned thee, Pour - ing His gifts out of heav - en like  
 dore Him! All that have breath, with his ran - somed ones

God of sal - va - tion! Join in their song; Psalt - ery and  
 per - il sus - tain - ing! Thee to up - hold Arms of His  
 show - ers a - round thee! Think of it too What the Al -  
 wor - ship be - fore Him! He is our light, Foun - tain of

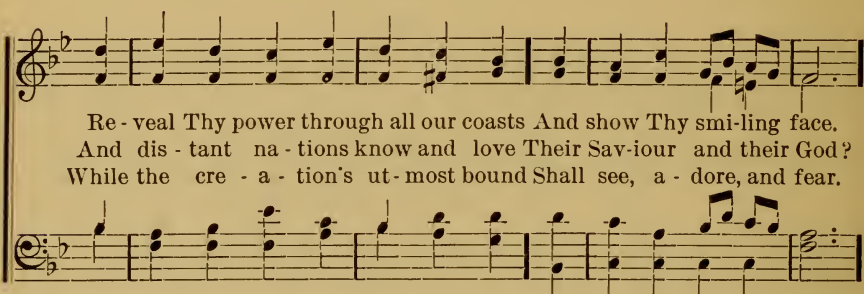
harp, roll a - long, Praise in each sol - emn vi - bra - tion.  
 mer - cy en - fold, Pa - tient 'mid all thy com - plain - ing.  
 might - y can do - How by His love He hath bound  
 - glo - ry and might. Come, let us kneel and a - dore Him!

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748)

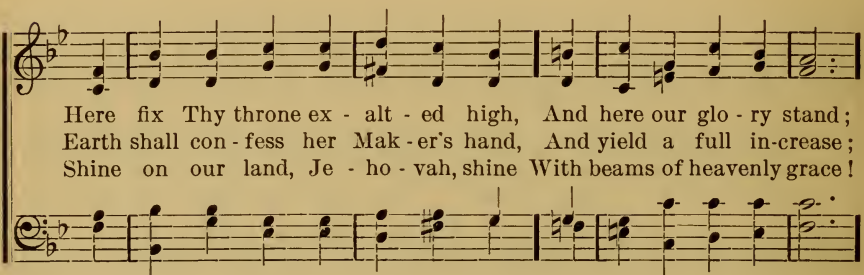
W. A. H. Hinnershitz.



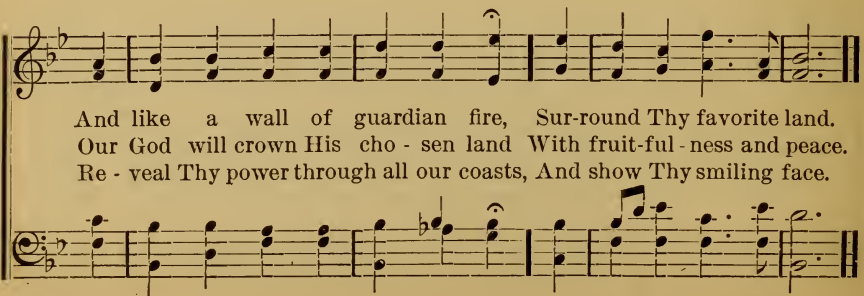
1. Shine on our land, Je - ho - vah, shine, With beams of heavenly grace;  
 2. When shall Thy name from shore to shore Sound all the earth a-broad,  
 3. God, the Re - deem - er, scat - ters round His choic - est fa - vors here,



Re - veal Thy power through all our coasts And show Thy smil - ing face.  
 And dis - tant na - tions know and love Their Sav - iour and their God?  
 While the cre - a - tion's ut - most bound Shall see, a - dore, and fear.

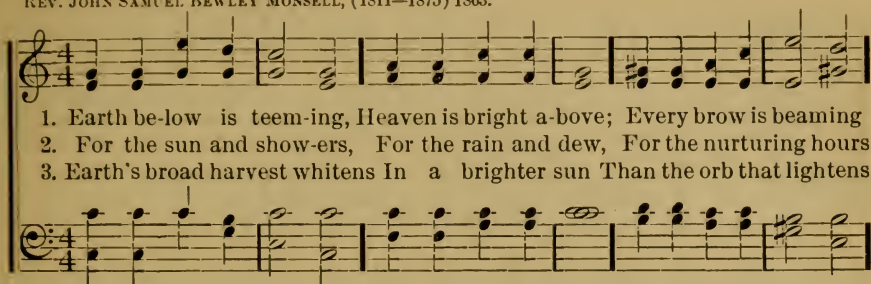


Here fix Thy throne ex - alt - ed high, And here our glo - ry stand;  
 Earth shall con - fess her Mak - er's hand, And yield a full in - crease;  
 Shine on our land, Je - ho - vah, shine With beams of heavenly grace!

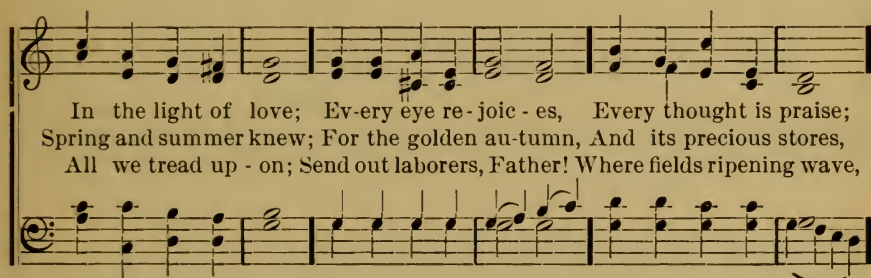


And like a wall of guardian fire, Sur - round Thy favorite land.  
 Our God will crown His cho - sen land With fruit - ful - ness and peace.  
 Re - veal Thy power through all our coasts, And show Thy smiling face.

REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, (1811—1875) 1863.

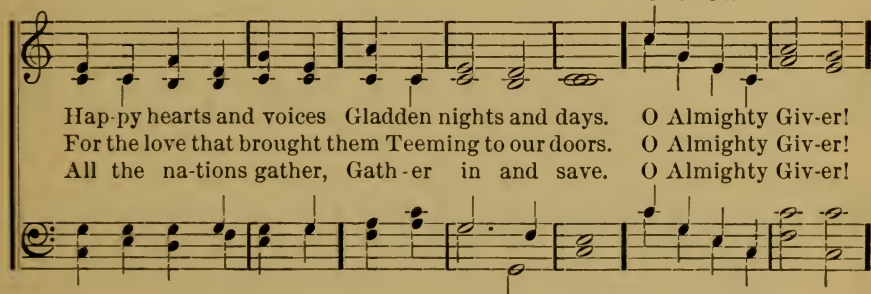


1. Earth be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Every brow is beaming  
 2. For the sun and show-ers, For the rain and dew, For the nurturing hours  
 3. Earth's broad harvest whitens In a brighter sun Than the orb that lightens

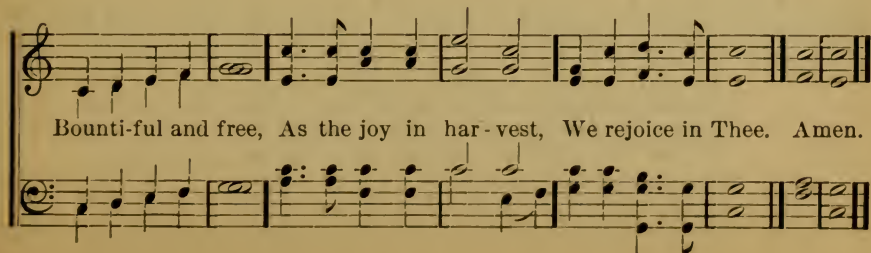


In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joic-es, Every thought is praise;  
 Spring and summer knew; For the golden au-tumn, And its precious stores,  
 All we tread up-on; Send out laborers, Father! Where fields ripening wave,

## CHORUS.



Hap-py hearts and voices Gladden nights and days. O Almighty Giv-er!  
 For the love that brought them Teeming to our doors. O Almighty Giv-er!  
 All the na-tions gather, Gath-er in and save. O Almighty Giv-er!

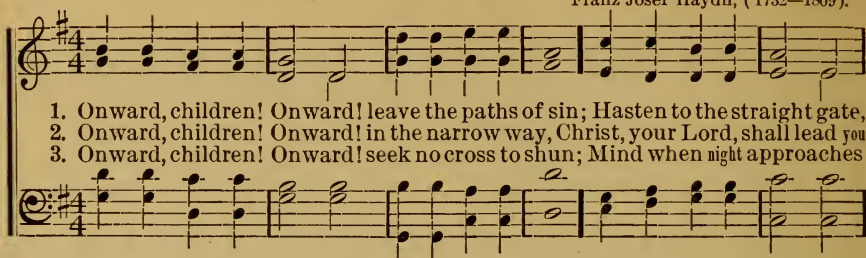


Bounti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest, We rejoice in Thee. Amen.

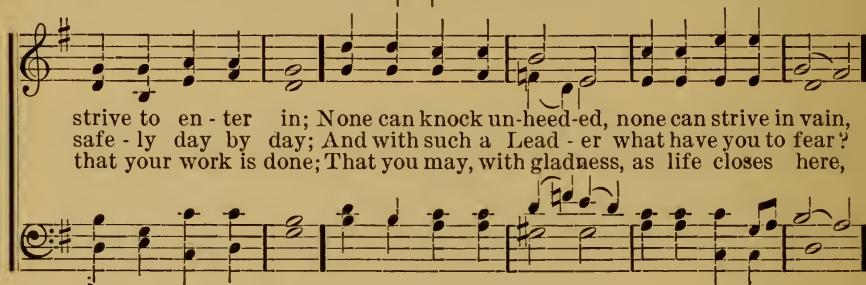


## ONWARD, CHILDREN! ONWARD!

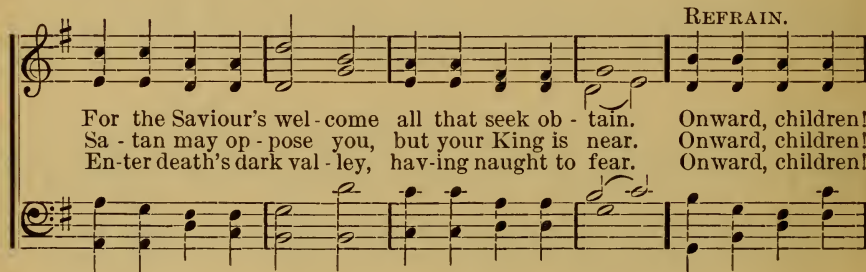
"St. Alban." 6s. & 5s. D. Franz Josef Haydn, (1732—1809).



1. Onward, children! Onward! leave the paths of sin; Hasten to the straight gate,  
 2. Onward, children! Onward! in the narrow way, Christ, your Lord, shall lead you  
 3. Onward, children! Onward! seek no cross to shun; Mind when night approaches

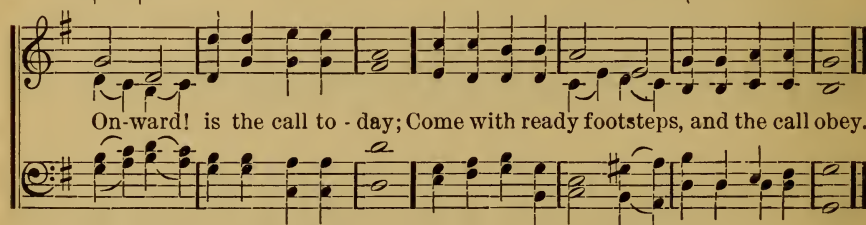


strive to en - ter in; None can knock un - heed - ed, none can strive in vain,  
 safe - ly day by day; And with such a Lead - er what have you to fear?  
 that your work is done; That you may, with gladness, as life closes here,



REFRAIN.

For the Saviour's wel - come all that seek ob - tain. Onward, children!  
 Sa - tan may op - pose you, but your King is near. Onward, children!  
 En - ter death's dark val - ley, hav - ing naught to fear. Onward, children!



On - ward! is the call to - day; Come with ready footsteps, and the call obey.

4 Onward, children! Onward! guardian angels sing;  
 Hasten to the palace of your God and King;  
 Clad in heavenly armor to the end endure;  
 You with Christ shall triumph, victory is sure.—REFRAIN.

5 Onward, ever onward! till you join the throng,  
 Who, in dazzling raiment, sing the triumph-song,  
 And to heavenly music cry with one accord,—  
 "Holy! Holy! Holy! is our sovereign Lord."—REFRAIN.

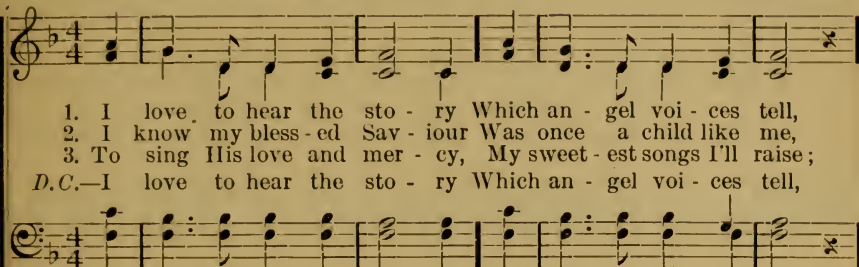
# PRIMARY HYMNS.

257

## I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

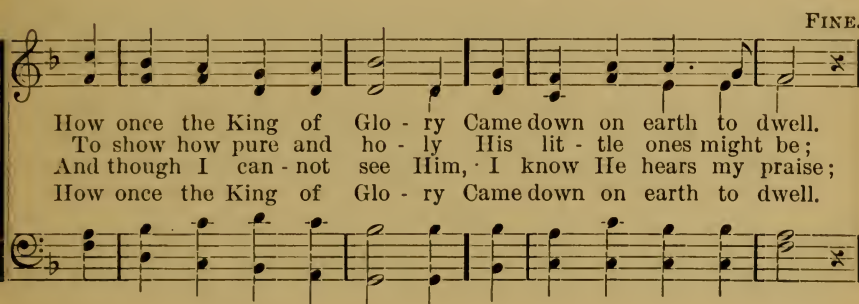
MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, (1833— ) 1867.

Cyril Bowdler.

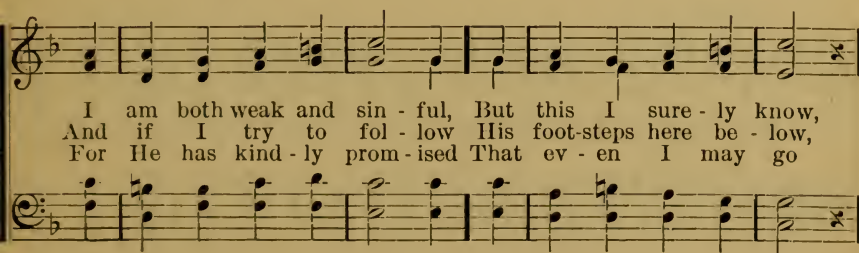


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,  
 2. I know my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,  
 3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet - est songs I'll raise;  
*D.C.*—I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,

FINE.

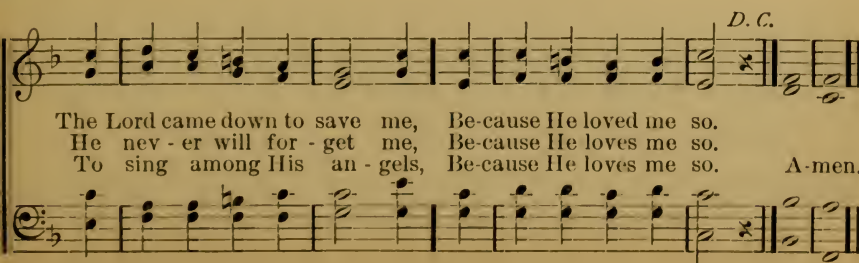


How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.  
 To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;  
 And though I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;  
 How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.



I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,  
 And if I try to fol - low His foot-steps here be - low,  
 For He has kind - ly prom - ised That ev - en I may go

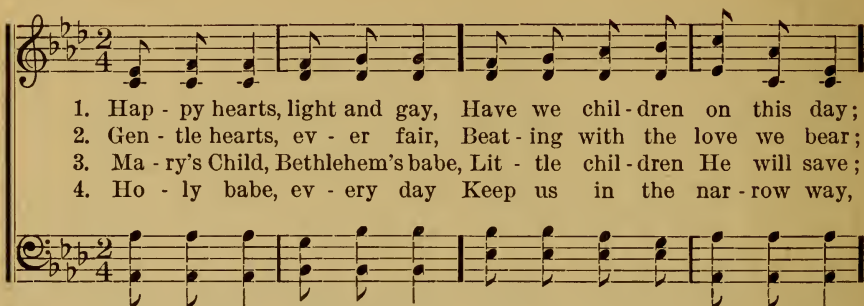
*D. C.*



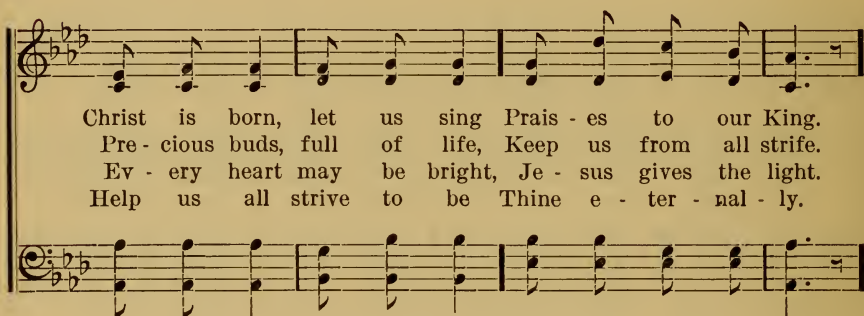
The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.  
 He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.  
 To sing among His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so. A - men.

REV. J. C. LEINBACH.

F. K. Hill.

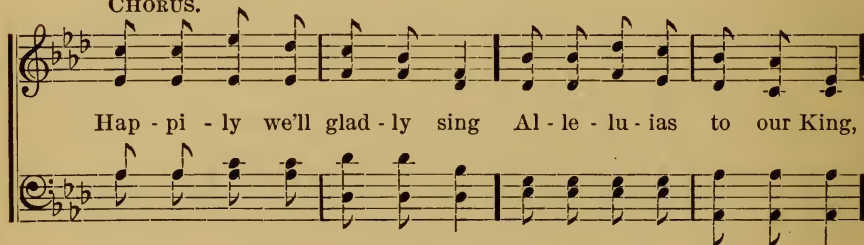


1. Hap - py hearts, light and gay, Have we chil - dren on this day;  
 2. Gen - tle hearts, ev - er fair, Beat - ing with the love we bear;  
 3. Ma - ry's Child, Bethlehem's babe, Lit - tle chil - dren He will save;  
 4. Ho - ly babe, ev - ery day Keep us in the nar - row way,

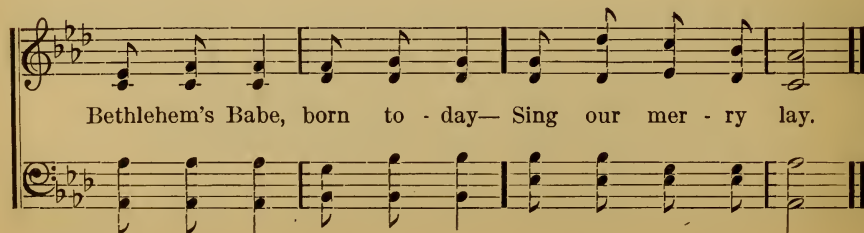


Christ is born, let us sing Prais - es to our King.  
 Pre - cious buds, full of life, Keep us from all strife.  
 Ev - ery heart may be bright, Je - sus gives the light.  
 Help us all strive to be Thine e - ter - nal - ly.

## CHORUS.



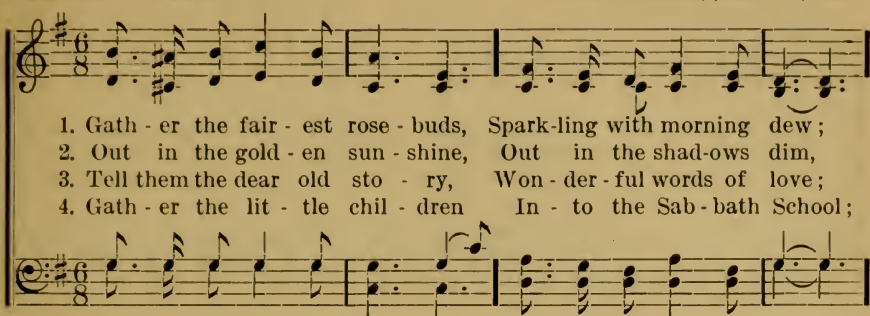
Hap - pi - ly we'll glad - ly sing Al - le - lu - ias to our King,



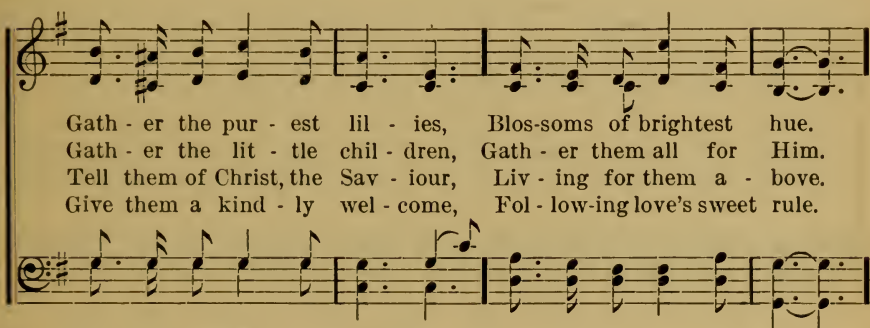
Bethlehem's Babe, born to - day— Sing our mer - ry lay.

MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

Daniel B. Towner,, (1853— ) 1899.

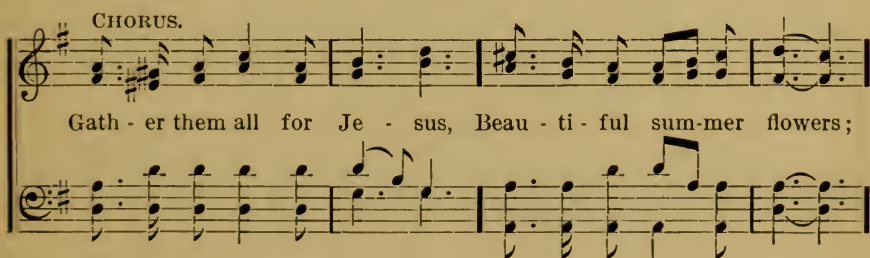


1. Gath - er the fair - est rose - buds, Spark - ling with morning dew ;  
 2. Out in the gold - en sun - shine, Out in the shad - ows dim,  
 3. Tell them the dear old sto - ry, Won - der - ful words of love ;  
 4. Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren In - to the Sab - bath School ;

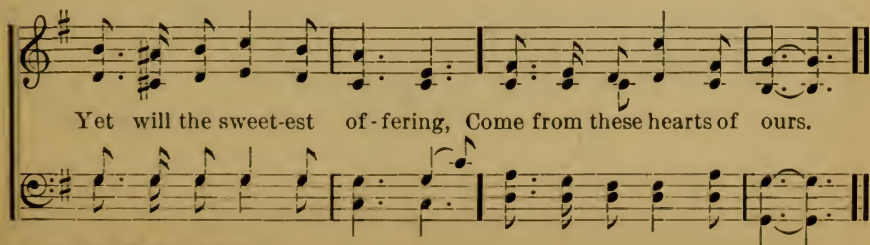


Gath - er the pur - est lil - ies, Blossoms of brightest hue.  
 Gath - er the lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - er them all for Him.  
 Tell them of Christ, the Sav - iour, Liv - ing for them a - bove.  
 Give them a kind - ly wel - come, Fol - low - ing love's sweet rule.

CHORUS.



Gath - er them all for Je - sus, Beau - ti - ful sum - mer flowers ;

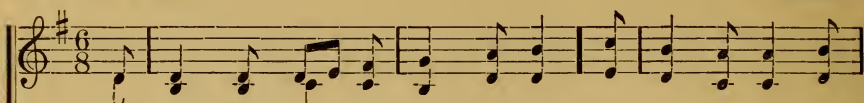


Yet will the sweet - est of - fering, Come from these hearts of ours.




MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

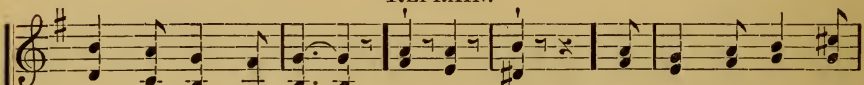


1. The an - gels sang one star - ry night, Good news for you, good  
 2. Glad mu - sic fell from harps of gold, Good news for you, good  
 3. He loves us more than we can say, Good news for you, good




news for me; They filled the sky with glo - ry bright, Good  
 news for me; The sweet - est sto - ry ev - er told, Good  
 news for me; He lives for us this Christ - mas day, Good

## REFRAIN.



news for you and me. Hark! hark! hark! Good news for you and



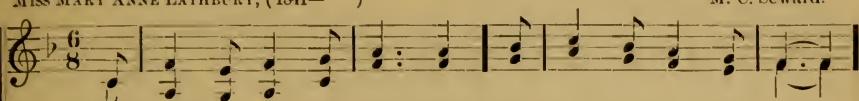
me; For Je - sus came that star - ry night, Good news for you and me.

## LIFT UP, O LITTLE CHILDREN.

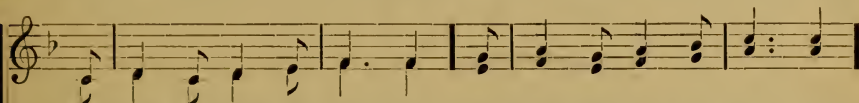
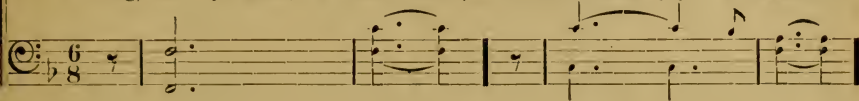
"Surse."

MISS MARY ANNE LATHBURY, (1841— )

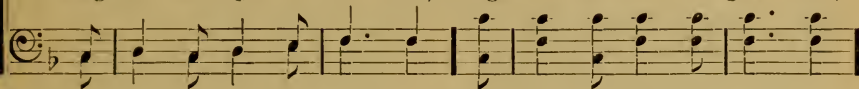
M. C. Seward.



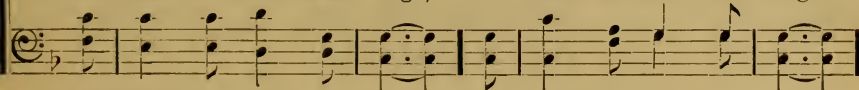
1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voi - ces clear and sweet,  
 2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - ies, Your whiteness to the sun;  
 3. Ring, all ye bells, in wel - come, Your chimes of joy a - gain!



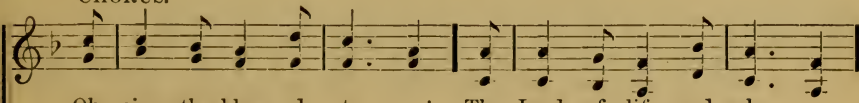
And sing the bless - ed sto - ry Of Christ, the Lord of glo - ry,  
 The earth is not our pris - on, Since Christ Him - self hath ris - en,  
 Ring out the night of sad - ness, Ring in the morn of glad - ness,



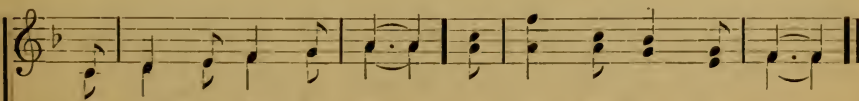
And wor - ship at His feet! And wor - ship at His feet!  
 The life of ev - ery one, The life of ev - ery one.  
 For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign.



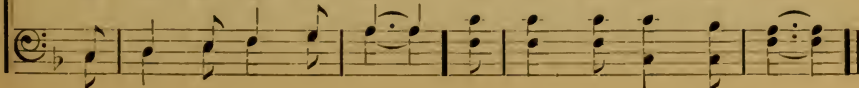
## CHORUS.



Oh, sing the bless - ed sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry



Is ris - en— as He said— Is ris - en from the dead!



## 262

## JESUS LOVES ME.

"Brocklesbury." 8s. & 7s. (*First Tune.*)

1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, He is al-ways, al-ways near;

If I try to please Him tru-ly, There is naught that I can fear. A-men.

2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,  
For to save my soul He died;  
He for me bore pain and sorrow,  
Nailed hands and pierced side.

4 Jesus loves me, and He watches  
Over me with loving eye,  
And He sends His holy angels  
Safe to keep me till I die.

3 Jesus loves me; night and morning  
Jesus hears the prayers I pray,  
And He never, never leaves me,  
When I work or when I play.

5 Jesus loves me; O Lord Jesus,  
Now I pray Thee by Thy love  
Keep me ever pure and holy  
Till I come to Thee above.

## 262

## JESUS LOVES ME.

8s. & 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

J. I. T.

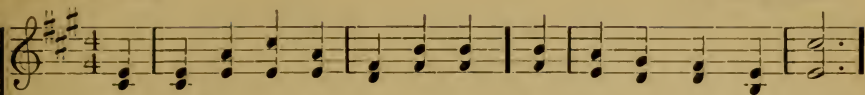
1. Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, He is al-ways, al-ways near;

If I try to please Him tru-ly, There is naught that I can fear. A-men.

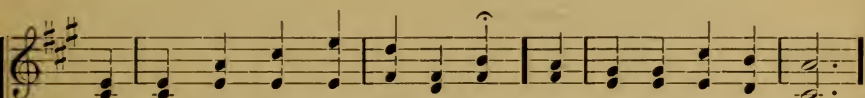
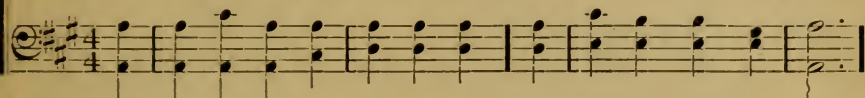
## THE LOVING LITTLE ONES.

REV. E. UNANGST.

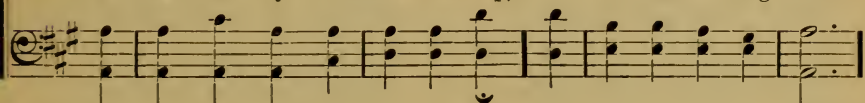
J. H. Kurzenknabe.



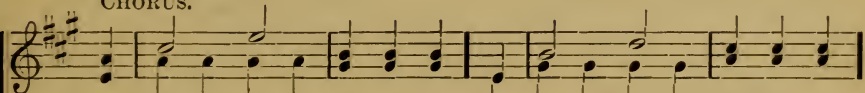
1. 'Tis Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, And calls them as His own,
2. Let lit - tle ones sing Je - sus' name, He loves to hear them sing,
3. He loves to be with lit - tle ones, And hear their child-like prayer,



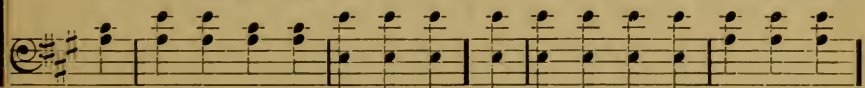
He's al - ways with the lit - tle ones, They're nev - er left a - lone.  
 And fill His courts with joy - ful sound, And make His praises ring.  
 And ten - der - ly He takes them up, In - to His lov - ing care.



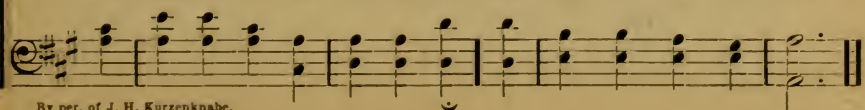
## CHORUS.



The lov - ing lit - tle ones, The love - ly lit - tle ones,  
 The lov - ing, lov - ing lit - tle ones, The lovely, love - ly lit - tle ones,



The bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones.  
 The bless - ed, bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones.





1. Lit - tle children, can you tell, Do you know the story well, Every girl and  
2. Yes, we know the story well; Listen now and hear us tell, Every girl and

ev - ery boy, Why the angels sing for joy, On the Christmas morn - ing?  
ev - ery boy, Why the angels sing for joy, On the Christmas morn - ing?

3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,  
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,  
When a brightness filled the sky,  
When a voice was heard on high  
On the Christmas morning.

5 For a little Babe that day  
Cradled in a manger lay,  
Born on earth our Lord to be;  
This fair wondering angels see  
On the Christmas morning.

4 "Joy and peace!" the angels sang;  
Far the pleasant echoes rang;  
"Peace on earth, to men good-will!"  
Hark! the angels sing it still  
On the Christmas morning.

6 Joy our little hearts shall fill,  
Peace and love, and all good-will;  
This fair Babe of Bethlehem  
Children loves, and blesses them  
On the Christmas morning.

S. C. HAMERTON.

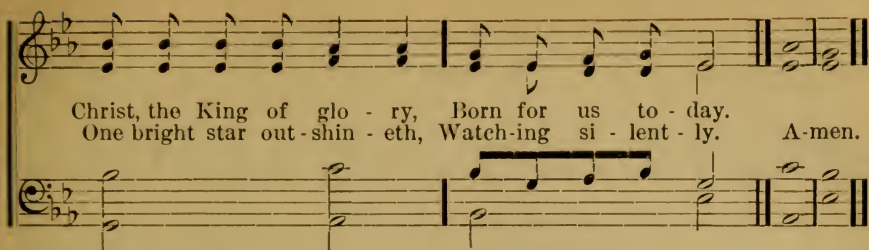
6s. &amp; 5s. D.

English.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Waken, Christian children, Up, and let us sing With glad hearts and voices,  
2. In a manger lowly Sleeps the heavenly Child, O'er Him fondly bendeth

Of our new-born King. Up! 'tis meet to wel-come, With a joy-ous lay,  
Ma-ry, mother mild. Far above that sta-ble, Up in heaven so high,



Christ, the King of glo - ry, Born for us to - day.  
One bright star out - shin - eth, Watch - ing si - lent - ly. A - men.

3 Fear not, then, to enter,  
Though we cannot bring  
Gold or myrrh or incense  
Fitting for a King,  
Gifts He asketh richer,  
Offering costlier still,  
Yet may Christian children  
Bring them if they will.

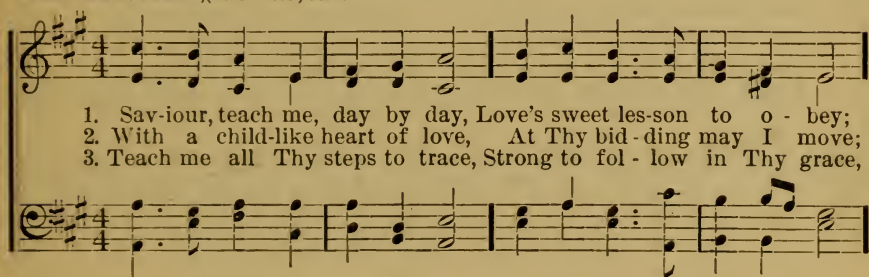
4 Brighter than all jewels  
Shines the modest eye;  
Best of gifts, He loveth  
Infant purity.  
Haste we, then, to welcome  
With a joyous lay  
Christ, the King of glory,  
Born for us to-day.

266

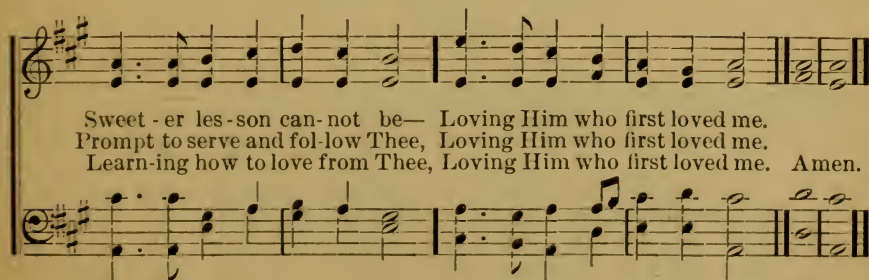
SAVIOUR, TEACH ME, DAY BY DAY.

"Percivals." 7s.

MISS JANE E. LEESON, (1815—1883) 1842.



1. Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o - bey;  
2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;  
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace,



Sweet - er les-son can not be— Loving Him who first loved me.  
Prompt to serve and fol-low Thee, Loving Him who first loved me.  
Learn-ing how to love from Thee, Loving Him who first loved me. Amen.

4 Love in loving finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

"Lucerne." 8. 7. 8. 7.

MRS. SKELLEY.

T. A. Willis.

1. Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to sing to Thee;  
 2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heaven where He is gone;  
 3. For we know the Lord of Glo - ry Al-ways sees what chil-dren do,  
 4. Let our sins be all for - giv - en, Make us fear what-e'er is wrong;

Thou art great, and high, and ho - ly, O how ho - ly should we be.  
 And let noth - ing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on.  
 And is writ - ing now the sto - ry Of our thoughts and actions, too.  
 Lead us on our way to heav - en, There to sing a no - bler song. A - men.

"St. Wistan." 6. 5. 6. 5.

Lord T. Butler.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list - ening ear;  
 2. Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heaven's Al - might - y King,  
 3. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray;  
 4. Save us, Lord, from sin - ning, Watch us day by day;  
 5. Then, when Je - sus calls us To our heav - en - ly Home

When we bow be - fore Thee, Children's prais - es hear.  
 Thou wilt stoop to list - en When Thy praise we sing.  
 Sav - iour, guide and keep us In the heavenly way.  
 Help us now to love Thee; Take our sins a - way.  
 We would glad - ly an - swer, "Sav-iour, Lord, we come." A-men.

269

THE LITTLE LORD JESUS.

REV. MARTIN LUTHER, (1483—1546)

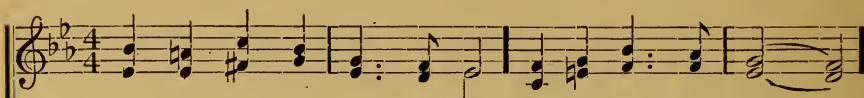
William James Kirkpatrick, (1838— )

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord  
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord  
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay Close by me for -

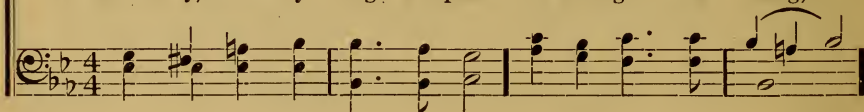
Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked  
 Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! look  
 ev - er, and love me I pray. Bless all the dear chil - dren in

down where He lay— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.  
 down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.  
 Thy ten - der care And fit us for heav - en to live with Thee there.

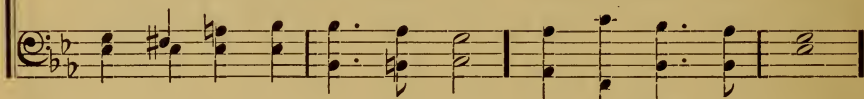




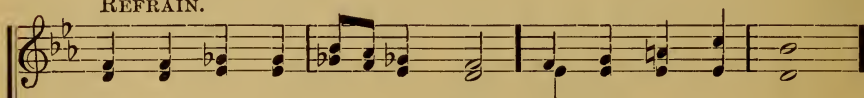
1. Gent - ly, gent - ly kneel and pray, Gent-ly come and go;.....
2. Kind - ly, kind - ly speak to all, At our work or play;.....
3. Dear - ly, dear - ly let us love Ev - ery one we know—...
4. Sweet - ly, sweet - ly sing the praise Of our glo - rious King, .....



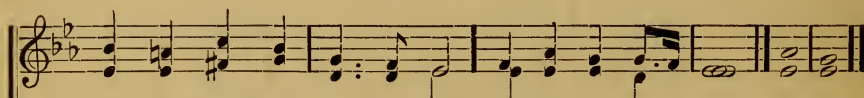
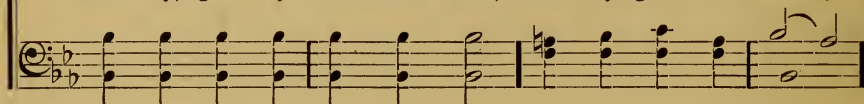
Je - sus Christ is watch - ing us, He would have it so.  
 Je - sus Christ can al - ways hear Ev - ery word we say.  
 Broth - ers, sis - ters, friends we are— Je - sus makes us so.  
 With our hearts and with our voice; Je - sus hears us sing.



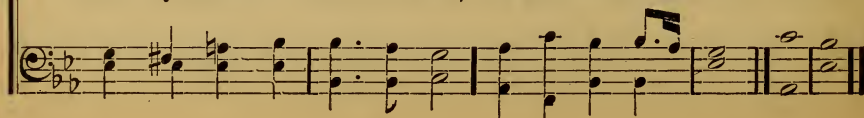
## REFRAIN.



Gent - ly, gent - ly shine the stars, Gent - ly grow the flowers,



Gent - ly smiles the love of God, And His love is ours! A-men.



# 271 TWO LITTLE FEET TO WALK THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

Otis R. Greene.

1. Two lit - tle feet to walk the way to Heaven, Two lit - tle

hands for lov - ing la - bor given, Two lit - tle eyes to

read God's Ho - ly Word, Two lit - tle lips to praise the

Bless - ed Lord, One death-less soul, beam - ing with love and

light, So shall we live al-way in Je - sus' sight. A - men.

"Woodleigh." 7s.

MISS ANNA B. WARNER, ( ) 1859.

Arr. by S. Smith, (1821— )

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;  
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;  
 3. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, When I'm ver - y weak and ill;  
 4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.  
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.  
 From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.  
 If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.

## REFRAIN.

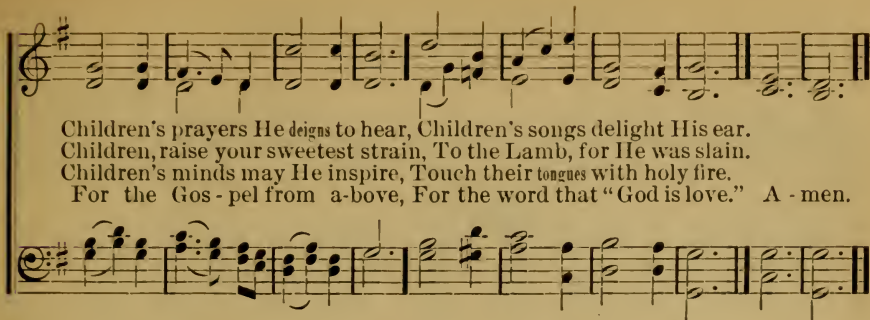
Yes, Je - sus loves me, the Bi - ble tells me so.

7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854)

Johann C. W. G. Mozart, (1756—1791)

1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;  
 2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 3. Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost, He re - claims the sin - ner lost;  
 4. Glo - ry in the high - est be To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty,



Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs delight His ear.  
 Children, raise your sweetest strain, To the Lamb, for He was slain.  
 Children's minds may He inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire.  
 For the Gos-pel from a-bove, For the word that "God is love." A - men.

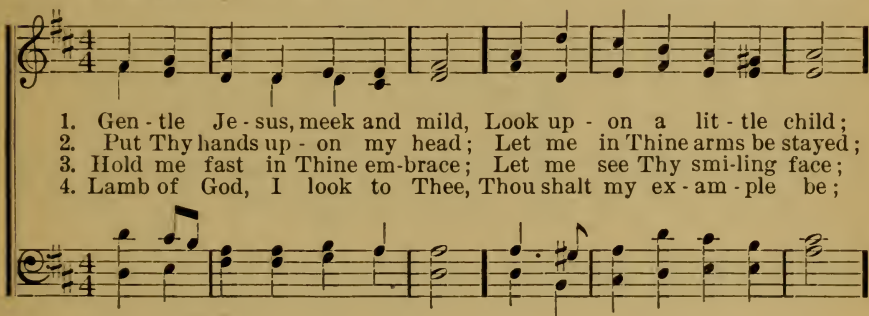
274

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

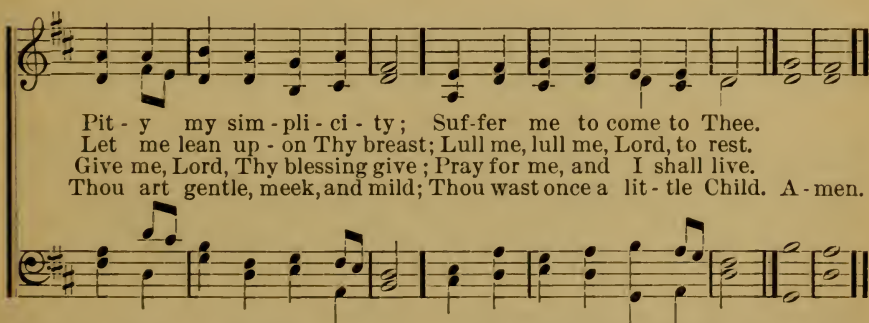
7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788) 1742.

Anglican Hymn Book.



1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;  
 2. Put Thy hands up - on my head; Let me in Thine arms be stayed;  
 3. Hold me fast in Thine em-brace; Let me see Thy smi-ling face;  
 4. Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;



Pit - y my sim - pli - ci - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee.  
 Let me lean up - on Thy breast; Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.  
 Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give; Pray for me, and I shall live.  
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle Child. A - men.

5 Let me, above all, fulfill  
 God my Heavenly Father's will;  
 Never His good Spirit grieve,  
 Only to His glory live.

6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
 In Thy gracious hands I am;  
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,  
 Live Thyself within my heart.

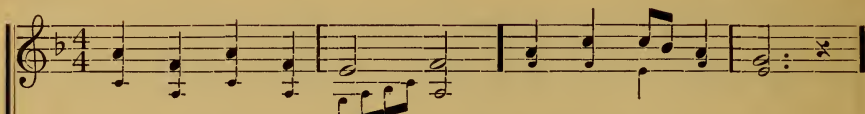
7 I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
 Serve Thee all my happy days;  
 Then the world shall always see  
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

8 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One;  
 Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
 Now and evermore shall be.

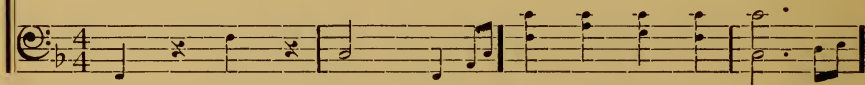
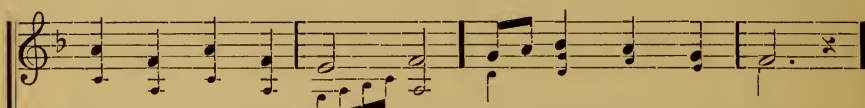


E. S. A.

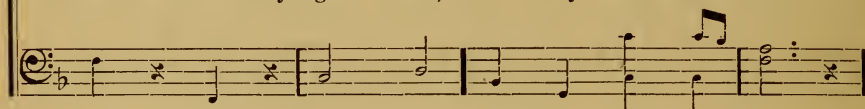
Chas. Edw. Prior.



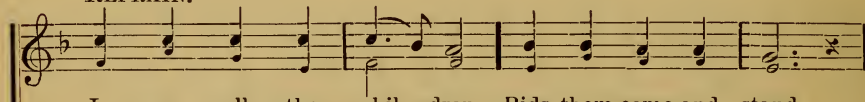
1. In the dear Lord's gar - den, Plant - ed here be - low,  
 2. Christ, the lov - ing Gar - dener, Tends these blos - soms small;  
 3. Lord, Thy call we an - swer, Take us in Thy care;

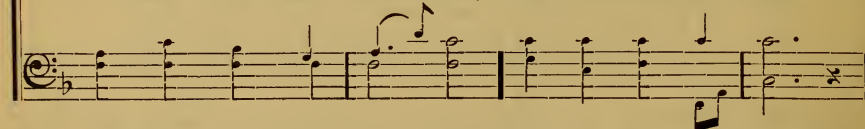
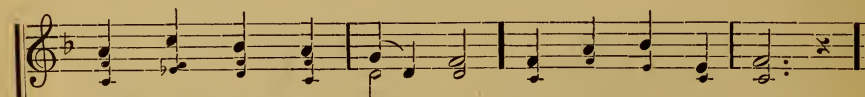
Ma - ny ti - ny flow - erets, In sweet beau - ty grow.  
 Loves the lit - tle lil - ies, As the ce - dars tall.  
 Train us in Thy gar - den, In Thy work to share.



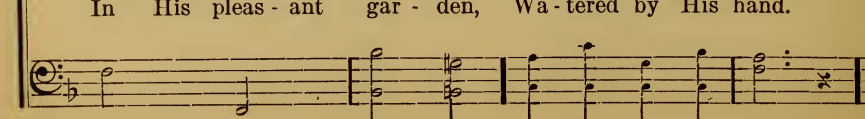
## REFRAIN.



Je - sus calls the chil - dren, Bids them come and stand

In His pleas - ant gar - den, Wa - tered by His hand.



## CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

"Infant Praises."

JOHN HENLEY.

English Melody.

1. Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' Name ;  
 2. We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalm - ist said, -  
 3. We are taught to love the Lord ; We are taught to read His Word ;  
 4. Pa - rents, teach - ers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song ;

Chil - dren, too, of mod - ern days, Join to sing the Saviour's praise.  
 Babes' and suck - lings' art - less lays, Shall pro - claim the Saviour's praise.  
 We are taught the way to heaven, Praise for all to God be given !  
 High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho - san - nas reach the skies.

CHORUS. *p*

Hark ! hark ! hark ! while in - fant voi - ces sing, Hark ! hark !

hark ! while in - fant voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas,

loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.

"My Saviour Dear." 7s. &amp; 6 lines.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, (1824— )

Theodore Edson Perkins, (1831— )

1. Thou that once on moth-er's knee Wert a lit-tle one like me,  
 2. Be be-side me in the light, Close be-side me all the night;  
 3. Thou art near me when I pray, Though thou art so far a-way;

When I wake or go to bed, Lay Thy hand a-bout my head;  
 Make me gen-tle, kind, and true, Do what moth-er bids me do;  
 Thou my lit-tle hymn wilt hear, Je-sus Christ, my Sav-iour dear;

Let me feel Thee ver-y near, Je-sus Christ, my Sav-iour dear.  
 Help and cheer me when I fret, And for-give when I for-get.  
 Thou that once on moth-er's knee Wert a lit-tle one like me.

Copyright by Theo. E. Perkins.

6s. &amp; 5s.

MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

Arr. by A. Rhodes.

1. Lit-tle drops of wa-ter, Lit-tle grains of sand,  
 2. And the lit-tle mo-ments, Hum-ble though they be,  
 3. And our lit-tle er-rors Lead the soul a-way  
 4. Lit-tle deeds of mer-cy, Sown by youth-ful hands,  
 5. Lit-tle deeds of kind-ness, Lit-tle words of love,

Make the might - y o - cean And the beauteous land.  
 Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.  
 From the paths of vir - tue, Far in sin to stray.  
 Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in heath - en lands.  
 Make our earth an E - den, Like the Heaven a - bove.

## 279 JESUS, FROM THY THRONE ON HIGH.

"Septem Voces." 7. 7. 7. 6.

REV. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, (1836— ) 1870.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842— )

1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,  
 2. Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear, When they know that Thou art near;  
 3. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell,  
 4. Lit - tle lives may be di - vine, Lit - tle deeds of love may shine,

Look on us with lov - ing eye; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!  
 Thou dost love us, Sav - iour dear; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!  
 Lit - tle hymns Thy prais - es swell; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!  
 Lit - tle ones be whol - ly Thine; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!

## 280 JESUS ONCE AN INFANT SMALL.

7. 7. 7. 6.

REV. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, (1836— ) 1870.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 Jesus, once an infant small,<br>Cradled in the oxen's stall,<br>Though the God and Lord of all;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesus!      | 4 Be Thou with us every day,<br>In our work and in our play,<br>When we learn and when we pray;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesus!      |
| 2 Once a child so good and fair,<br>Feeling want, and toil, and care,<br>All that we may have to bear;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesus! | 5 When we lie asleep at night,<br>Ever may Thy angels bright<br>Keep us safe till morning's light;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesus!   |
| 3 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,<br>And it is Thy holy will<br>That we should be safe from ill;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesus!       | 6 Make us brave, without a fear,<br>Make us happy, full of cheer,<br>Sure that Thou art always near;<br>Hear us, Holy Jesus! |



REV. W. O. CUSHING.

George Frederick Root, by per. (1820—1895).

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His  
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His  
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re -

jew - els, All His jew - els, precious jewels, His loved and His own.  
 kingdom : All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.  
 deem - er, Are the jew - els, precious jewels, His loved and His own.

## CHORUS.

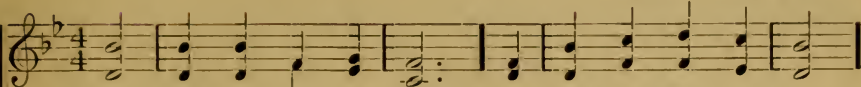
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a -

dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

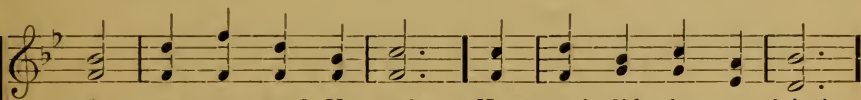
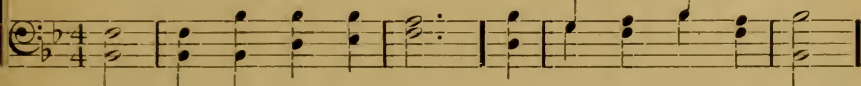
## WHEN LITTLE SAMUEL WOKE.

"Lenox."

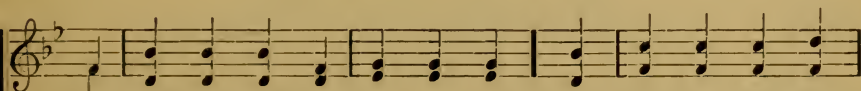
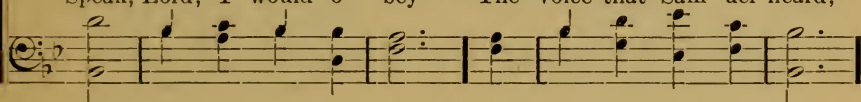
Lewis Edson, (1748—1820) 1782.



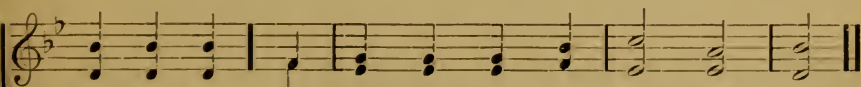
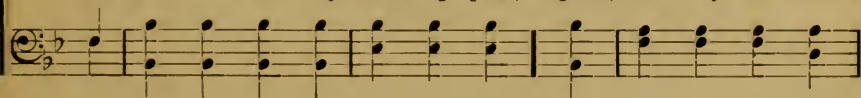
1. When lit - tle Sam - uel woke And heard His Mak - er's voice,  
 2. If God would speak to me, And say He was my Friend,  
 3. And does He nev - er speak? Oh yes, for in His word  
 4. Like Sam - uel let me say, When - e'er I read His word,



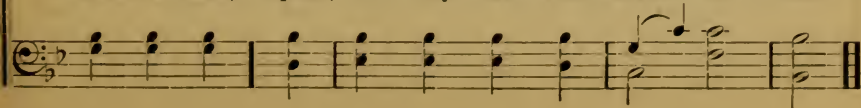
At ev - ery word He spoke How much did he re - joice!  
 How hap - py I should be! Oh how I would at - tend!  
 He bids me come and seek The God that Sam - uel heard.  
 "Speak, Lord; I would o - bey The voice that Sam - uel heard;"



Oh bless - ed, hap - py child, to find The God of heaven so  
 The small - est sin I then would fear If God al - might - y  
 And ev - ery sin I well may fear, Since God al - might - y  
 And when I in Thy house ap - pear, "Speak, for Thy ser - vant



near and kind, The God of heaven so near and kind.  
 were so near, If God al - might - y were so near.  
 is so near, Since God al - might - y is so near.  
 waits to hear," "Speak, for Thy ser - vant waits to hear."



## 283

## JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE.

"St. Lucian." 6s. &amp; 5s.

REV. GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNNE, (1818— ) 1856.

Johann C. H. Rinck, (1770—1846)

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High,  
 2. Par - don our of - fenc - es, Loose our cap - tive chains,  
 3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love,

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy children's cry.  
 Break down ev - ery i - dol, Which our soul de - tains.  
 Draw us, Ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove. A - men.

4 Lead us on our journey;  
 Be Thyself the way  
 Through terrestrial darkness  
 To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
 Son of God Most High,  
 Pitying, loving Saviour,  
 Hear Thy children's cry.

## 284

## HOLY JESUS, BE MY LIGHT.

"Maud." P. M.

Alfred Scott Gatty, (1847— )

1. Ho - ly Je - sus, be my light, Shine up - on my way,  
 2. As the wise men came of old, Trav - el - ing a - far,  
 3. So be Thou my con - stant Guide, Lead me all the way,

Through this tempting, changing life Lead me day by day.  
 Guid - ed to Thy cra - dle throne By a wondrous star;  
 Till I reach Thy home at last, Nev - er - more to stray. A - men.

## FATHER, HOLY FATHER.

"Upton Cressett." 6s. &amp; 5s.

G. Hinton.

1. Fa - ther, Ho - ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come,  
 2. We Thy lit - tle chil - dren, To Thy throne a - bove,  
 3. Thou art wise and lov - ing, Thou art great and strong;  
 4. Hear us, Ho - ly Fa - ther, As to Thee we pray,  
 5. Fa - ther, God, our Fa - ther, Guide us ev - ery hour;

Bring - ing light and glo - ry From Thy heaven - ly home.  
 We would hymn Thy prais - es, We would sing Thy love.  
 Glad when we do right - ly, Grieved when we do wrong.  
 Ask - ing Thee to keep us Safe from harm to - day.  
 Keep us safe, and shield us From temp - ta - tion's power. A - men.

## GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD.

"St. Sylvester." P. M.

MISS JANE E. LEESON, (1815—1883)

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1861.

1. Gra - cious Saviour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee;  
 2. Ten - der Shepherd, nev - er leave us From Thy fold to go a - stray;  
 3. Taught to lisp the ho - ly prais - es Which on earth Thy children sing,

Gathered with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be.  
 By Thy look of love di - rect - ed, May we walk the nar - row way.  
 May we with Thy saints in glo - ry Join to praise our Lord and King.



# 287 HOSANNA WE SING, LIKE THE CHILDREN DEAR.

"Hosanna."

REV. GEORGE SAMUEL HODGES, (1827- ) 1876.

Miss Alice Nevin.

*S:*

1. { Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear  
He blessed lit - tle chil - dren and smiled on them  
*D.S.*—fol - low their Shep - herd with lov - ing eyes,

*FINE.*

In the old - en days when the Lord lived here; }  
As they chant - ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. }  
Through the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - a - dise.

Al - le - lu - ia! we sing like the chil - dren bright;

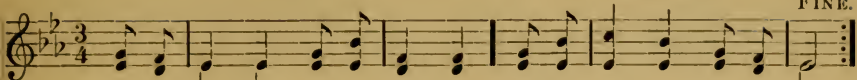
*D.S.*

With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white As they A - men.

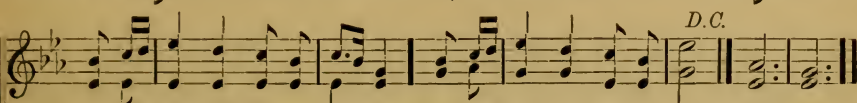
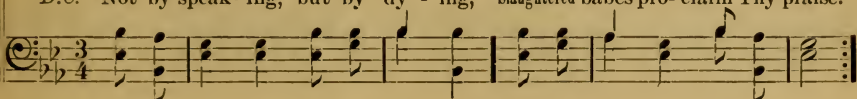
2 Hosanna we sing, for He lends His ear  
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;  
We know that His heart will never wax cold  
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.  
"Alleluia!" we sing in the Church we love,  
"Alleluia!" resounds in the Church above;  
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given  
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

## JESUS, HOLY CHILD FROM HEAVEN.

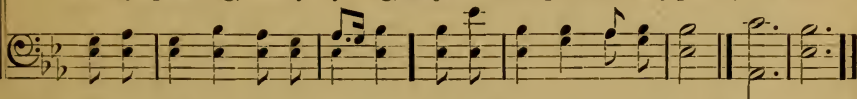
"Nettleton." 8. 7. &amp; 7s. D.

John Wyeth, ( ) 1812.  
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, ho - ly Child from heav - en, Thou for chil - dren wast a child ; }  
 { In - fant mar - tyr - s gathered round Thee, And, un - con - scious, for Thee died. }
- D.C.*—Not by speak - ing, but by dy - ing, Slaughtered babes pro - claim Thy praise.



Not by speak - ing, but by dy - ing, Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise, A - men.



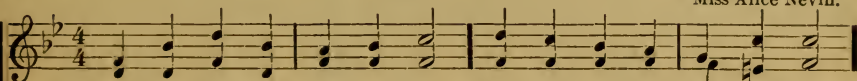
- 2 Hail, sweet band of lovely infants,  
 Welcoming the holy Child,  
 First-fruits of His martyr-glory,  
 Innocent and meek and mild.  
 ||: Not by willing, but by dying,  
 They gave up their all for Thee. :||

- 3 Jesus, holy Child from heaven,  
 Who for children wast a child,  
 Lambs upon Thine altar laying,  
 Make us humble, meek, and mild;  
 ||: That in living and in dying  
 We may evermore be Thine. :||

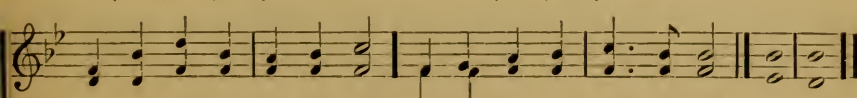
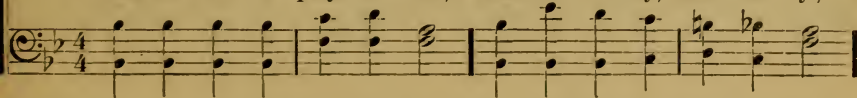
## JESUS, SAVIOUR, SON OF GOD.

"Elsie." 7s.

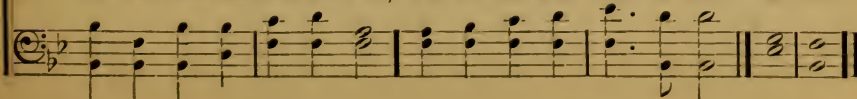
Miss Alice Nevin.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, Son of God, Who for me life's path - way trod,  
 2. I Thy lit - tle lamb would be, Je - sus, I would fol - low Thee ;  
 3. Teach me how to pray to Thee, Make me ho - ly, heav - en - ly ;



Who for me be - came a child, Make me hum - ble, meek, and mild.  
 Sam - uel was Thy child of old, Take me, too, with - in Thy fold.  
 Let me love what Thou dost love, Let me live with Thee a - bove. A - men.



## THE MORNING BRIGHT.

C. M.

1. The morning bright, With ro - sy light, Hath waked me from my sleep ;  
 2. All through the day, I hum-bly pray, Be Thou my Guard and Guide ;  
 3. Oh make Thy rest With-in my breast, Great Spir-it of all grace ;

Fa-ther, I own Thy love a-lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.  
 My sins forgive, And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.  
 Make me like Thee, Then shall I be Prepared to see Thy face. A - men.

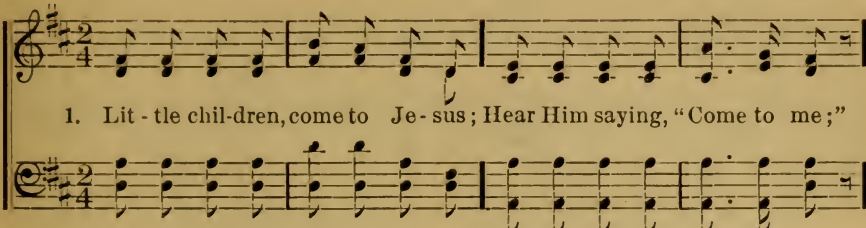
## DO NO SINFUL ACTION.

6s. &amp; 5s.

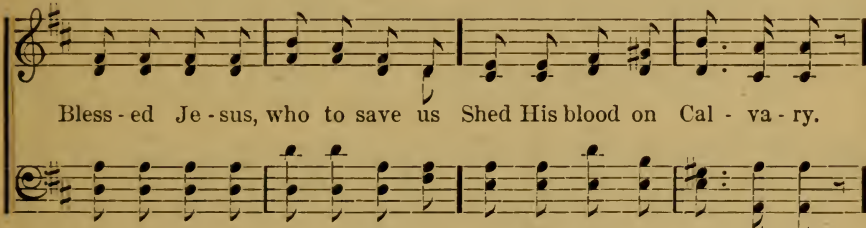
Miss Alice Nevin.

1. Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word ;  
 2. Christ is kind and gen - tle, Christ is pure and true,  
 3. We are new - born Chris - tians ; We must learn to fight  
 4. Christ is our blest Mas - ter, He is good and true,

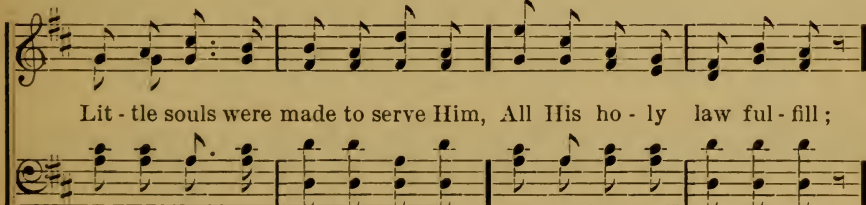
We be-long to Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord.  
 And His own dear chil - dren Must be ho - ly too.  
 With the bad with - in us, And to do the right.  
 And His own dear chil - dren Must be ho - ly too. A - men.



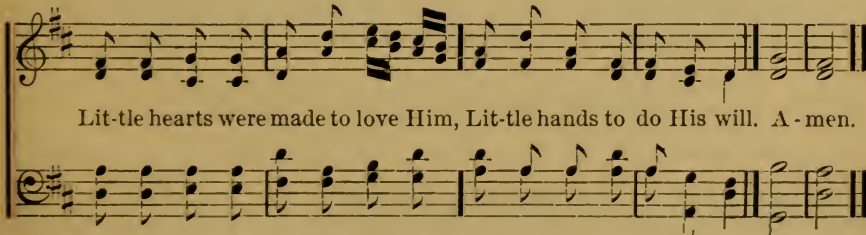
1. Lit - tle chil-dren, come to Je - sus ; Hear Him saying, "Come to me ;"



Bless - ed Je - sus, who to save us Shed His blood on Cal - va - ry.



Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him, All His ho - ly law ful - fill ;



Lit-tle hearts were made to love Him, Lit-tle hands to do His will. A - men.

2 Little eyes to read the Bible  
 Given from the heavens above ;  
 Little ears to hear the story  
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love ;  
 Little tongues to sing His praises,  
 Little feet to walk His ways,  
 Little bodies to be temples  
 Where the Holy Spirit stays.



1. The fields are all white, And the reapers are few; We children are  
 2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We cannot teach

will - ing, But what can we do To work for our Lord in His  
 oth - ers; How, then, shall we seek To work for our Lord in His

har - vest, To work for our Lord in His har - vest?  
 har - vest, To work for our Lord in His har - vest? Amen.

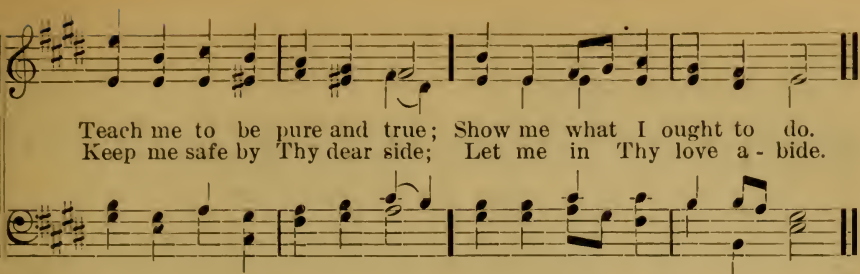
3 We'll work by our prayers,  
 By the pennies we bring,  
 By small self-denials;  
 The least little thing

May work for our Lord in His harvest.

4 Until, by and by,  
 As the years pass, at length  
 We too may be reapers,  
 And go forth in strength

To work for our Lord in His harvest.

1. Fa-ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;  
 2. When in dan-ger, make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save;



Teach me to be pure and true; Show me what I ought to do.  
Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a - bide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,  
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;  
And when all alone I stand,  
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

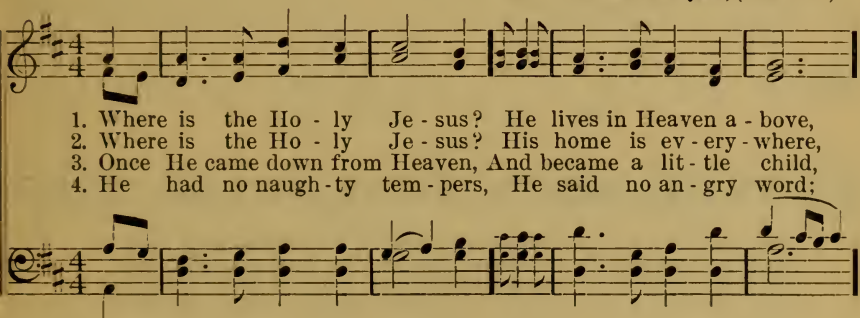
4 When my heart is full of glee,  
Help me to remember Thee,—  
Happy most of all to know  
That my Father loves me so.

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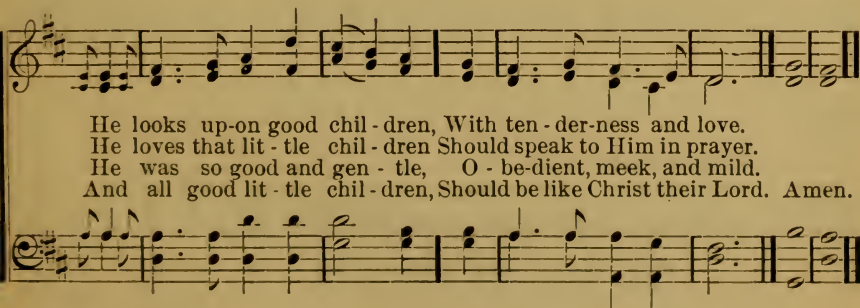
# WHERE IS THE HOLY JESUS?

7s. & 6s.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876).



1. Where is the Ho - ly Je - sus? He lives in Heaven a - bove,  
2. Where is the Ho - ly Je - sus? His home is ev - ery - where,  
3. Once He came down from Heaven, And became a lit - tle child,  
4. He had no naugh - ty tem - pers, He said no an - gry word;



He looks up-on good chil - dren, With ten - der-ness and love.  
He loves that lit - tle chil - dren Should speak to Him in prayer.  
He was so good and gen - tle, O - be-dient, meek, and mild.  
And all good lit - tle chil - dren, Should be like Christ their Lord. Amen.

5 For He will make them holy,  
And teachable and mild,  
And has sent His Blessed Spirit  
To every Christian child.

6 Then every night and morning  
When I kneel down to pray,  
I will ask the Holy Jesus,  
To help me day by day.

ALBERT MIDLANE, (1825— ) 1859.

1. There's a Friend for little children Above the bright blue sky— A Friend that never  
 2. There's a home for little children Above the bright blue sky, Where Jesus reigns in  
 3. There's a crown for little children Above the bright blue sky, And all who look for  
 4. There's a song for little children Above the bright blue sky, And a harp of sweetest

change, Whose love will nev - er die. Our earthly friends may fail us, And  
 glo - ry— A home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it, Nor  
 Je - sus Shall wear it by and by— A crown of brightest glo - ry, Which  
 mu - sic And palms of vic - to - ry. All, all a - bove is treasured, And

change with changing years; This Friend is always worthy Of that dear name He bears.  
 can with it compare, For ev - ery one is happy, Nor could be happier, there.  
 He will then be - stow On those who found His favor And loved His name below.  
 found in Christ alone; Lord, grant Thy little children To know Thee as their own. A - men.

MRS. JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE, (1813— ) 1841.

English.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His  
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And  
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For



Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as  
 arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind  
 ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly  
 all who are washed and for-given; And ma - ny dear chil-dren are

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
 looks when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."  
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.  
 gath - er - ing here, "For of such is the king - dom of heaven."

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I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

7. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, There - fore glad and gay I am ;  
*D.C.*—Tends me ev - ery day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.

FINE.

*D.C.*  
 Je-sus loves me, Je-sus knows me, All that's good and fair He shows me ; A - men.

2 Out and in I safely go,  
 Want and hunger never know ;  
 Soft green pastures He discloseth,  
 Where His happy flock reposeth ;  
 When I faint or thirsty be,  
 To the brook He leadeth me.

3 Should not I be glad and gay,  
 In this blessed fold all day,  
 By this holy Shepherd tended,  
 Whose kind arms, when life is ended,  
 Bear me to the world of light ?  
 Yes, oh, yes, my lot is bright.



1. Oh, what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heaven?  
 2. Oh, what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heaven?  
 3. Oh, what can lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heaven?  
 4. Oh, what can lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heaven?

The lit - tle hands some work may try That will some simple want sup - ply ;  
 The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of kindness say ;  
 The lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, Can learn to read God's ho - ly Book ;  
 Young hearts, if He His Spir - it send, Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend ;

## REFRAIN.

Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.

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MISS ELIZA E. HEWITT.

William James Kirkpatrick, (1838— ) 1898.

1. Lit - tle lights are shi - ning To the Saviour's praise ; Lit - tle feet are  
 2. Shi - ning all for Je - sus, Ev - ery pass - ing day, When we try to  
 3. Shi - ning all for Je - sus, Show - ing forth His love ; He's our pre - cious  
 4. Shi - ning all for Je - sus ; As we on - ward go, Lit - tle rays of

Copyright 1898, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

# CHORUS.

march-ing In His pleasant ways. } March - ing, march - ing,  
 please Him, And His word o - bey. }  
 Sav-iour, He's our Friend a - bove. }  
 glad-ness We a-round us throw. } Marching, marching, marching, marching,

In His ways so bright ; Marching, onward marching, Children of the Light.

## 301 JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

MISS MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN, (1814—1840) 1839.

German.  
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me ; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night ; }  
 Through the darkness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. }  
*D. C.*—Through the darkness be Thou near me ; Keep me safe till morn-ing light.

*D. C.*  
 Tender Shepherd, ten-der Shepherd, Keep me safe till morning light ; A-men.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care ;  
 : Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed  
 Listen to my evening prayer. :|| [me,  
 Tender Shepherd, etc.

3 May my sins be all forgiven,  
 Bless the friends I love so well ;  
 : Take us, Lord, at last, to heaven,  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell. :  
 Tender Shepherd, etc.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

John R. Sweney, (1838-1899) 1893.

1, Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
 2. All a - long life's rug-ged road Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
 3. Through the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
 Je-sus leads, Jesus leads, Jesus leads,

Dai - ly finds us pastures new, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....  
 Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....  
 Through the warrings and the strife Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;.....  
 Je-sus leads, Jesus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,  
 All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,  
 When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound - ary line recedes,  
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
 Safe in - to the fold of God, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
 He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
 Je - sus leads,



# CLOSING.

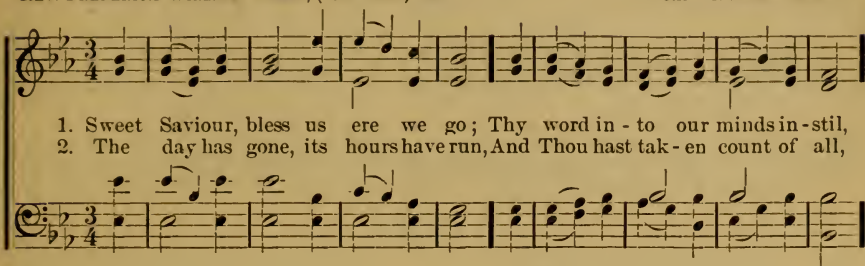
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## SWEET SAVIOUR, BLESS US ERE WE GO.

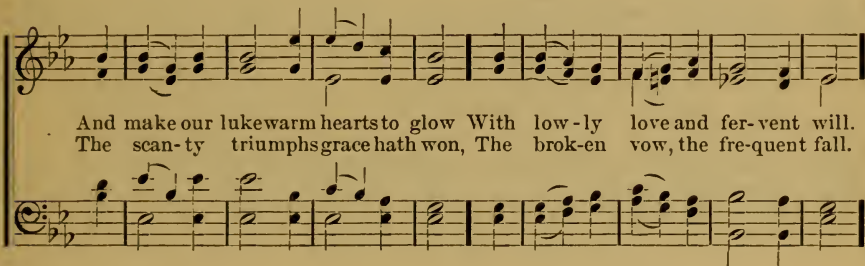
"Stella." 8s. & 6 lines.

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, (1814—1863) 1840.

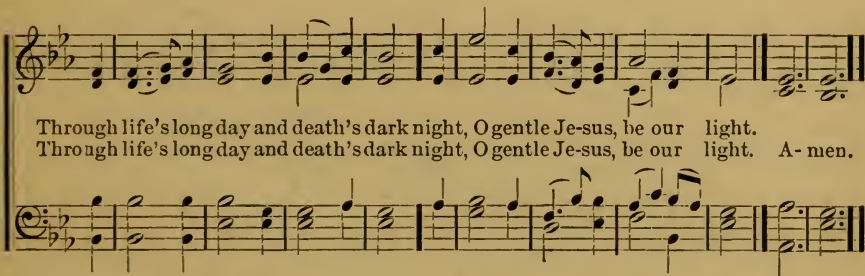
From "Crown of Jesus."



1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil,  
2. The day has gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all,



And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.  
The scan - ty triumphs grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall.



Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Je - sus, be our light.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Je - sus, be our light. A - men.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
Ah! never! let our works be soiled  
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;  
Through night and darkness near us be,  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our light.



## BLESSED JESUS, HEAR THY CHILDREN.

ADAM GEIBEL, (1855— ) 1899.

Arr. from Franz Schubert, (1797—1828)

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, hear Thy chil-dren At the close of this glad  
2. Bless-ed Je - sus, watch Thou o'er us All through-out our earth - ly

day; Ere we part from one an-oth - er, Ere we home-ward take our  
life; Be Thou e'er our balm in sor-row, Be Thou e'er our stay in

way. Let Thy heaven-ly ben - e - diction Fall up - on us  
strife. And when life's long day is end - ed, And the jour - ney

peace-ful - ly; And to Thee we'll give the glo - ry, Fa - ther,  
is com - plete, May we dwell in Heaven for ev - er, Rest - ing



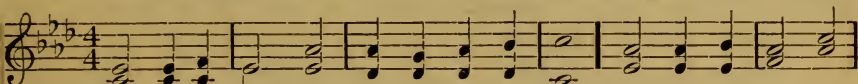
Son, and Spir - it three, Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it three.  
at the Sav-iour's feet, Rest-ing at the Sav-iour's feet.

# 305 SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME WE RAISE.

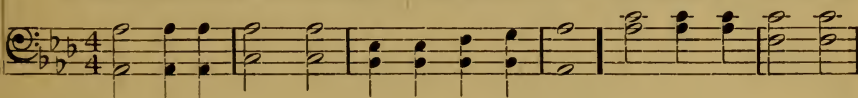
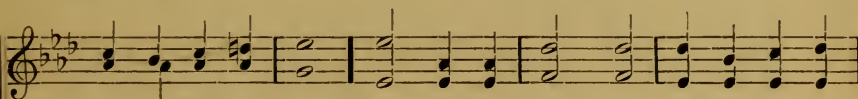
"Ellers." 10s.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON,, (1826—1893) 1866.

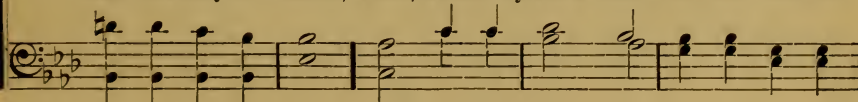
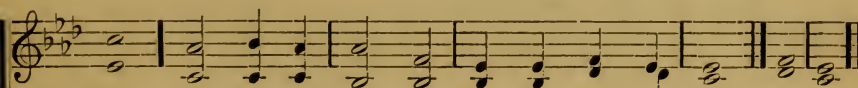
Edward John Hopkins, (1818— ) 1867.



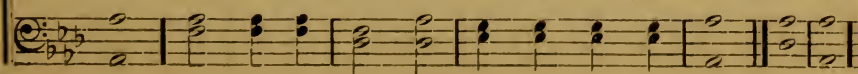
1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee began, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night; Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row,

part-ing hymn of praise; We rise to bless Thee ere our wor-ship  
Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children  
and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict

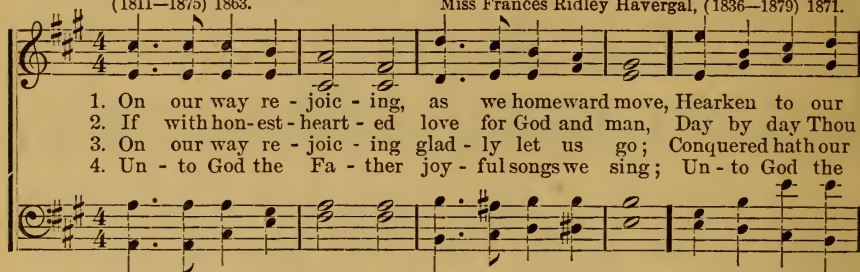



cease, And now, de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.  
free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A-men.

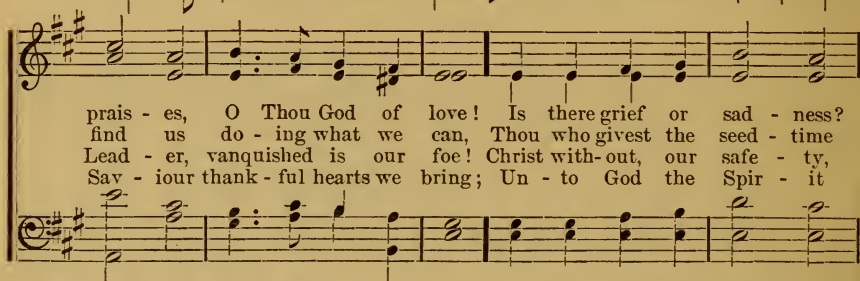


REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL,  
(1811-1875) 1863.

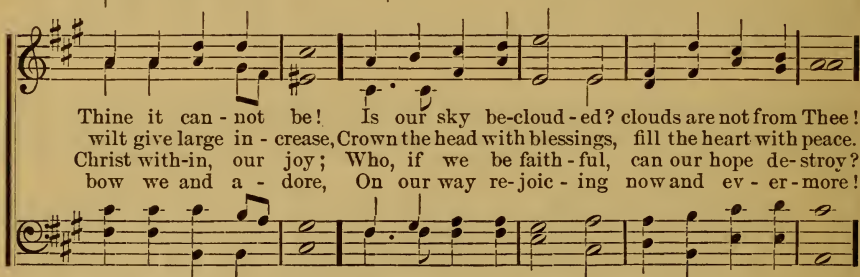
Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, (1836-1879) 1871.



1. On our way re - joic - ing, as we homeward move, Hearken to our  
2. If with hon - est - heart - ed love for God and man, Day by day Thou  
3. On our way re - joic - ing glad - ly let us go; Conquered hath our  
4. Un - to God the Fa - ther joy - ful songs we sing; Un - to God the

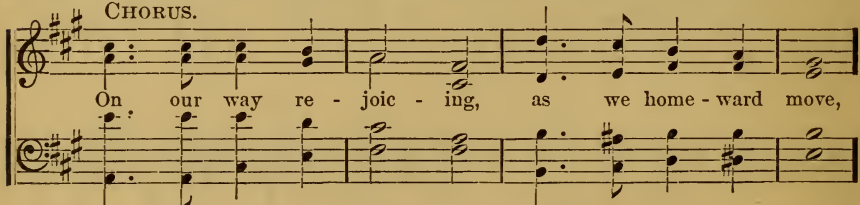


prais - es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness?  
find us do - ing what we can, Thou who givest the seed - time  
Lead - er, vanquished is our foe! Christ with - out, our safe - ty,  
Sav - iour thank - ful hearts we bring; Un - to God the Spir - it

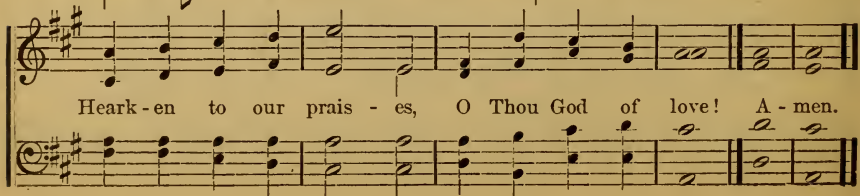


Thine it can - not be! Is our sky be - cloud - ed? clouds are not from Thee!  
will give large in - crease, Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.  
Christ with - in, our joy; Who, if we be faith - ful, can our hope de - stroy?  
bow we and a - dore, On our way re - joic - ing now and ev - er - more!

# CHORUS.



On our way re - joic - ing, as we home - ward move,

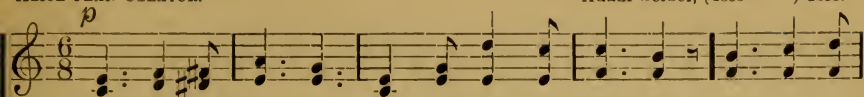


Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! A - men.

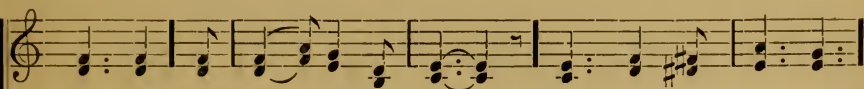
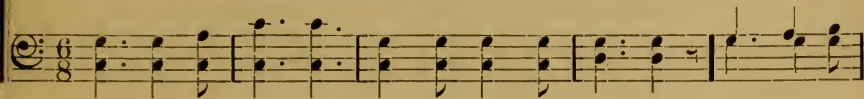
## HEAVENLY FATHER AS WE BOW.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

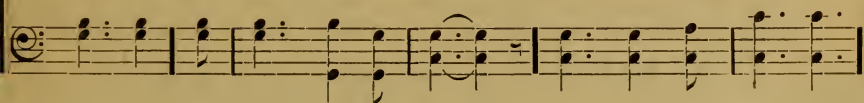
Adam Geibel, (1855— ) 1895.



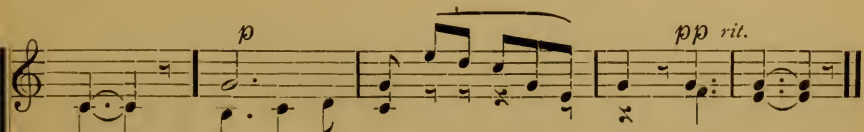
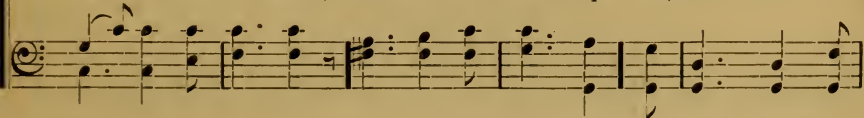
1. Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, as we bow be - fore Thee, Look on Thy  
 2. Show us Thy pres - ence that we may be - hold Thee In all the  
 3. When comes the drear - y day of earth - ly part - ing, When swift the



chil - dren In pit - y and love; Send us Thy bless - ing;  
 sweet - ness Of Thy sav - ing power; Help us in tri - al;  
 surg - es And strong bil - lows roar, Lead us through darkness,



Grant Thy for - give - ness; Raise our af - fec - tions To glo - ries a -  
 Heal our af - lic - tions; Light - en the dark - ness Of sor - row's lone  
 Guide us safe on - ward, On - ward to Heaven's por - tal, Safe ev - er -



bove.  
 hour.  
 more. }

A - - men, a - - - men, a - men.





Rev. JEREMIAH E. RANKIN, ( ) 1882.

William G. Tomer, ( ) 1882.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet again!  
 Dai - ly man-na still di-vid e you; God be with you till we meet again!  
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet again!  
 Smite death's threatening wave be-fore you; God be with you till we meet again!

CHORUS.

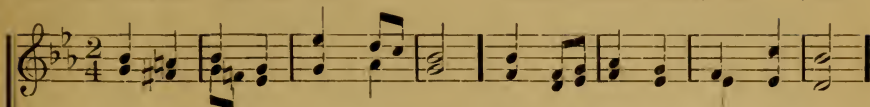
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet,

Till we- meet, till we meet; God be with you till we meet a-gain!  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain!

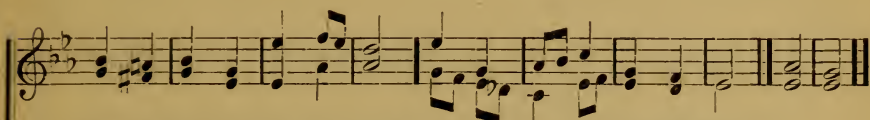
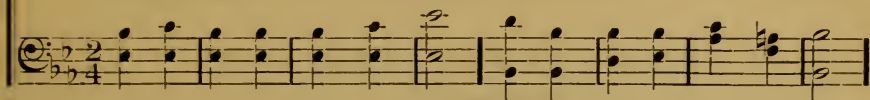
"Solitude." 7s.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, (1725—1807) 1776.

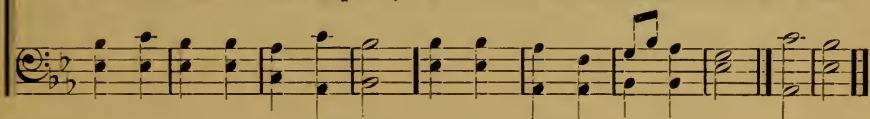
Lewis Thomas Downes, (1827— ) 1851.



1. For a sea-son called to part, Let us now our-selves commend
2. Je - sus, hear our hum - ble prayer ; Ten - der Shepherd of Thy sheep,
3. What we each have now been taught, Let our mem - o - ries re - tain ;
4. Then, if Thou in - struc - tion bless, Songs of prais - es shall be given ;



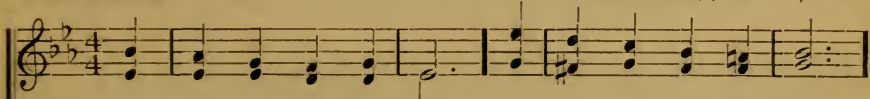
To the gracious eye and heart Of our ev - er pres - ent Friend.  
 Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep.  
 May we, if we live, be brought Here to meet in peace a - gain.  
 We'll our thankfulness express, Here on earth and when in heaven. Amen.



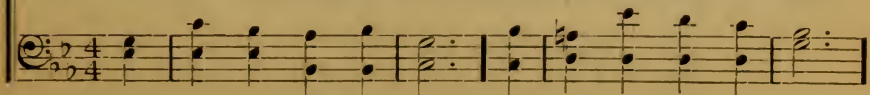
S. M.

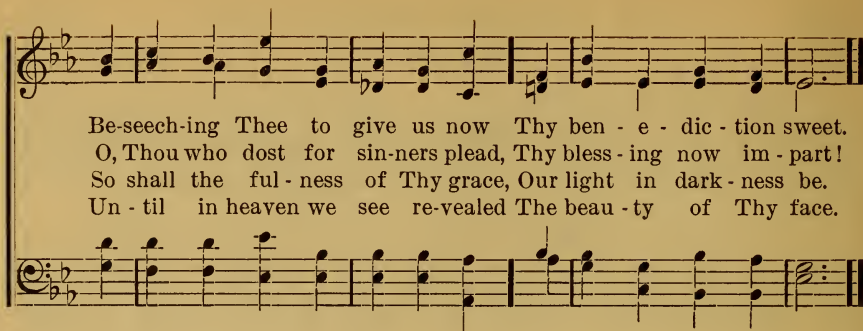
FLORA KIRKLAND.

Adam Geibel, (1855— ) 1898.



1. Lord Je - sus, low we bow Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat,
2. Thou know - est ev - ery need, In ev - ery wait - ing heart ;
3. So shall we leave this place, As still "in touch" with Thee ;
4. Be Thou our Sun and Shield, Our safe a - bi - ding Place,





Be-seech-ing Thee to give us now Thy ben - e - dic - tion sweet.  
 O, Thou who dost for sin - ners plead, Thy bless - ing now im - part!  
 So shall the ful - ness of Thy grace, Our light in dark - ness be.  
 Un - til in heaven we see re - vealed The beau - ty of Thy face.

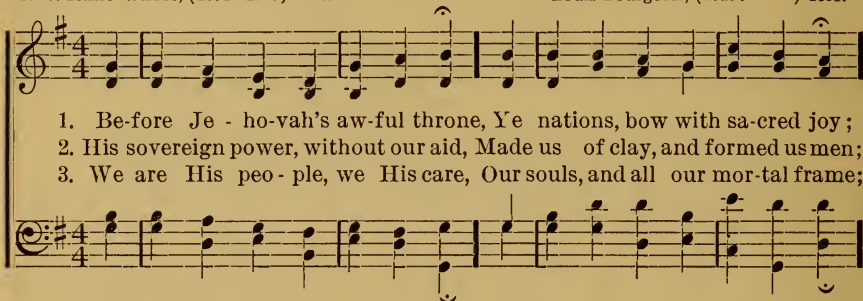
311

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

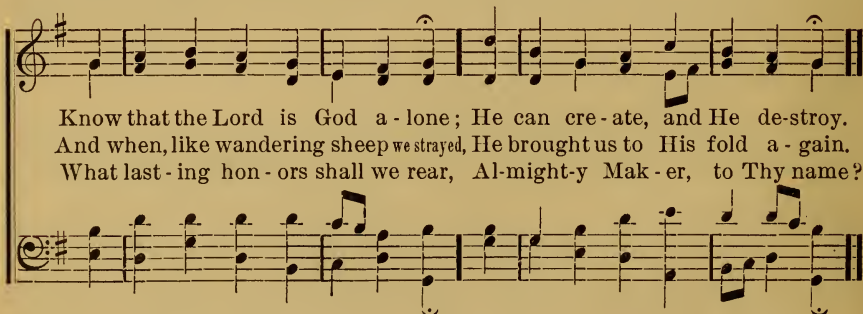
"Old Hundredth." L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, (1674—1748) 1719.

Louis Bourgeois, (1510?— ) 1551.



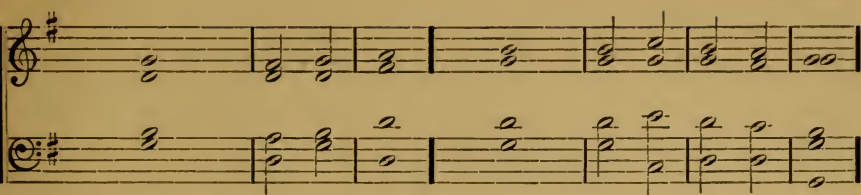
1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;  
 2. His sov - ereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
 3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame;



Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.  
 And when, like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a - gain.  
 What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name?

- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
 Vast as eternity, Thy love;  
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

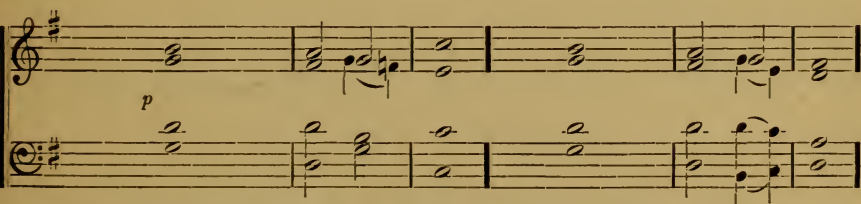
Old Chant.



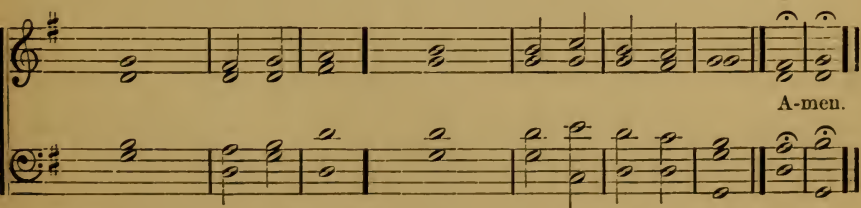
GLORY *be* to | God on | high : || and on *earth* | peace, good- | will toward | men.  
We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*, we | wor-ship | Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give  
*thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King : || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.  
O Lord, the only-begotten *Son*, | Je-sus | Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of *God*, |  
Son = | of the | Father,



That takest *away* the | sin . of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sin . of the | world : || have *mercy* up- | on = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sin . of the | world : || *re-* | ceive our | prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father: || have *mercy* up- | on = | us.

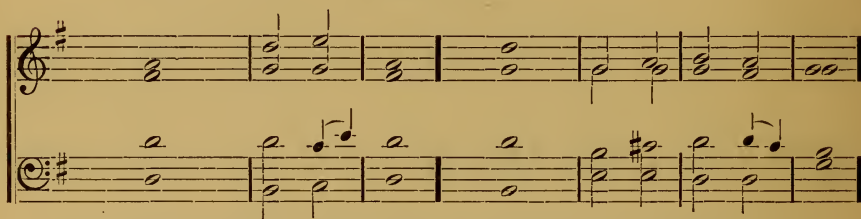


For *Thou* | only . art | Holy : || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.  
Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost : || art most *high* in the | glory . of |  
God the | Father. || A- | men.

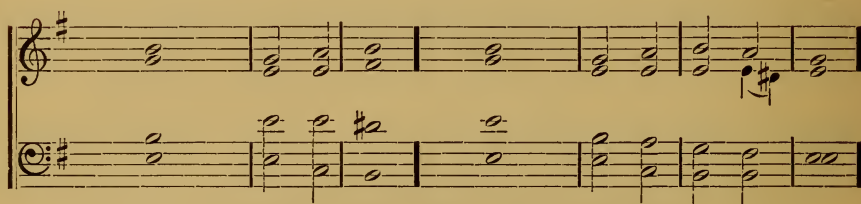




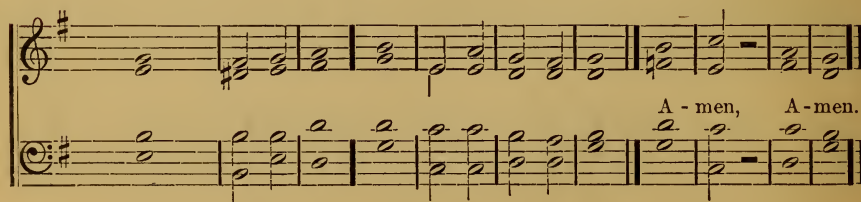
GLORY *be* to | God *on* | high : || and on *earth* | peace, good- | will . towards | men.  
We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*, we | worship | Thee : || we glorify Thee, we give  
*thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King : || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- = | mighty.  
O Lord, the only-begotten *Son*, | Je-sus | Christ : || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* |  
Son = | of the | Father,



That takest *away* the | sin . of the | world : || have | *mercy* up- | on = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sin . of the | world : || have | *mercy* up- | on = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sin . of the | world : || *re-* | ceive = | our = | prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father : || have | *mercy* up- | on = | us.



For Thou *only* | art = | holy : || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.  
Thou *only*, O *Christ*, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost : || art most *high* in the | glory . of |  
God the | Father.

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

In F.

Wm. Jackson of Exeter.

*Tempo ordinario.*

We praise Thee, O God; we ac-knowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth wor-ship Thee, the Fa-ther ev - er - last - ing. To

Thee, all An-gels cry a-loud. The Heavens, and all the Powers therein. To

Thee, Cher-u-bim and Ser - a-phim con-tin-ual-ly do cry,

*f* Ho - ly, *p* Ho - ly, *f* Ho - ly, Lord God of Sa - ba - oth.

Heaven and earth are full of the Ma-jes-ty of Thy glo-ry.

*Duo.*

The glo-rious com-pa-ny of th' A-pos-tles

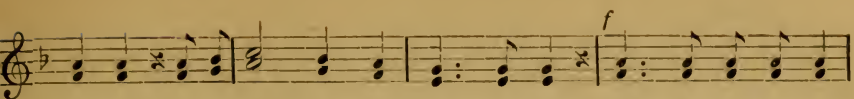
*Tutti.*

praise Thee. The good-ly fel-low-ship of the Prophets

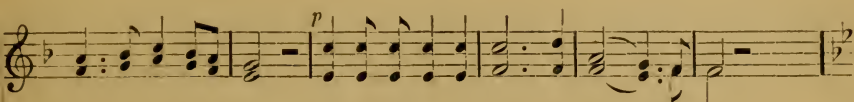
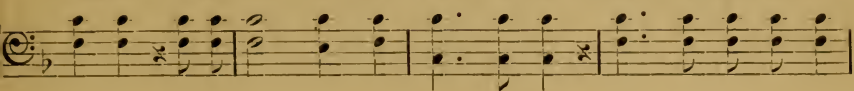
*Tutti.* *Duo.* *Tutti.*

praise Thee. The no-ble ar-my of Mar-tyrs praise Thee. The

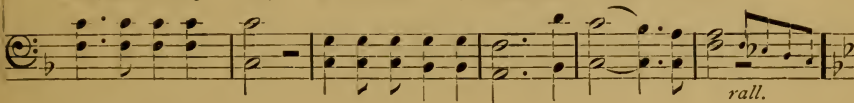
ho-ly Church throughout all the world doth ac-knowl-edge Thee; The



Fa-ther, of an in - fin - ite Ma - jes - ty; Thine a - dor - a - ble,

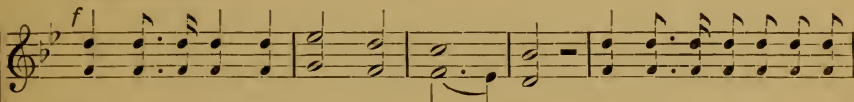


true, and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er.

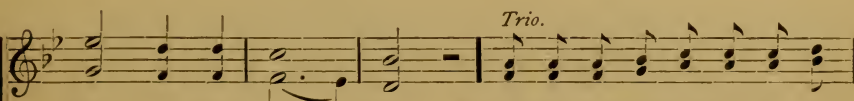
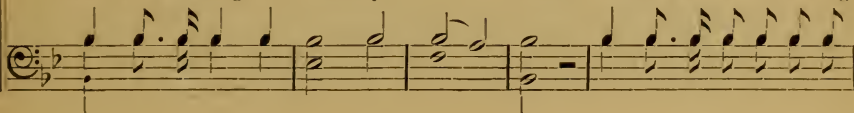


*rall.*

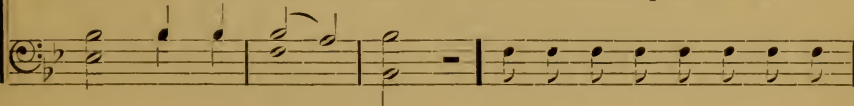
*Andante maestoso.*



Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O Christ. Thou art the ev - er - last - ing



Son of the Fa - ther. When Thou tookest up - on Thee to de -



liv - er man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Vir - gin.





*Quartet.*

When Thou hadst o - ver - come the sharp - ness of death, Thou didst

o - pen the King - dom of Heaven to all be - liev - ers.

*f. Tutti.*

Thou sit - test at the right hand of God, in the

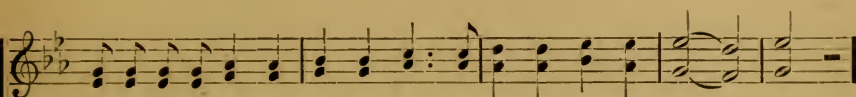
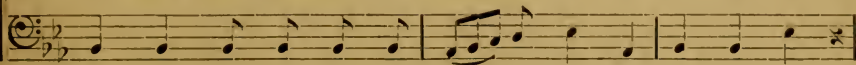
*p Trio.*

Glo - ry of the Fa - ther. We believe that Thou shalt come to

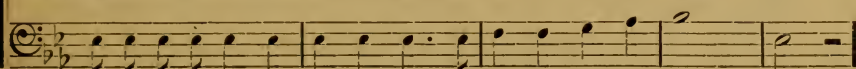
be our Judge. We there - fore pray Thee, help Thy



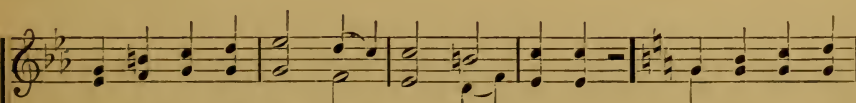
ser - vants, whom Thou hast re - deem - ed with Thy pre - cious blood.



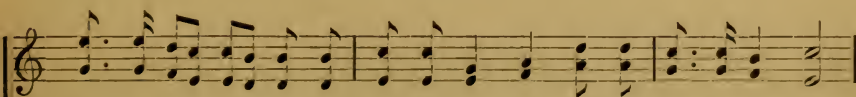
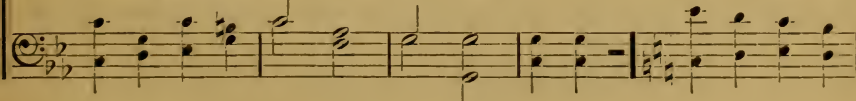
Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints, in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing.



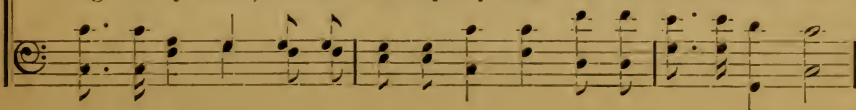
O Lord, save Thy peo - ple, and bless Thine her - i - tage.



Gov - ern them, and lift them up for ev - er. Day by day we



mag - ni - fy Thee ; And we wor - ship Thy Name ev - er world without end.



*p*

Vouch-safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out sin. O

*Largo. p*

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us.

*Tempo 1mo.*

*p*

O Lord, let Thy mer - cy be up - on us, as our trust, our

*f*

trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee, in Thee have I trust -

ed; let me nev - er, let me nev - er be con - found - ed.

O God, the Father in *Heaven*, have mer - cy up - on us,

O God, the Son, Redeem-  
er of the *world*, have... } mer - cy up - on us. O God, the Holy *Ghost*, have

mer - cy up - on us, And grant us Thy peace. A - men.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the *Father*, and.. ..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

Henry Wellington Greatorex, (1811—1858)

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it



was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

315

GLORIA PATRI. No. 3.

Irr.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men.

316

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Thomas Tallis, (c. 1520—1585)

Our Father, which art in heaven, *hal*lowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom  
come; Thy will be *done* on | earth · as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this *day* our | daily | bread, || and forgive us our *debts*, as | we for-  
give our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but *deli*ver | us from | evil; || for Thine is  
the kingdom, and the power, and the *glory*, for | ever · and | ever.  
A- | men.

## CHANTS.

### Suggestions on Chanting.

Chanting, to be useful in the service of the sanctuary, should be reverent and in accordance with the best tradition. The following suggestions will be found of value. A chant consists of two parts, the long note called the *Reciting Note*, and the *Cadence*. All the words of the verse are to be sung to the pitch indicated by the first note, up to the short line dividing the verse into sections; a momentary dwelling is to be made on the italicized syllable just before the line. This is called the *dwelling syllable*. The words up to this point are not to be hurried, neither taken too deliberately, but at about the same rate of succession as used in ordinary reading.

It is not possible to beat time in a chant, except as suggested in the next paragraph, which will enable the chorister in the course of a short period to secure uniformity.

Taking the syllables set to the notes in the cadence at about the natural rate of movement, beat one to each half-note. With this as a unit of measure, hold the italicized syllable or word, the *dwelling syllable*, and any syllables or words that may come between it and the dividing line, two beats, each equal to the beat given to one half-note in the cadence.

It will be found that a little practice will bring about even chanting, all the singers being enabled to keep together.

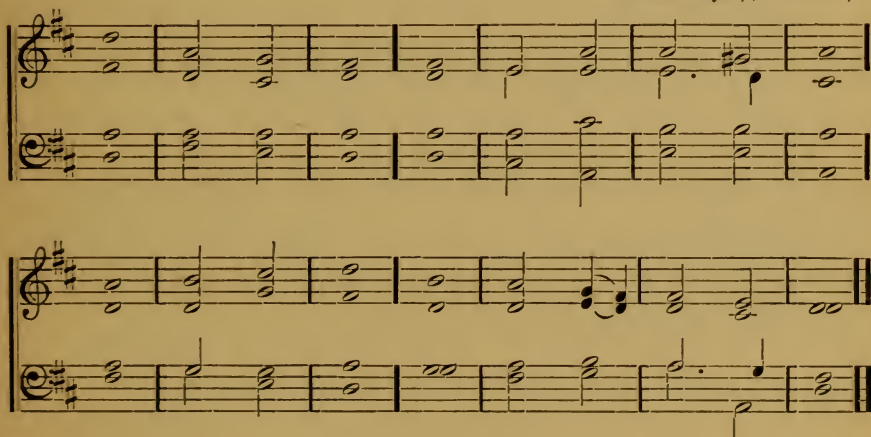
A stop should be made after all marks of punctuation, as in reading, unless the syllable or word before the mark of punctuation is italicized.

# 317

## O COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD.

### Venite.

William Boyce, (1710—1779.)



### Psalm 95.

1. O come, let us *sing* un- | to the | Lord: || let us make a joyful *noise* to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.
2. Let us come before his *presence* with | thanks= | giving: || and make a joyful *noise* unto | Him = | with= | psalms.
3. For the *Lord* is a | great= | God: || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
4. In His hand are the deep *places* | of the | earth: || the *strength* of the | hills is | His = | also.
5. The sea is *His*, | and He | made it: || and His *hands* | formed . the | dry = | land.
6. O come, let us *worship* and | bow = | down: || let us *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7. Glory be to the Father, etc.

## Benedictus.

Henry Schwing.



Luke 1: 68-79.

1. Blessed be the Lord *God* of | Isra- | el: || for He hath *visited* | and re- | deemed . His | people;
  2. And hath raised up a *horn* of sal- | vation | for us: || in the *house* | of His | servant | David;
  3. As He spake by the *mouth* of His | holy | prophets: || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;
  4. That we should be *saved* from our | ene- | mies: || and from the *hand* of | all that | hate = | us;
  5. To perform the mercy *promised* | to our | fathers: || and to remember His | holy | cov-e- | nant;
  6. The *oath* | which He | sware: || to our | father | Abra- | ham.
  7. That He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the *hand* of our | ene- | mies: || *might* | serve Him | without | fear;
  8. In holiness and *righteousness* be- | fore = | Him: || *all* the | days = | of our | life.
  9. And Thou, Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest: || for Thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* to pre- | pare = | His = | ways;
  10. To give knowledge of *salvation* | unto . His | people: || *by* the re- | mission | of their | sins.
  11. Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God: || whereby the day-*spring* from on | high hath | visit- . ed | us;
  12. To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow . of | death: || to guide our *feet* | into . the | way of | peace.
- Glory be to the *Father*, etc.

## Nunc Dimittis.

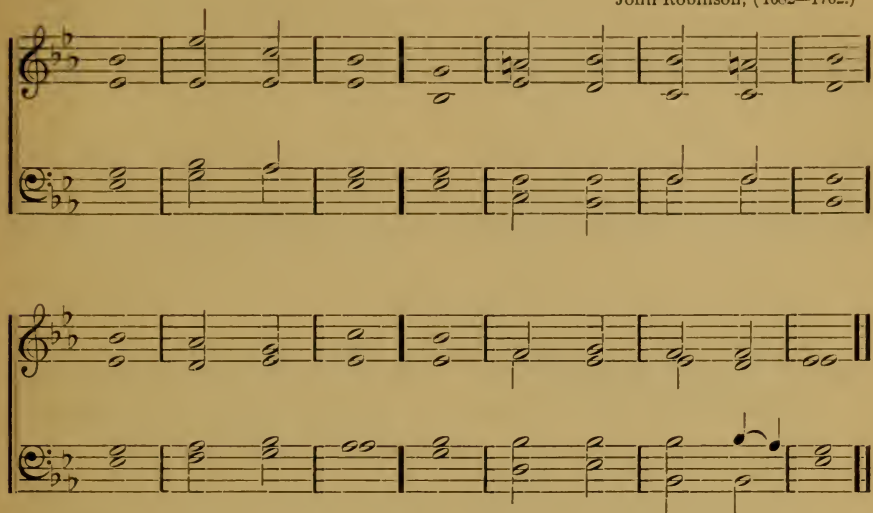


Luke 2: 29-32.

1. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy *servant* de- | part in | peace: || *ac-* | cording | to Thy | word.
  2. *For* mine | eyes have | seen: || *Thy* | = sal- | va- = | tion,
  3. Which *Thou* | hast pre- | pared: || *before* the | face of | all = | people;
  4. To be a *light* to | lighten . the | Gentiles: || and to be the *glory* of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.
- Glory be to the *Father*, etc.

## Magnificat.

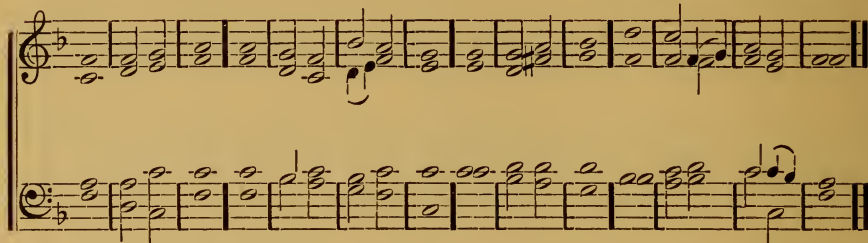
John Robinson, (1682—1762.)



St. Luke i : 46-55.

1. My soul doth *magni-* | fy the | Lord: || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced . in |  
God my | Saviour.
2. *For* He | hath re- | garded: || the *low* e- | state of | His hand- | maiden.
3. *For* be- | hold from | henceforth: || all *gene-* | rations . shall | call me | blessed.
4. For *He* | that is | mighty: || hath done to me great *things*; and | holy | is  
His | Name.
5. And His mercy is on *them* that | fear = | Him: || from *gene-* | ration . to |  
gene- | ration.
6. He hath shewed *strength* | with His | arm: || He hath scattered the *proud* in  
the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts.
7. He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seats: || and exalted | them of |  
low de- | gree.
8. He hath filled the *hungry* | with good | things: || and the *rich* He | hath  
sent | empty . a- | way.
9. He hath holpen His *ser-* | vant | Isra- | el: || *in* re- | membrance | of His | mercy.
10. As He *spake* | to our | fathers: || to Abraham, and his | seed = | for = | ever.  
Glory be to the *Father*, and | to the | Son, || and | to . the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be: || *world* | without |  
end. A- | men.





## Psalm 51.

1. Have mercy upon *me*, | O = | God: || according to Thy | loving | kind = | ness:
  2. According unto the multitude of Thy | tender | mercies: || blot out | my  
trans- | gres = | sions.
  3. Wash me *thoroughly* from | mine in- | iquity: || and | cleanse me | from my |  
sin.
  4. For I *acknowledge* | my trans- | gressions: || and my *sin* is | ever . be- | fore =  
| me.
  5. Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this *evil* | in Thy | sight: ||  
that Thou mightest be justified when Thou *speakest*, and be | clear = |  
when Thou | judgest.
  6. Behold, I was *shapen* in in- | iqui- | ty: || and in *sin* did my | mother . con- |  
ceive = | me.
  7. Behold, Thou desirest *truth* in the | inward | parts: || and in the hidden *part*  
Thou shalt | make me . to | know = | wisdom.
  8. Purge me with *hyssop*, and I | shall be | clean: || wash *me*, and I | shall be |  
whiter . than | snow.
  9. Make me to *hear* | joy and | gladness: || that the bones which *Thou* hast |  
broken | may re- | joice.
  10. Hide Thy *face* | from my | sins: || and blot out | all . mine in- | iqui- | ties.
  11. Create in me a clean *heart*, | O = | God: || and *renew* a right | spirit . with- | in = |  
me.
  12. Cast me not *away* | from Thy | presence: || and take *not* Thy | Holy | Spirit |  
from me.
  13. Restore unto me the *joy* of | Thy sal- | vation: || and uphold me | with Thy |  
free = | spirit.
  14. Then will I teach transgressors | Thy = | ways: || and sinners shall be con- |  
verted | unto | Thee.
  15. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou *God* of | my sal- | vation: || and  
my tongue shall sing *aloud* | of Thy | righteous- | ness.
  16. O *Lord*, open | Thou my | lips: || and my *mouth* shall | shew forth | Thy = |  
praise.
  17. For Thou desirest not *sacrifice*, else | would I | give it: || Thou *delightest* |  
not in | burnt = | offering.
  18. The sacrifices of *God* are a | broken | spirit: || a broken and a contrite heart,  
O *God*, | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.
  19. Do good in Thy good *pleasure* | unto | Zion: || build Thou the *walls* | of Je- |  
rusa- | lem.
  20. Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt  
offering and whole burnt | offering: || then shall they offer | bullocks .  
up- | on Thine | altar.
- Glory be to the Father, etc.

All people that on earth do dwell !  
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell ;  
 Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is good indeed :  
 Without our aid He did us make ;  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter then His gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
 Praise, laud and bless His name always,  
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good,  
 His mercy is forever sure ;  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.  
 JOHN HOPKINS, or WILLIAM KETHE, about 1562.

Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
 What its signs of promise are ;  
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of joy or hope foretell ?  
 Traveler, yes ; it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
 Higher yet that star ascends ;  
 Traveler, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth its course portends ;  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Traveler, ages are its own ;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth !

Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn ;  
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn ;  
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home !  
 Traveler, lo ! the Prince of peace,  
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Heav'n is still with anthems ringing ;  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 Holy, holy, holy singing,  
 Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.

Ever thus in God's high praises,  
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,  
 And our love His gifts excite :  
 With His seraph train before Him,  
 With His holy Church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow.

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,  
 We adopt the angels' cry,  
 Holy, holy, holy, blessing  
 Thee, the Lord our God most high !  
 R. MANT.

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
 Faithful through another year,  
 Hear our song of thankfulness,  
 Father and Redeemer, hear !

In our weakness and distress,  
 Rock of strength ! be Thou our stay !  
 In the pathless wilderness  
 Be our true and living way !

Who of us death's awful road  
 In the coming year shall tread ?  
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
 Comfort Thou his dying head !

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
 Keep us evermore Thine own !  
 Help, O help us to endure !  
 Fit us for Thy promised crown !

So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings !

HENRY DOWNTON, 1843.

326

7s. 6s. D.

Hail to the Lord's anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed.  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him ;  
His praise all people sing ;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The heavenly dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest ;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blessed.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His name shall stand for ever ;  
His great, best name of Love !

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

327

7s. D.

Hasten, Lord ! the glorious time  
When beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the Gospel's call obey.

Mightiest kings His power shall own,  
Heathen tribes His name adore ;  
Satan and His host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Then shall war and tumults cease,  
Then be banished grief and pain ;  
Righteousness and joy and peace  
Undisturbed shall ever reign ;  
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,  
Ever praise His glorious name ;  
All His mighty acts record,  
All His wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUER, 1829.

328

P. M.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours ;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers ;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun ;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon ;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store ;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies ;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies ;  
Work till the last beam fadeth—  
Fadeth to shine no more ;  
Work while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

329

L. M.

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue de-  
clare ;  
Unite my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there.

Thy love, how cheering is its ray !  
All pain before its presence flies ;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er its healing beams arise.

Oh, let Thy love my soul inflame,  
And to Thy service sweetly bind ;  
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,  
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.

Thy love, in suffering, be my peace ;  
Thy love, in weakness, make me  
strong ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Thy love shall be, in heaven, my song.  
PAUL GERHARDT, 1659. Transl. by JOHN WESLEY,  
1739.

330 S. M.  
Teach me, my God and King,  
Thy will in all to see ;  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to Thee I tend ;  
In all I do, be Thou the Way,  
In all, be Thou the End.

All may of Thee partake ;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee :

If done beneath Thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine ;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;  
The meanest work divine.

GEORGE HERBERT.

331 C. M.  
Thou art the way ; to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind  
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
Grant us that Way to know ;  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

332 L. M.  
Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
spot,  
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind !  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am ; Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

Just as I am ; Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God ! I come !—I come !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

333 7s. D.  
Jesus ! lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;



Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
Oh, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within ;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

334

*L. M.*

Jesus ! and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless  
days ?

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star.  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning-Star ! bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend  
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

335

*S. M.*

Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away—  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While, like a penitent, I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see  
The burden Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,—  
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

336

*8s. & 7s. D.*

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.  
¶: Bread of heaven ! Bread of heaven !  
Feed me till I want no more. :||

Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through.  
[: Strong Deliverer ! Strong Deliverer !  
Be Thou still my strength and shield. :]

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Death of death ! and hell's destruction !  
Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
[: Songs of praises, songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee. :]

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

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337 *8s. & 7s.*  
In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me ;  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWRING, 1825.

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338 *C. M.*  
There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
[: Lose all their guilty stains. :]

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
[: Washed all my sins away. :]

Dear, dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
[: Be saved to sin no more. :]

E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
[: And shall be till I die. :]

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring  
tongue  
[: Lies silent in the grave. :]

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

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339 *C. M.*  
Forever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy wounded side ;  
This all my hope and all my plea—  
For me the Saviour died !

My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve ;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

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340 *7s.*  
Father of eternal grace,  
Glorify Thyself in me ;  
Meekly beaming in my face,  
May the world Thine image see.

Happy only in Thy love,  
Poor, unfriended, or unknown ;  
Fix my thoughts on things above,  
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

Humble, holy, all-resigned  
To Thy will :—Thy will be done !  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of Thy well-beloved Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path He trod ;  
Die with Jesus on the cross,  
Rise with Him, to Thee, my God !

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1808.

341

*6s. & 4s.*

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire.  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside !

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul !

RAY PALMER, 1830.

342

*C. M.*

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessing of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,  
My path of life attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

343

*C. M.*

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

344

*L. M.*

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,  
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
A place than all besides more sweet ;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend ;

Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat !

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sense and sin molest no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to  
greet,

And glory crowns the mercy-seat !

Oh ! let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This throbbing heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

345 *8s, 7s & 4s.*

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us ;  
Much we need Thy tender care ;  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;  
For our use Thy folds prepare.  
[ : Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. : ]

Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be ;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse and power to free.  
[ : Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
Let us early turn to Thee. : ]

Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will ;  
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill.  
[ : Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still. : ]

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838.

346 *S. M.*

Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let Thy bright beams arise,  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.

Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
Then shall we know, and praise and love  
The Father, Son, and Thee !

JOSEPH HART, 1759.

347 *8s & 7s.*

God is love ; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But His mercy waneth never ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will His changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom His brightness stream-  
eth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere His glory shineth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. BOWRING.

348 *8s & 7s.*

Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above ;  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;  
Jesus reigns, the God of love ;



||: See, He sits on yonder throne !  
Jesus rules the world alone. :||  
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
Amen.

Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens  
All above, and gives it worth ;  
Lord of life ! Thy smile enlightens,  
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth ;  
When we think of love like Thine,  
Lord ! we own it love divine.

King of glory ! reign for ever !  
Thine an everlasting crown ;  
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine  
own ;  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Destined to behold Thy face.

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;  
Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;  
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King."

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

349

*S. M.*

We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be ;  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus,  
As stewards true, receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angel's work below.

The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be ;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1854.

350

*S. M.*

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode ;  
The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd  
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God !  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe,  
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

351

*10s & 11s.*

Oh, worship the King, all-glorious above,  
And gratefully sing His power and His  
love ;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of  
days,  
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with  
praise.

Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His  
grace,  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy  
space ;

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-  
clouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the  
storm.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to  
the end!  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and  
Friend.

Oh measureless might, ineffable Love,  
While angels delight to hymn Thee  
above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble  
their lays,  
With true adoration shall sing to Thy  
praise.

R. GRANT, 1830.

352

S. M..

Soldiers of Christ, arise!  
And put your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God sup-  
plies,  
Through His eternal Son.

Strong, in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God;

That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

Still let the Spirit cry,  
In all His soldiers, "Come,"  
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,  
And takes the conquerors home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

353

C. M.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that's sprinkled with Thy blood,  
So freely shed for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek;  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone!

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within!

A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;  
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

354

78.

Children of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light!  
Zion's city is in sight;  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you, undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee!

Seal our love, our labors end;  
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;  
Let us to Thy kingdom come;  
Lord! we long to be at home.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

355

*C. M.*

How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;  
I hate the sinner's road;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love Thy law, my God!

Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

356

*L. M.*

My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
||: All other ground is sinking sand.:||

When darkness veils His lovely face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.—CHO.

His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.—CHO.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
Oh, may I then in Him be found;  
Drest in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!

—CHO.

REV. EDWARD MOTE (1797-1874), 1825.

357

*8s, 7s, D.*

What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our griefs and sins to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord ;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

## REFRAIN.

I need Thee, O I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour,  
I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour ;  
Stay Thou near by ;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain ;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain.—REF.

I need Thee every hour ;  
Teach me Thy will ;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfill.—REF.

I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One ;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son !—REF.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true ;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else can do.

## REFRAIN.

I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story ;  
'Tis pleasant to repeat

What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the story ;  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation,  
From God's own holy word.—REF.

I love to tell the story ;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.—REF.

K. HANKEY.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free ;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;  
Let some droppings fall on me.

## REFRAIN.

Even me, Even me,  
Let some droppings fall on me.

Pass me not, O God, our Father !  
Sinful though my heart may be ;  
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me.—REF.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
Let me live and cling to Thee ;  
For I'm longing for Thy favor ;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me !  
—REF.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see ;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak some word of power to me.  
—REF.

Love of God, so pure and changeless ;  
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free ;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless ;  
Magnify it all in me.—REF.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.



How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent  
word!  
What more can He say than to you He  
hath said,  
To you who for refuge to Jesus have  
fled?

"Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not  
dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee  
aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,  
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent  
hand.

"When through the deep waters I call  
thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway  
shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy  
supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only  
design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to  
refine.

"E'en down to old age all my people  
shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable  
love;  
And then, when gray hairs shall their  
temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom  
be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for  
repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should en-  
deavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

GEORGE KEITH, 1787.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where  
the grapes of wrath were stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of  
His terrible, swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

# REFRAIN.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Our God is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that  
shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before  
His judgment-seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!  
be jubilant, my feet;  
Our God is marching on.—REF.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born  
across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that trans-  
figures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die  
to make men free,  
While God is marching on.—REF.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

When, Lord, to this our western land,  
Led by Thy providential hand,  
Our wandering fathers came;  
Their ancient homes, their friends in  
youth,  
Send forth the heralds of Thy truth,  
To keep them in Thy name.

Then through our solitary coast,  
The desert features soon were lost,  
Thy temples there arose;  
Our shores, as culture made them fair,  
Were hallowed by Thy rites, by prayer,  
And blossomed as the rose.

And Oh ! may we repay this debt  
To regions solitary yet  
Within our spreading land !  
There, brethren, from our common home,  
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,  
Still guided by Thy hand.

Saviour ! we owe this debt of love ;  
Oh, shed Thy Spirit from above,  
To move each Christian breast ;  
Till heralds shall Thy truth proclaim,  
And temples rise to fix Thy name,  
Through all our desert west.

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364

*L. M. D.*

Upon the holy hills of God,  
Thro' vales and o'er the stormy sea,  
My Saviour's sacred footsteps trod,  
To bring redemption full and free.  
From heav'nly peace to earthly strife  
He came as love's victorious sign ;  
And all His pure, unselfish life  
Revealed the depth of Love Divine.

To bring relief in every need  
This Ensign stood amid the gloom ;  
By loving word and wondrous deed  
He made this earthly desert bloom.  
The poor, the blind, the lame, the lost,  
Beneath His glance forgot their woes ;  
His pity counted not the cost,—  
E'en wept and pray'd for mortal foes.

Love's banner raised on Calv'ry's hill  
Shall e'er a sweet attraction prove,  
And by that sign we conquer still  
The world for Christ, constrain'd by  
love.  
Let ev'ry heart, like Christ of old,  
With love and holy purpose beat ;  
To bring the stray within the fold,  
Like His, be beautiful our feet.

REV. C. W. E. SIEGEL, 1899.

365

*L. M.*

Great God of nations ! now to Thee  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;  
With humble heart and bending knee,  
We offer Thee our song of praise.

Thy name we bless, Almighty God !  
For all the kindness Thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—  
This land we fondly call our own.

Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;  
Here Thou our fathers' steps did guide  
In safety through their dangerous way.

We praise Thee that the Gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds,  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

Great God ! preserve us in Thy fear ;  
In dangers still our guardian be ;  
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts  
here,  
Let all the people worship Thee.

ALFRED ALEXANDER WOODHULL, 1829.

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366

*C. M. D.*

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flow'rs ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.  
But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea ;  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove—  
 These gloomy doubts that rise—  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unobscured eyes;  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
 flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

367

7s, 6s, D.

There is a wondrous river,  
 Whose living waters flow  
 As bright and clear as crystal;  
 Life-giving as they go.  
 Beneath the throne eternal  
 Those living waters spring,—  
 The throne of God, our Father,  
 And of the Lamb, our King.

Where'er this river cometh,  
 It maketh all things live;  
 And to the faint and weary  
 Doth sweet refreshment give.  
 And every one that thirsteth,  
 Yea, all ye sons of men,  
 May freely drink, and never,  
 No, never thirst again.

No heat doth ever parch it,  
 Nor cold its waters lock,  
 It is no desert-vision  
 Which doth the thirsty mock.  
 Life, healing, cleansing, comfort,  
 None seeketh here in vain,  
 While God, its fountain fullness,  
 Doth still His throne maintain.

This wondrous crystal river  
 May we, O Lord, behold  
 Within Thy holy city,  
 Amid its street of gold!  
 And see, its beauty blooming,  
 On that side and on this,  
 The tree of life that yieldeth  
 Its twelvefold fruits of bliss.

REV. EDWARD A. COLLIER, 1899.

368

S. M.

Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers;  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives  
 Our courage by the way;  
 While each in expectation lives,  
 And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free;  
 And perfect love, and friendship, reign,  
 Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

369

8s & 7s, D.

Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise:  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount—O, fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
 He to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.  
 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be !  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee ;  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it ;  
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1757.

370

*88, 78 & 48.*

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;

[ : O refresh us, : ]  
 Traveling thro' this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration,  
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound ;  
 [ : May Thy presence : ]  
 With us evermore be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 [ : We shall surely : ]  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1774.



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